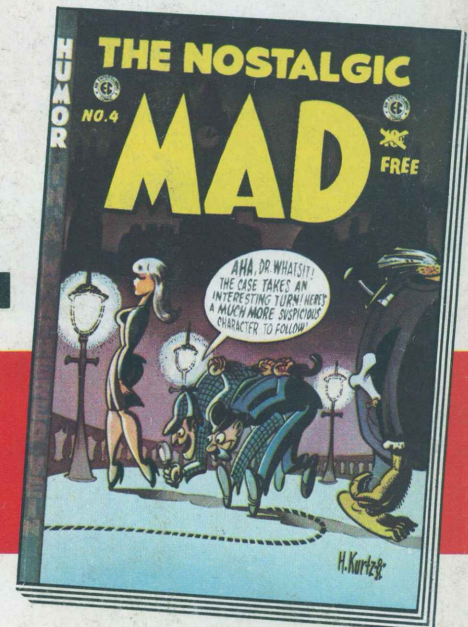


MAD[®]

SUPER SPECIAL

NUMBER
EIGHTEEN

OUR PRICE
\$1.00
SUPER-CHEAP
34080

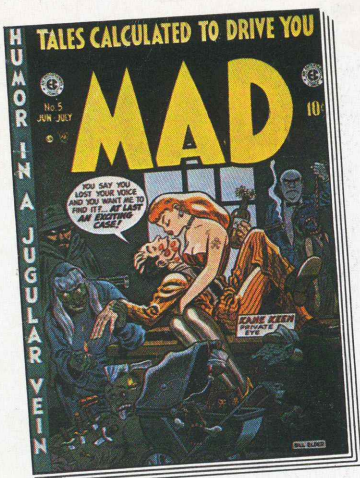


FEATURING THIS FREE SUPER-SPECIAL BONUS:

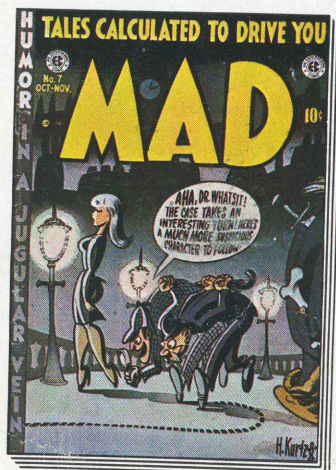
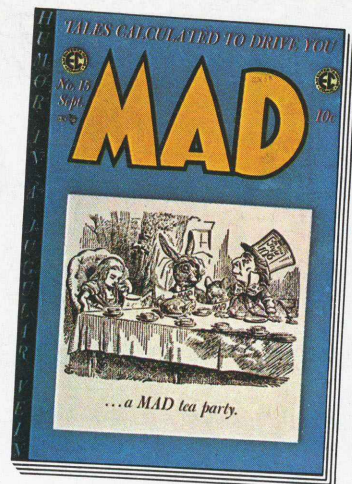
Our Fourth 10¢ Type, 32-Page Comic Book . . . Containing
An Assortment Of MAD Collectors' Items From The '50's



ALSO FEATURING 16 PAGES OF NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED MATERIAL . . . PLUS THE
USUAL ASSORTMENT OF GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES . . . ALL IN 96 SUPER PAGES

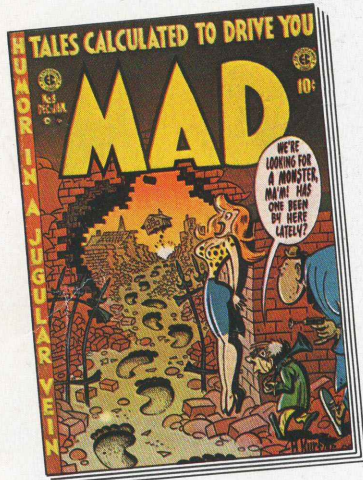
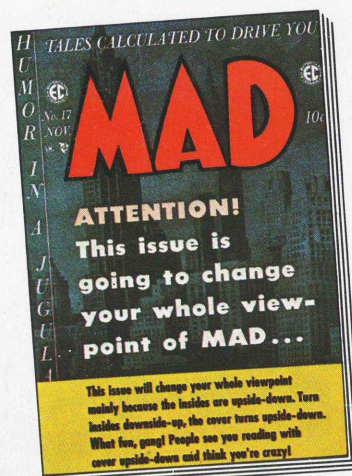
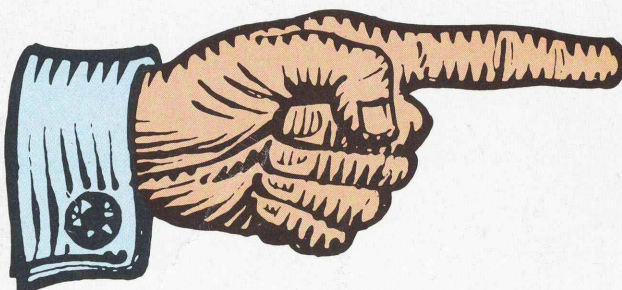


STILL MORE HYSTERIA REPEATS ITSELF!



MAINLY, OUR PAST RETCHES UP
WITH US ONCE AGAIN...IN...
**ANOTHER THROWBACK
TO THE
"GOOD OLD DAYS"**

(which you may very well throw back at us!)



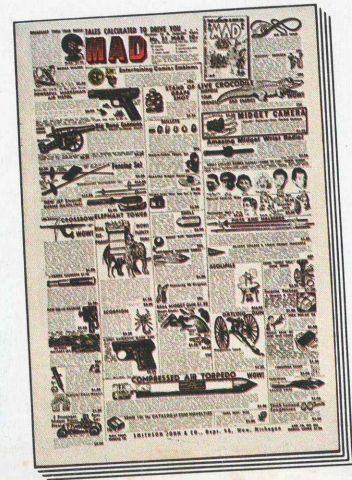
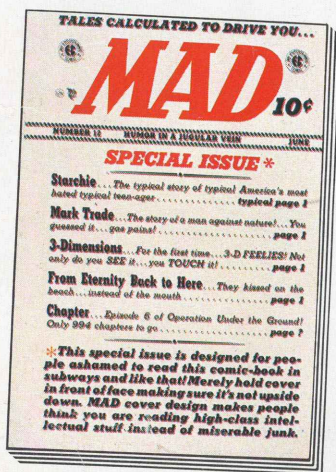
THE NOSTALGIC

MAD

NUMBER FOUR

OUR FOURTH ASSORTMENT OF COLLECTORS' ITEMS
FROM THESE VALUABLE ISSUES OF THE '50'S

WARNING: AS YOU'VE PROBABLY LEARNED AFTER THREE PREVIOUS CATASTROPHES, ATTEMPTING TO REMOVE "THE NOSTALGIC MAD" FROM THIS "SUPER-SPECIAL" IS IMPOSSIBLE! BUT IF YOU STILL WANT TO TRY, JUST GRAB HOLD OF IT AND TUG SHARPLY! ONLY DON'T BLAME US IF YOU END UP WITH A HANDFUL OF TORN PAPER!



MAD

SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER EIGHTEEN

*"Nowadays, most bank accounts need
month-to-month resuscitation!"*

Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** editor

JOHN PUTNAM art director **LEONARD BRENNER** production
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN associate editors

contributing artists and writers
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS



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used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric
purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

**Various Places Around The Magazine

WIND-UP PLOYS DEPT.

If you're like most people, you spend more time with your television set than with your family. You get to know the characters in each TV series intimately . . . worry about their problems . . . suffer their defeats . . . share their triumphs . . . and then, suddenly, without warning, these TV friends are gone forever! The Network has cancelled the show, leaving you with so many unanswered questions: Did Eddie's Father, or Lucy, or Flipper, or any of the other countless TV widows and widowers ever get married? Did Gilligan ever get off his island? Did Mr. Spock ever get an ear job? We think this practice of leaving the viewer hanging is extremely unfair. Movies have endings, so why can't a TV series have a climactic final episode in which all the loose ends are tied up? Something like these . . .

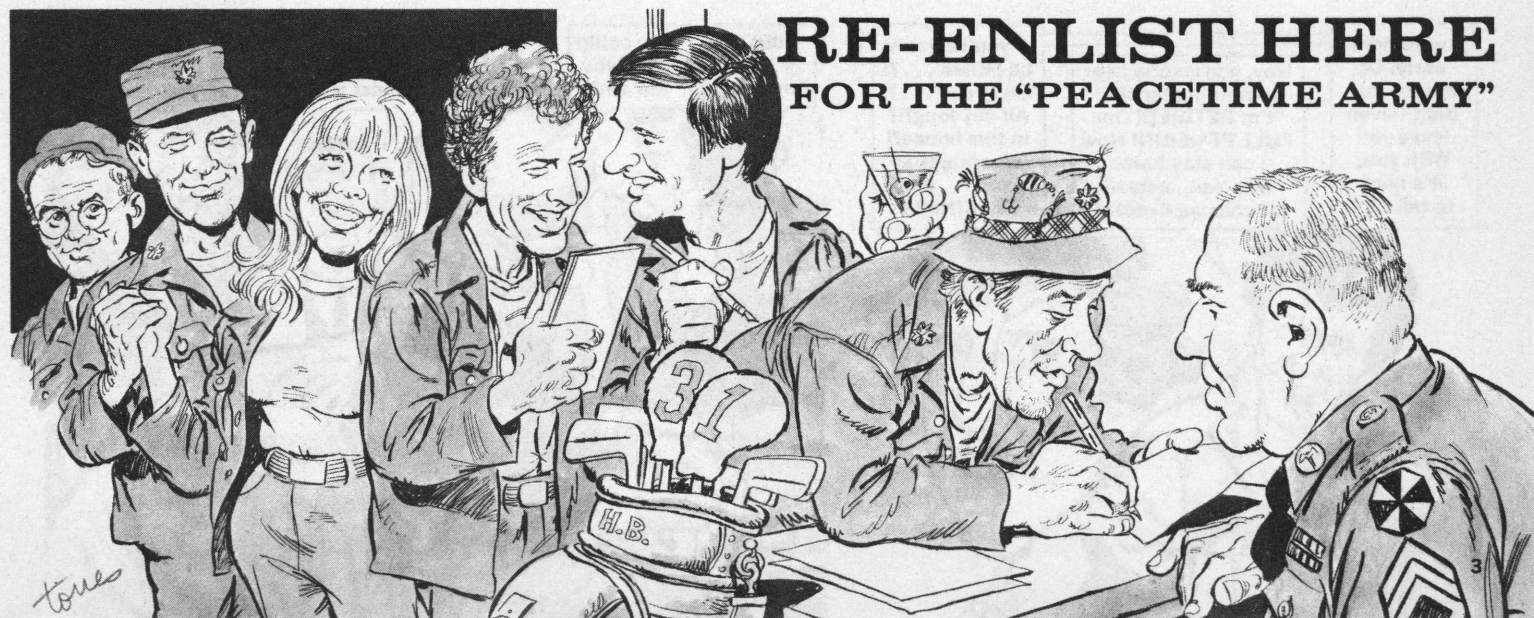
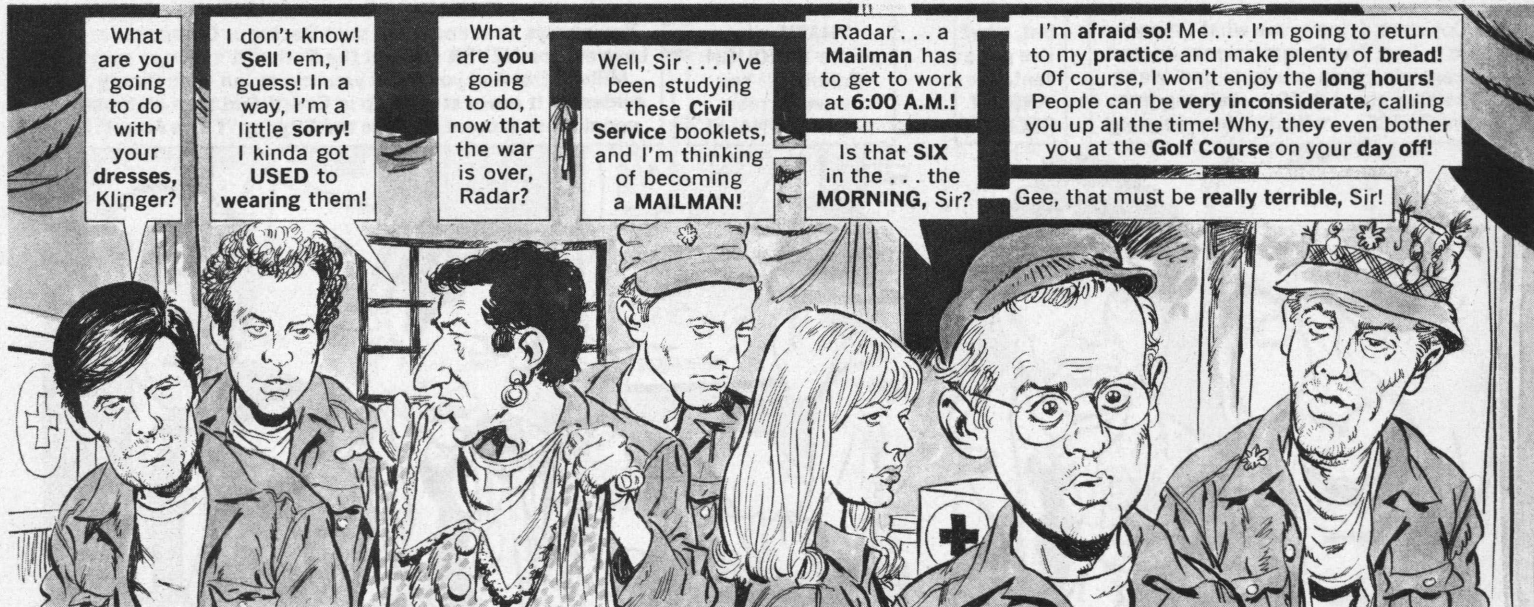
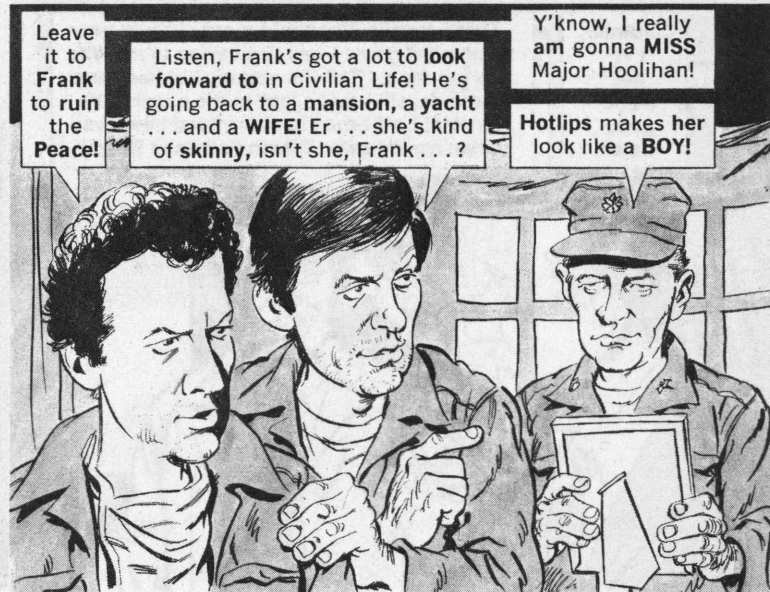
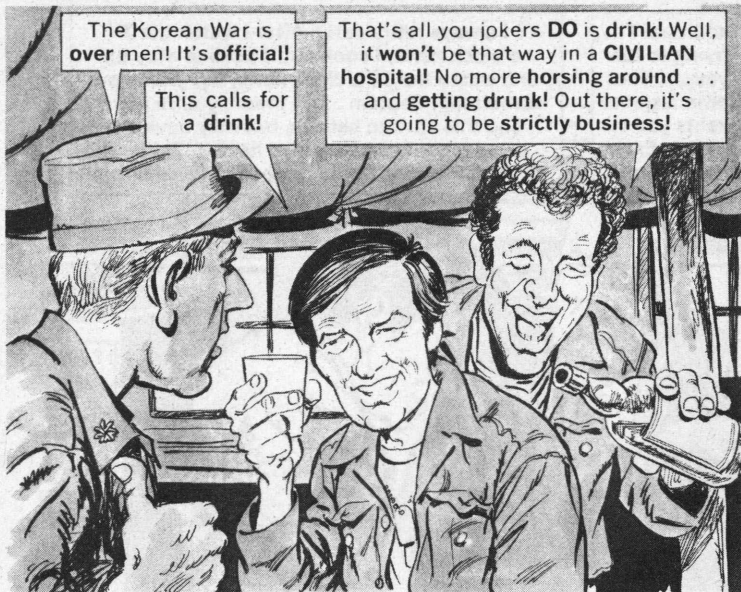


PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD

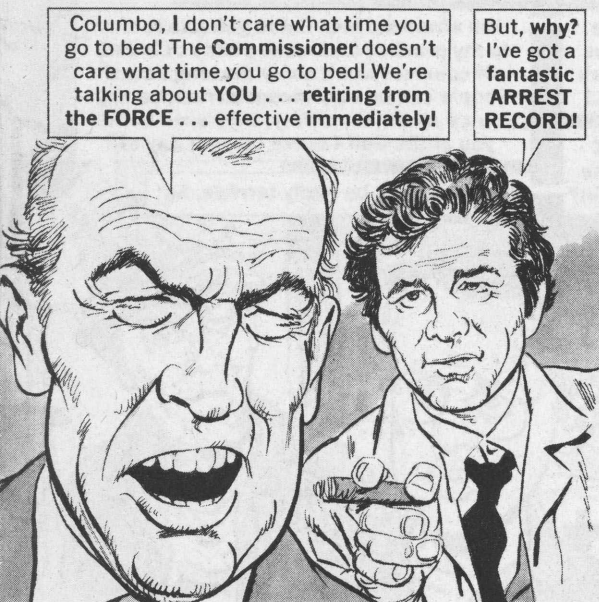
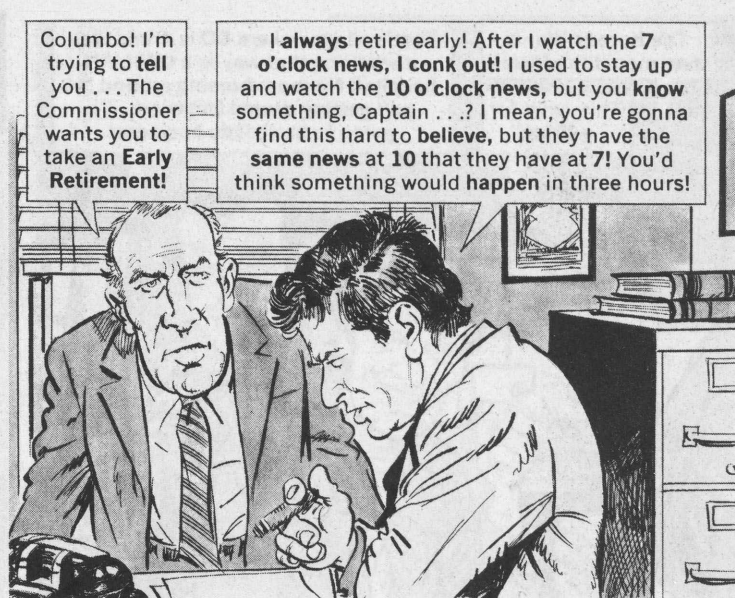
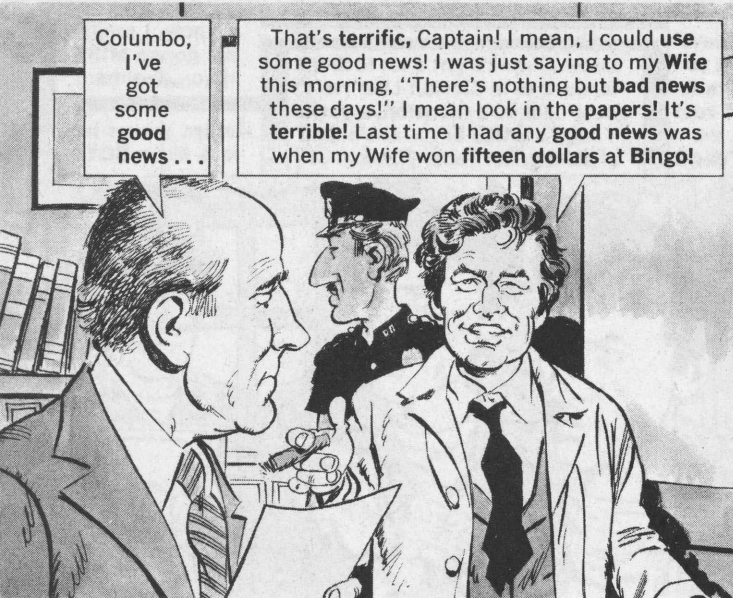
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

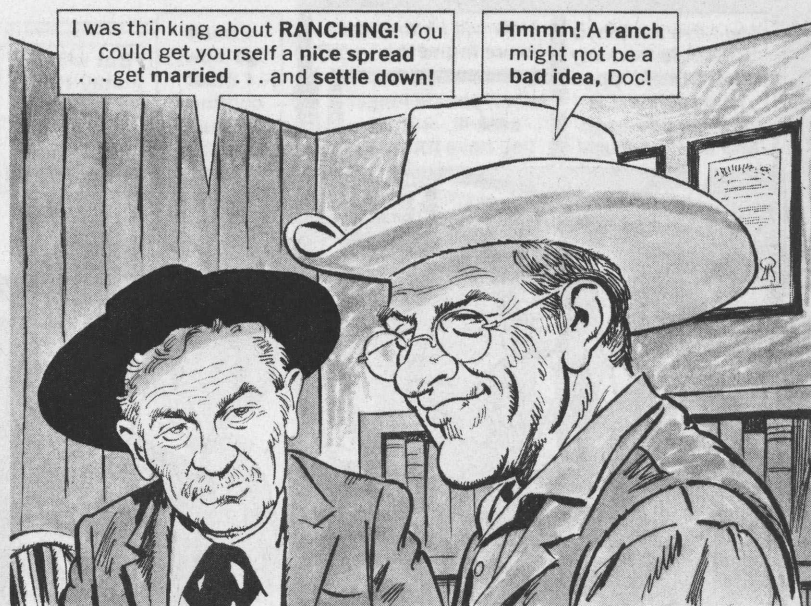
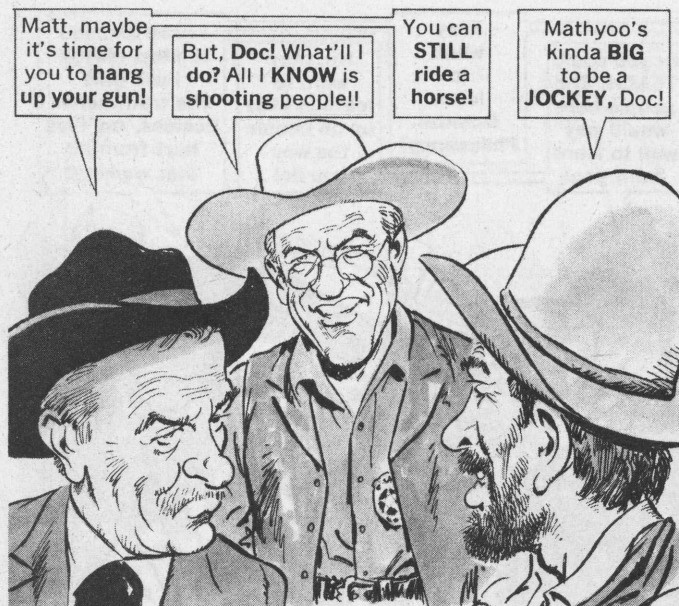
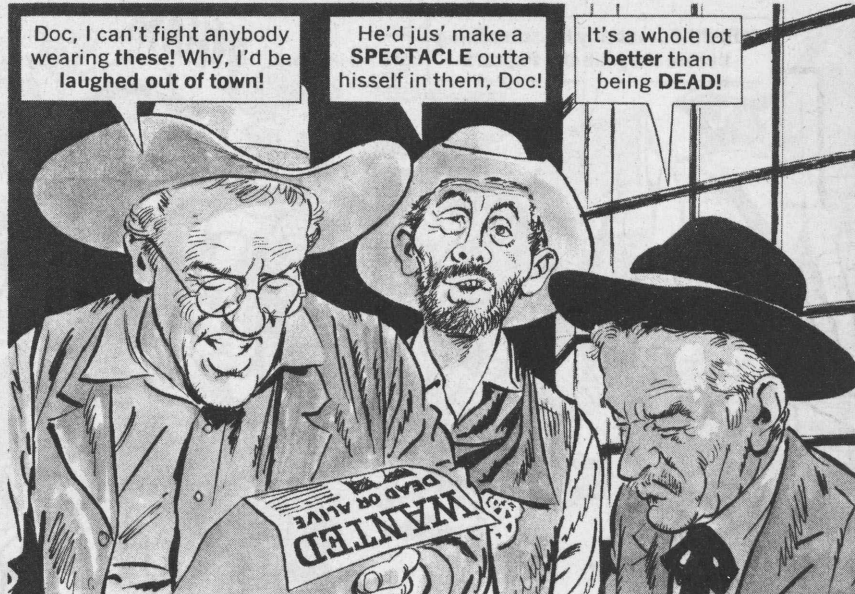
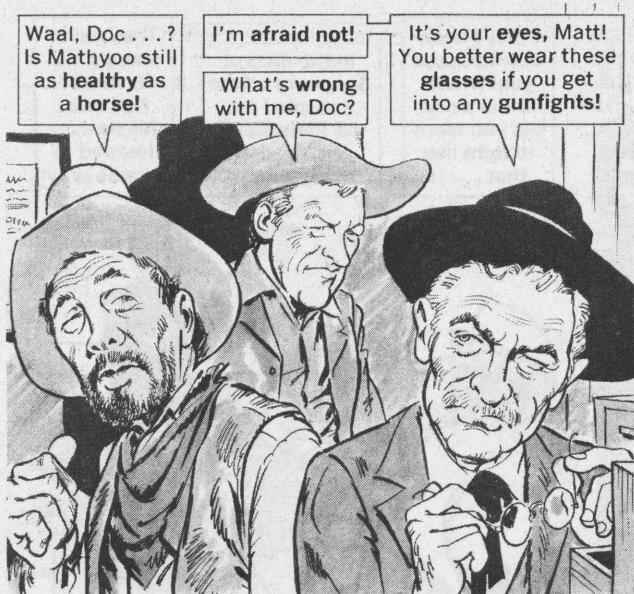
M*A*S*H



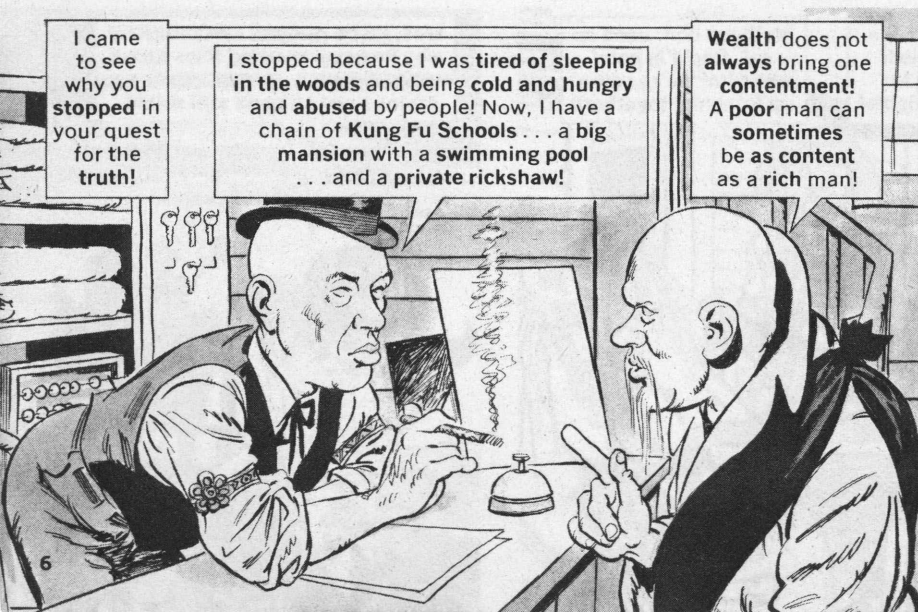
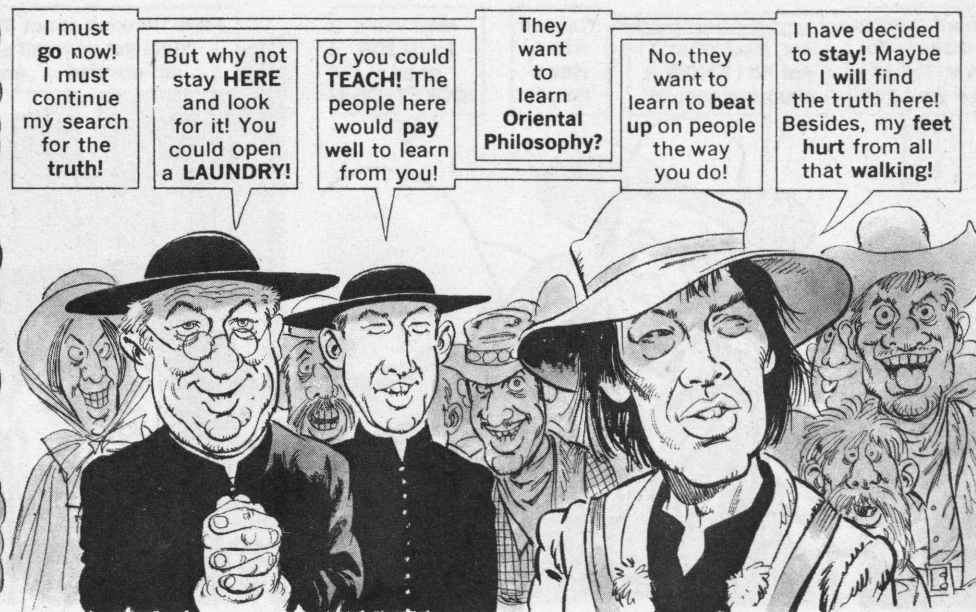
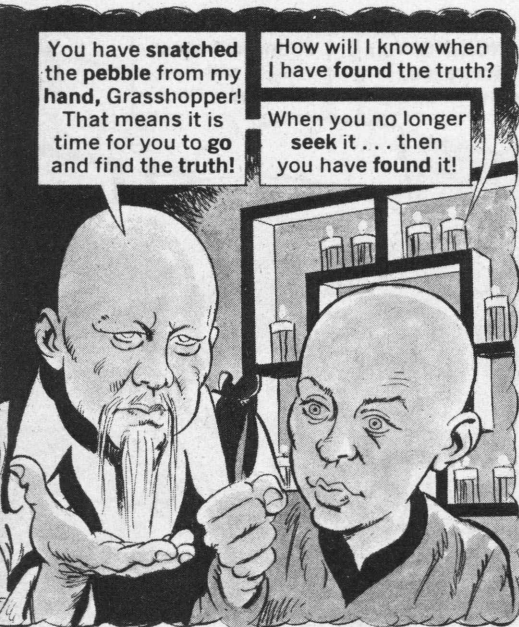
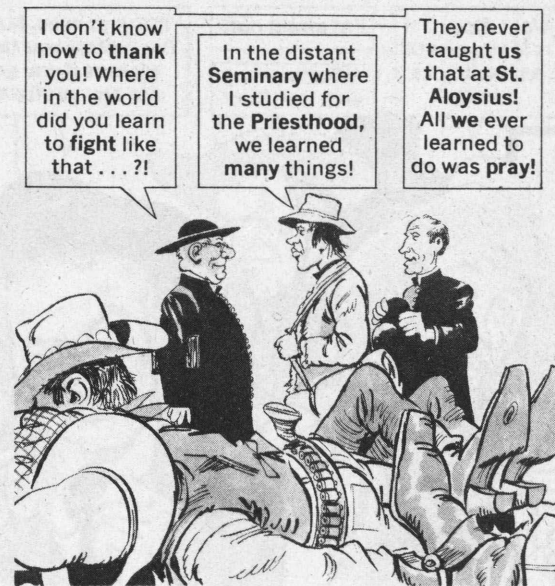
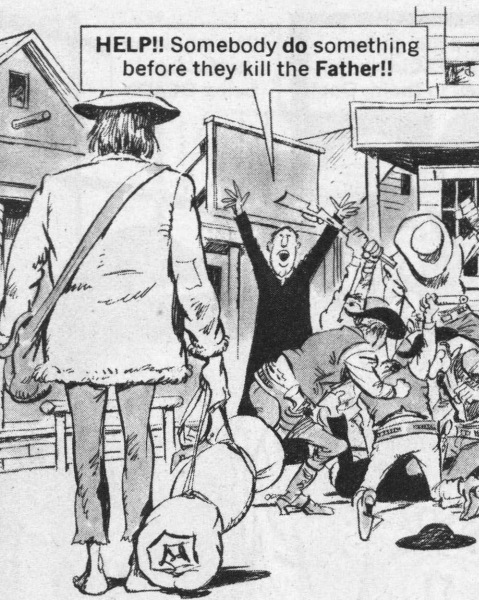
COLUMBO



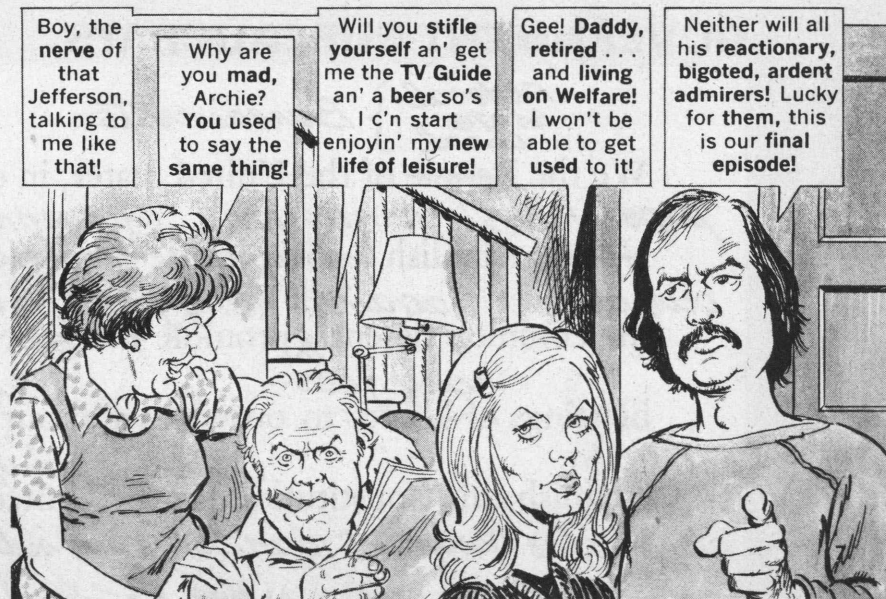
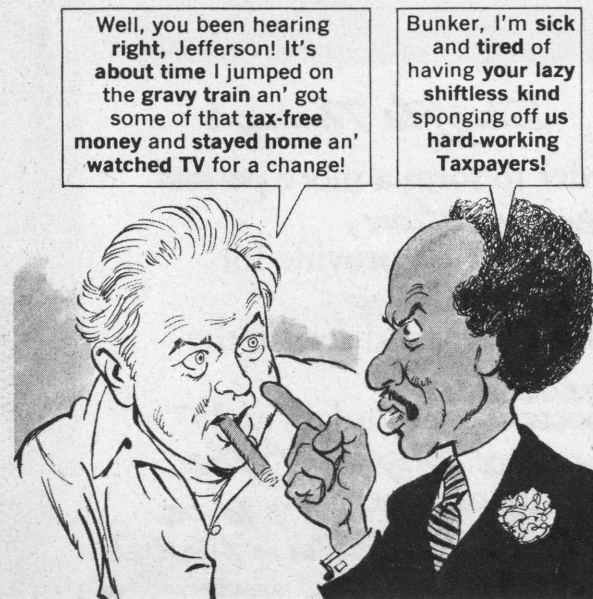
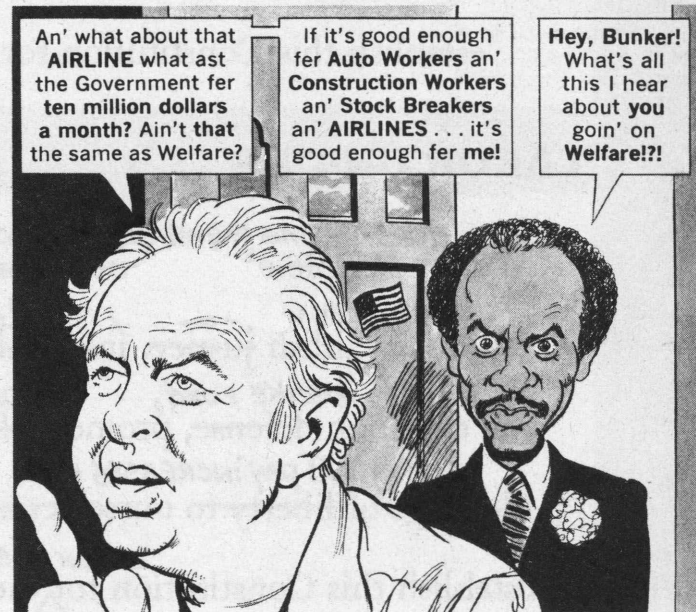
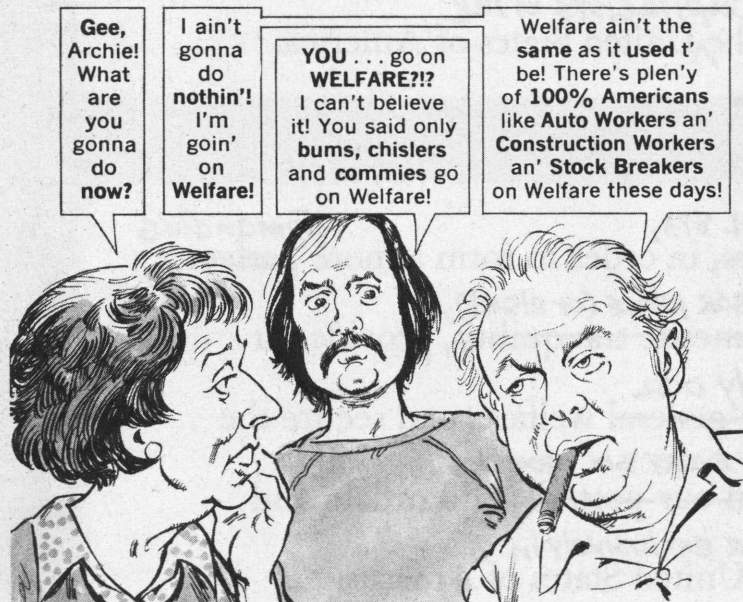
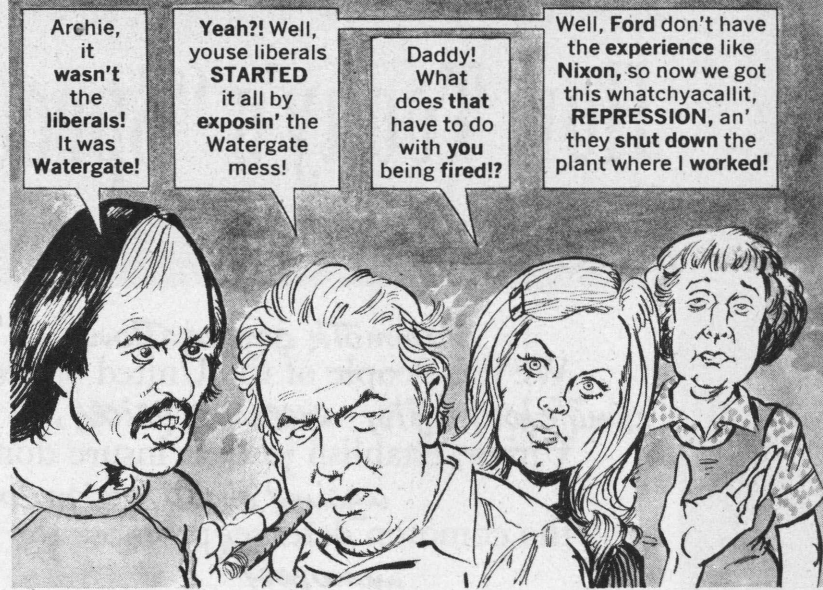
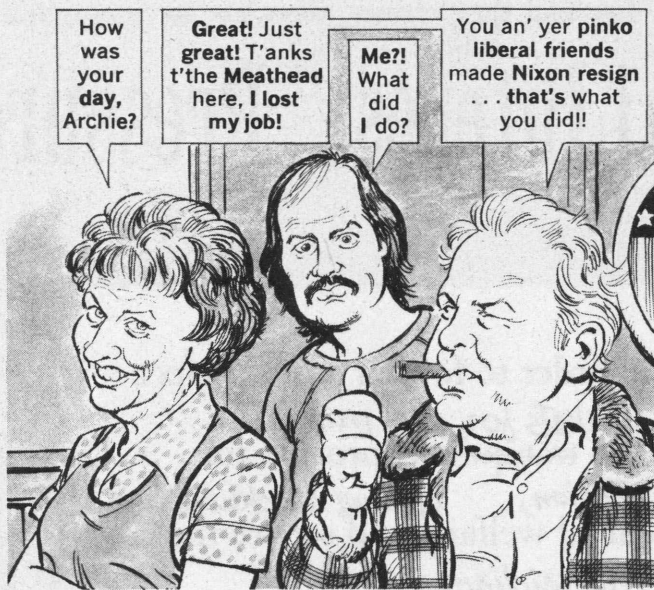
GUNSMOKE



KUNG FU



ALL IN THE FAMILY



THE WHIMS OF CHANGE DEPT.

The Constitution of the United States is one of the greatest documents ever written. And yet, attempts are constantly being made to change it. In fact, if they had their chance, there are some people who

How Today's "Special Interest" Pressure

BIG BUSINESS

mammoth corporations
We the ~~People~~ of the United States, in order to form a more perfect *climate for profits, excessive prices, markets for our products,*
~~Union,~~ establish *justice,* insure domestic ~~tranquility,~~ provide for
against cheap foreign competition, of our stockholders,
the common defense, *monopoly* promote the general welfare, and secure the
blessings of *subsidaries,* ~~liberty~~ to ourselves and our ~~posterity,~~ do ordain and
Capitalists in the
establish this Constitution for the ~~United States of America.~~

LABOR UNIONS

DUES-PAYING MEMBERS OF LOCAL 813, demanding
We the ~~People~~ of the United States, in order to form a more perfect
HIGHER WAGE SCALES, LABOR PEACE (or else!),
~~Union,~~ establish *justice,* insure domestic ~~tranquility,~~ provide for
STRIKE FUND, ONLY OUR
the common ~~defense,~~ promote the general welfare, and secure the
EXORBITANT PAY INCREASES FOR EVERY SIX MONTHS,
blessings of ~~liberty~~ to ourselves and our ~~posterity,~~ do ordain and
UNION LABOR EXCLUSIVELY IN
establish this Constitution for the ~~United States of America.~~

GOVERNMENT BUREAUCRATS

Federal } Bureaucrats Shuffle Through
State
Local
We the ~~People~~ of the United States, in order to form a more perfect
paperwork, confusion, Government inaction,
~~Union,~~ establish *justice,* insure domestic ~~tranquility,~~ provide for
our own against being fired, incompetence,
the common defense, *easy jobs* promote the general welfare, and secure the
blessings of *relatives,* ~~liberty~~ to ourselves and our ~~posterity,~~ do ordain and
Drones, Foul-ups and Misfits of The
establish this Constitution for the ~~United States of America.~~ — *To be*
classified as Document 10124JB/113 and submitted for ratification in triplicate.

would love to alter its language to suit their own selfish purposes. By the time these people finished making their changes, even the Preamble would be different. Here, then, is our MAD version of . . .

Groups Would Rewrite The Constitution

WRITER: WILLIAM GARVIN

THE MILITARY

Pentagon Brass

We the ~~People~~ of the United States, in order to form a more perfect ~~Union~~, *Military Complex, Security news blackouts, international strife and wars,* establish ~~justice~~, *lots of S* insure domestic tranquility, *national* provide for the ~~common~~ defense, promote the general ~~welfare~~, and secure the blessings of ~~liberty to ourselves and our posterity~~, *continued huge appropriations from Congress,* do ordain and establish this ~~Constitution~~ *TOP SECRET Armed Forces of the* for the ~~United States of America~~.

BIGOTS

only real Americans

restricted

We the ~~People~~ of the United States, in order to form a more perfect ~~Union~~, *quotas, intolerance,* establish ~~justice~~, insure domestic ~~tranquility~~, provide for *against Blacks, Jews, Catholics, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, etc.,* the common defense, *only--not minorities, zations and stereotypes,* promote the general ~~welfare~~, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves ~~and our posterity~~, do ordain and establish this ~~Constitution~~ *100% wasp-oriented Disunited* for the ~~United States of America~~.

DOCTORS

Physicians

occasionally correct

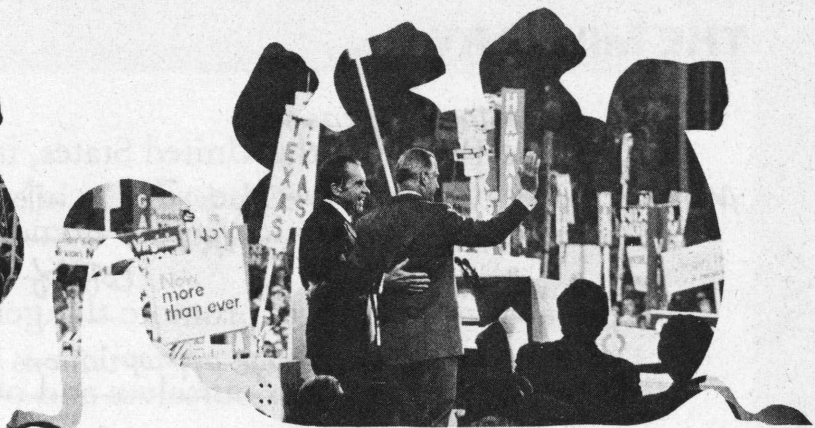
We the ~~People~~ of the United States, in order to form a ~~more perfect~~ *diagnoses, higher fees, against Malpractice Suits,* ~~Union~~, establish ~~justice~~, insure domestic ~~tranquility~~, provide for *against Ralph Nader, Policies of the A.M.A.,* the common defense, *freedom from making House Calls,* promote the general ~~welfare~~, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves ~~and our posterity~~, *healthy benefit of Doctors in the* do ordain and establish this ~~Constitution~~ for the ~~United States of America~~, *to be in effect Weekdays Only, from 10 to 12 A.M. and 2-4 P.M., except Wednesdays.*

**A
PORTFOLIO
OF...**

**MAD GOOD NEWS
-BAD NEWS**



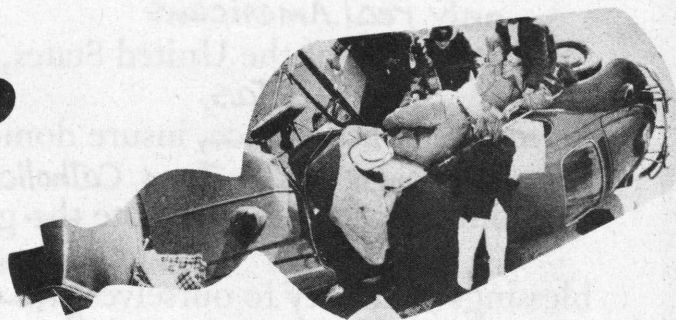
GOOD NEWS



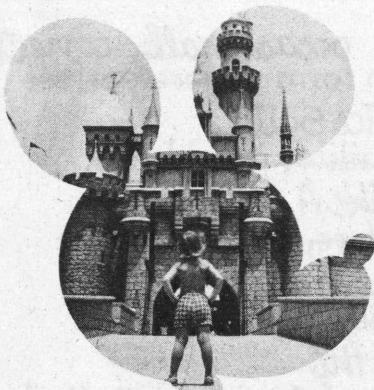
BAD NEWS



GOOD NEWS



BAD NEWS



GOOD NEWS

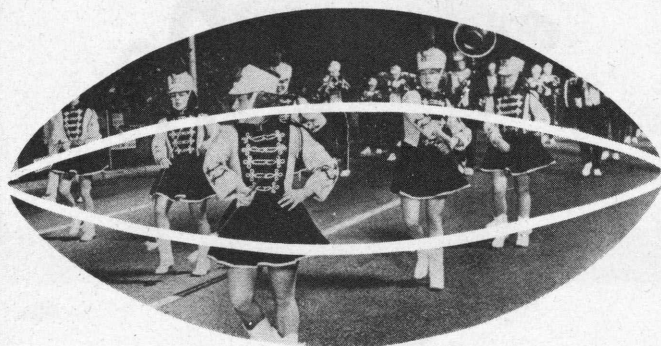


BAD NEWS

PHOTO SILHOUETTES

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

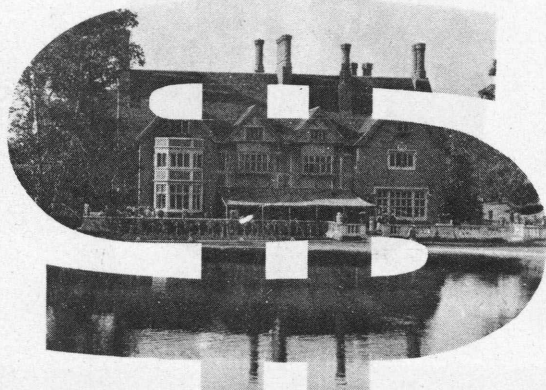
PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD, U.P.I.



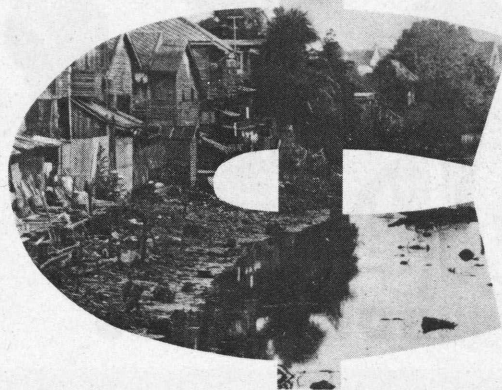
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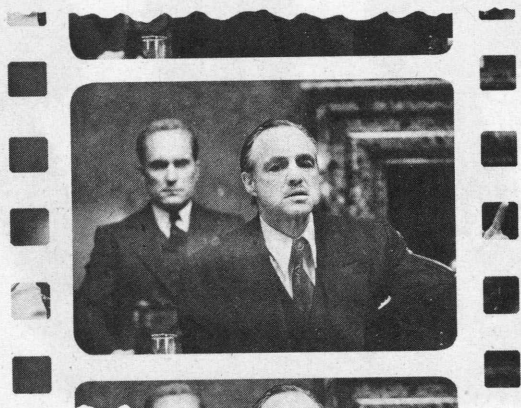
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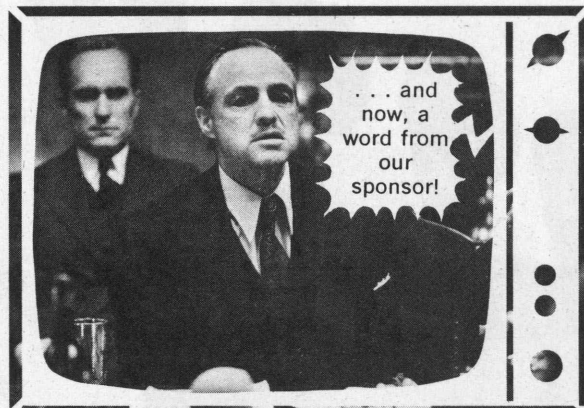
GOOD NEWS



BAD NEWS



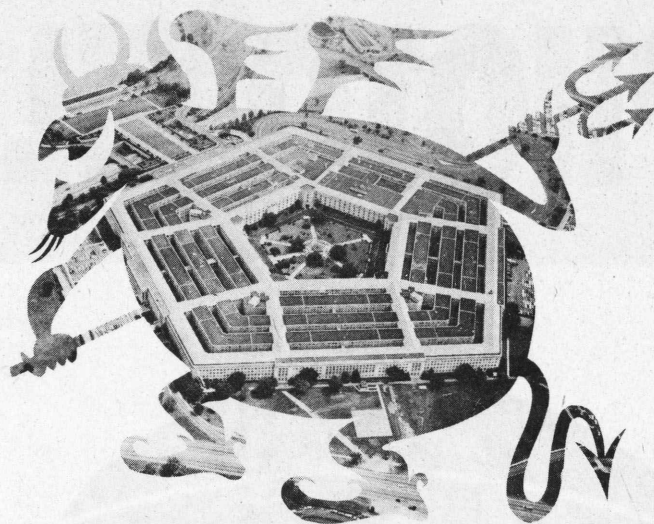
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BAD NEWS



GOOD NEWS



BAD NEWS



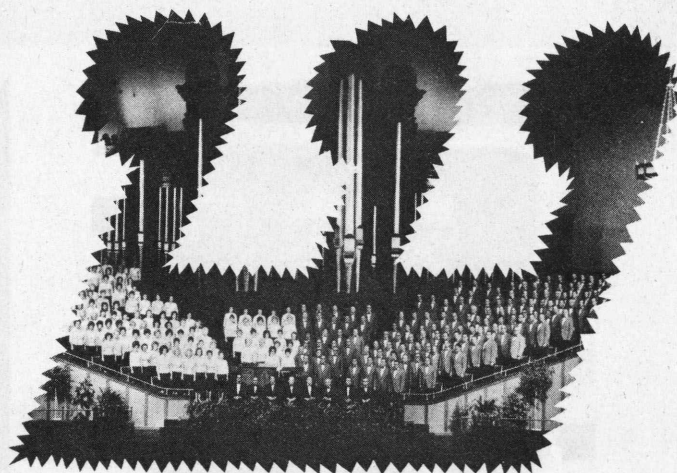
GOOD NEWS



BAD NEWS



GOOD NEWS



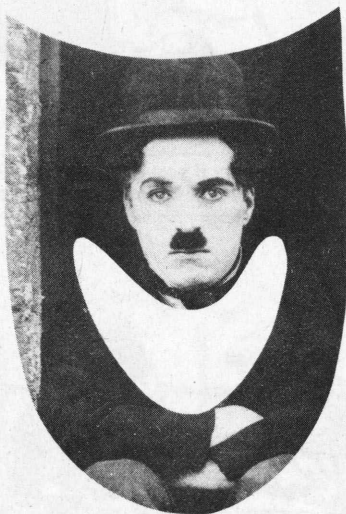
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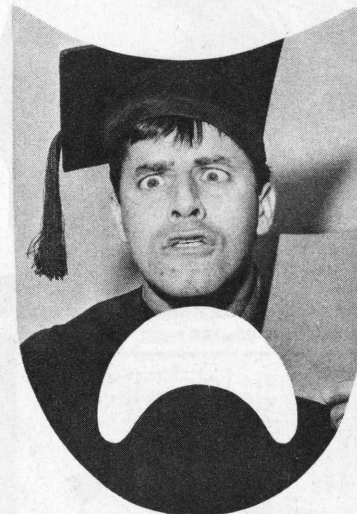
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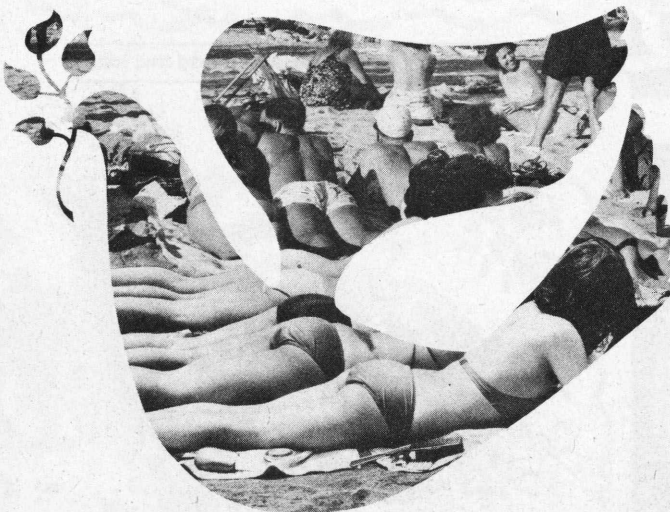
BAD NEWS



GOOD NEWS



BAD NEWS



GOOD NEWS



BAD NEWS

THE REEL MEANING DEPT.

Do you really think that people communicate with each other by talking? Hah! We laugh in your face! Talking is the surest way of *NOT* communicating! Why? Because people never say what they mean! They

send out coded messages instead! For example, when you ask someone, "How are you?", are you really prepared to hear a long description of their aches and pains? Of course not! In truth, when you ask,

The Marvelous MAD

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

... and when you leave school, don't forget your rubbers, earmuffs and scarf! I wouldn't want you to get sick, Darling!



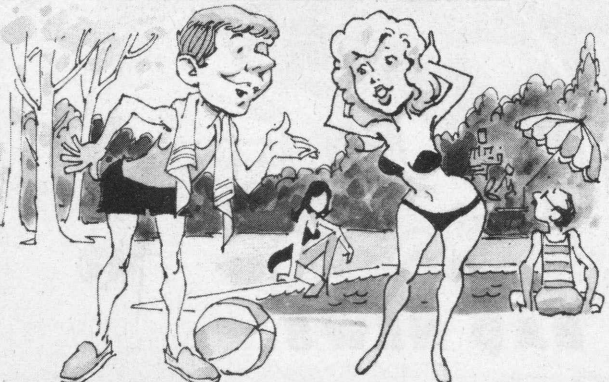
... because if you get sick, I'll have to miss my card game and take care of you!

Someday, years from now, you'll look back and realize how important this course was!



C'mon, kids! Concentrate! I need this job!

Why, of course I promise that I'll call you when I get back to the city ...



... it all depends upon what happens here ... in the country ...!

"How are you?", it's a coded message that actually means, "Who cares!" And so, as a Public Service, we have developed a marvelous little machine that gives the real messages people are sending! (This

Introduction is *also* a coded message which, when it's decoded, means, "This is just another 'What They Say . . . And What They Really Mean' article—camouflaged with a fancy premise!" Here, then, is

De-Coding Machine

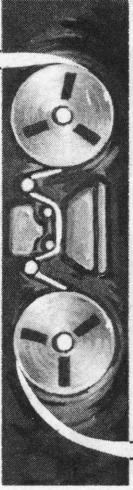
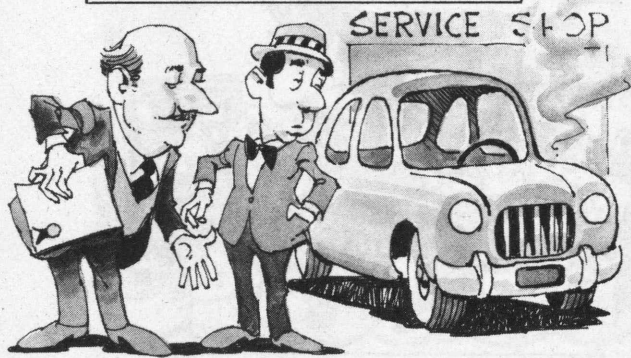
WRITER: STAN HART

I don't want to hear any gossip! If you have nothing nice to say about a person, then please don't bother to say anything!



I already heard that dirt from the girls!

Give it a chance! You have to break it in for a month or two! If it doesn't get any better . . . THEN come back in and see me!



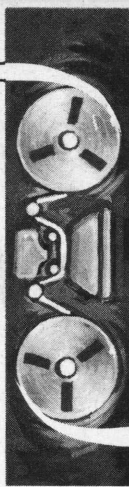
By that time, your Guarantee will expire!

. . . and so you'd better act fast! This offer is for a limited time only . . .



. . . just until we can get rid of them!

It's a comfort to know that if you're ever in an accident, you won't have to worry!



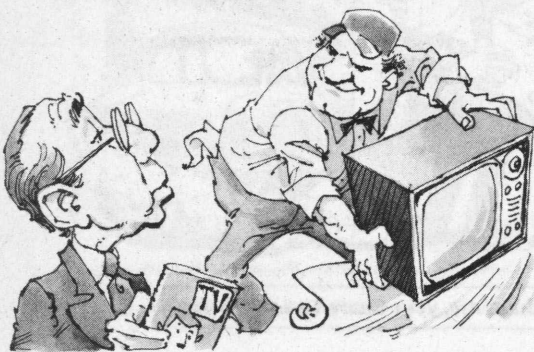
You'll only have to worry when you try to get money from us to pay for the damages!

My greatest joy is watching young bodies grow tall . . . and straight . . . and strong!



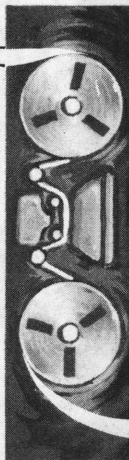
My greatest joy is watching young bodies!

I'm afraid I'll have to take your set to the shop and replace these old tubes . . .



. . . with other old tubes from other sets!

This station welcomes opposing opinions, and we will give equal time for rebuttal!



We'll chose the stupidest reply offered . . . and we'll put it on after Midnight!

Everyone is screaming to "tell it like it is," but why should we limit the trend to the vocal side of communication when the written side is often just as mis-leading? MAD now presents the logical first step in an attempt to improve the condition with

SPELL IT LIKE IT IS

WRITER: NORMAN MILLER

OLD SPELLING:

TRANSPOSE

M A D SPELLING:

T-R-A-N-S-P-O-E-S

OLD SPELLING:

EXTRA

M A D SPELLING:

E-X-T-R-R-A

OLD SPELLING:

ENUNCIATE

M A D SPELLING:

E as in Egg—**N** as in Nut—**U** as in Us—
N as in Nothing—**C** as in Cow—**I** as in Island—
A as in Apple—**T** as in Toast—**E** as in Eel

OLD SPELLING:

FORGET

M A D SPELLING:

F-O-R-G-T

OLD SPELLING:

AFTERTHOUGHT

M A D SPELLING:

A-F-T-E-R-T-H-O-T
—oh yes, there's a **U** after the **O**.

OLD SPELLING:

RECIPE

M A D SPELLING:

Take a ½ cup **R**, add a pinch of **E**,
stir in **C**, drop in an **I**, sauté in **P**,
and you have **E**!

OLD SPELLING:

SYLLABLE

M A D SPELLING:

SYL-LA-BLE

OLD SPELLING:

MUMBLE

M A D SPELLING:

M-M-B-L

OLD SPELLING:

ADD

M A D SPELLING:

A plus D plus D

OLD SPELLING:

MILLION

M A D SPELLING:

M-I-L-L-1,000,000-N

OLD SPELLING:

IMPROVISE

M A D SPELLING:

I-M-P-R-O-V-Y-S-E

OLD SPELLING:

INCOMPLETE

M A D SPELLING:

I-N-C-O-M-P-L-E-T

OLD SPELLING:

LISP

M A D SPELLING:

L-I-T-H-P

OLD SPELLING:

PROCRASTINATE

M A D SPELLING:

P-R-O-C-R—...oh, I'll finish the rest later!

OLD SPELLING:

ITEMIZE

M A D SPELLING:

Well, there are two **E's**, two **I's**,
one **T**, one **M**, and one **Z**.

OLD SPELLING:

TWIN

M A D SPELLING:

TT-WW-II-NN

OLD SPELLING:

ABBREVIATE

M A D SPELLING:

A-B-B-R-E-V

OLD SPELLING:

BACKWARDS

M A D SPELLING:

S-D-R-A-W-K-C-A-B

OLD SPELLING:

INDECISIVE

M A D SPELLING:

I-N-D—is it an **I** or an **E**?—**C-I**—is it an **S** or a **C**?—**I**—one **V** or two?—**E**?

OLD SPELLING:

SYMPHONY

M A D SPELLING:

1st movement: **S-Y-M**
2nd movement: **P-H-O**
3rd movement: **N-Y**

HIPPIE HUNTING GROUND DEPT.

A few issues back (MAD #140 to be exact!), we presented a MAD movie called "PUT★ON." It was about one of the roughest, toughest, foul-mouthed characters who ever lived. Well, you may not believe this, but "PUT★ON" was a "pussycat" when stacked up alongside the hero of this issue's MAD movie! Say "Hello!" to a guy named...

shmm

But before we introduce you to this middle-aged hard-hat, first you gotta

Hi! My name is Melistless Compost! I'm a typical, normal level-headed teenage girl who has left her two adoring parents and a Park Avenue life of wealth and affluence to find meaningful answers to life... and to achieve total fulfillment with the man of my dreams!



Hi! I'm the man of her dreams!

Listen, when you're on what I'M on... these are the dreams, folks!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm worried, Hank! Popping pills is one thing... but you start taking baths and the next thing you know, you'll be on the hard stuff, like deodorant and cologne!!

Don't worry! I can handle it! I know when to stop!



Surprise, Hank! Look what I got you for your birthday!

Melistless! You shouldn't have! Wow! A monogrammed needle and a matching rubber hose! It must've cost you a fortune!

It wasn't very much! Our family pusher is having a Pre-Halloween Clearance Sale!

Gee, Melistless, you're so good to me! I guess I'm just about the luckiest freak in the world!



noe

meet a couple of teen-aged soft-heads...



Hank, our life together is so beautiful, it scares me! I mean, sometimes I don't think I deserve you! After all, what have I got? Money, family, breeding... NOTHING! While you... you've got acid poisoning. V.D., the plague, EVERYTHING!!

Stick with me, baby, and some day it'll all be YOURS!!



I'm Bull Compost, the wealthy Park Avenue advertising executive! Where's my spoiled daughter, Melistless?

She just flew out of town for a fix!

Where'd she fly to?
Brooklyn!

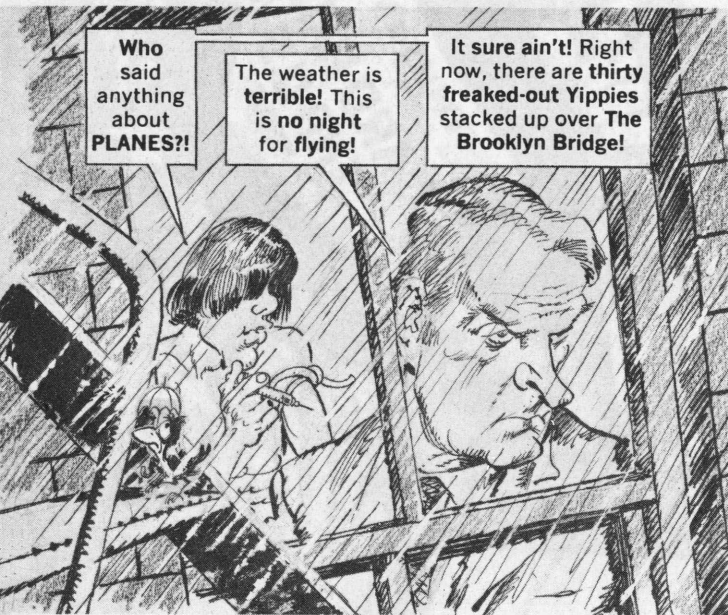
Don't give me that! Planes don't fly from New York to Brooklyn!!



Who said anything about PLANES?!

The weather is terrible! This is no night for flying!

It sure ain't! Right now, there are thirty freaked-out Yippies stacked up over The Brooklyn Bridge!



You—you're destroying my daughter! I ought to KILL you!!

DEATH?! Gee, I don't know if I dig that kick! O.K. I'll try it!

What do you mean, you'll try it?

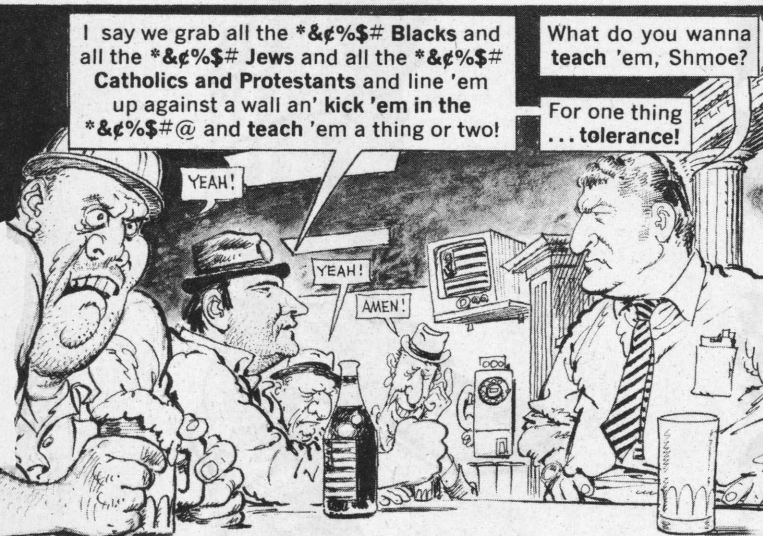
Man, I'll try ANYTHING once!!



I say we grab all the *&¢%\$# Blacks and all the *&¢%\$# Jews and all the *&¢%\$# Catholics and Protestants and line 'em up against a wall an' kick 'em in the *&¢%\$#@ and teach 'em a thing or two!

What do you wanna teach 'em, Shmoe?

For one thing... tolerance!

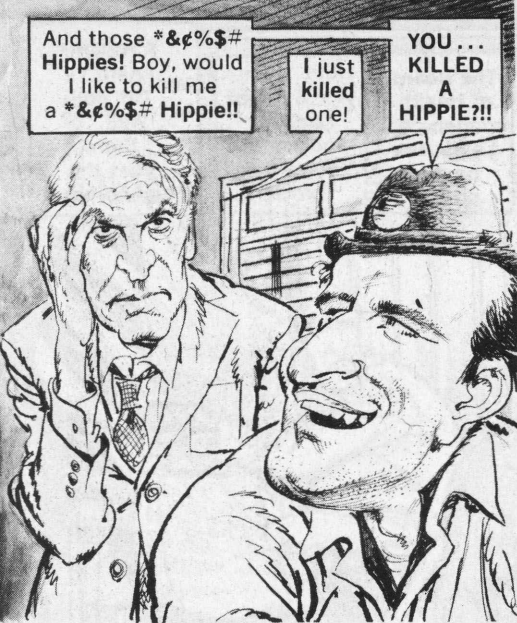


GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY ALL YOU *&¢%\$# BLACK, JEWISH, CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT COMMIE PERVERTS! GET LOST, ALL YOU *&¢%\$# MORMONS! GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM, ALL YOU *&¢%\$# INDIANS! GET OUT, ALL YOU *&¢%\$# PINKO LIBERAL TRAITORS!!

Shmoe, before you break my eardrums, tell me... who do you speak for?

THE SILENT MAJORITY!!

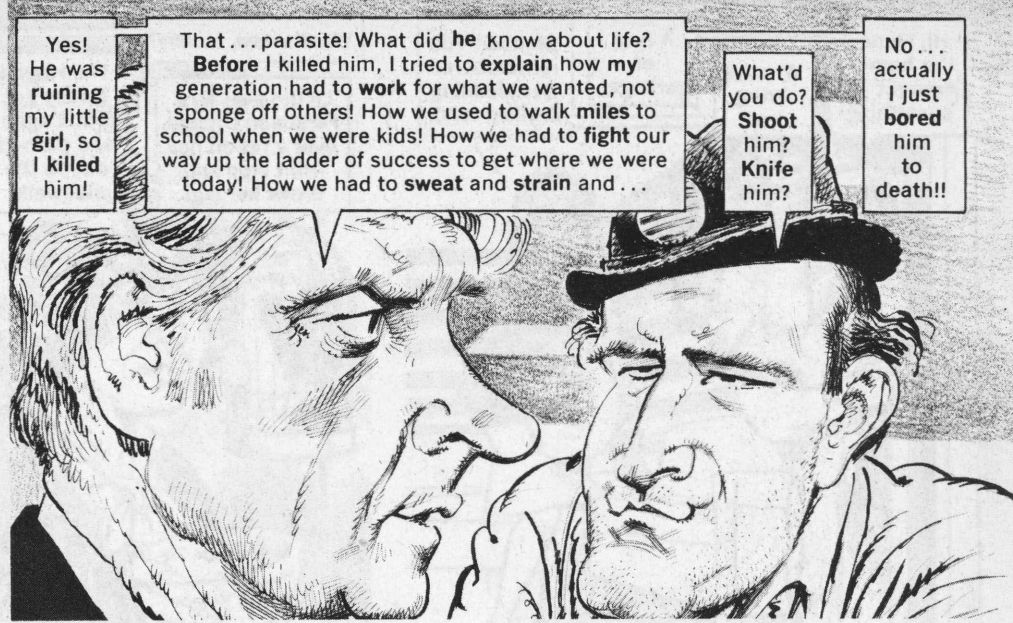




And those *&¢%\$# Hippies! Boy, would I like to kill me a *&¢%\$# Hippie!!

I just killed one!

YOU ... KILLED A HIPPIE?!!



Yes! He was ruining my little girl, so I killed him!

That ... parasite! What did he know about life? Before I killed him, I tried to explain how my generation had to work for what we wanted, not sponge off others! How we used to walk miles to school when we were kids! How we had to fight our way up the ladder of success to get where we were today! How we had to sweat and strain and ...

What'd you do? Shoot him? Knife him?

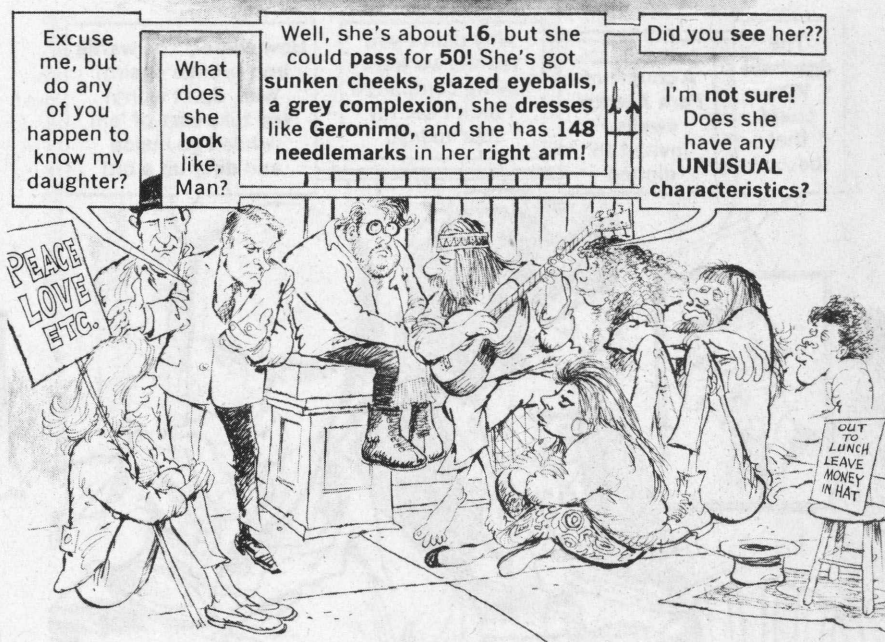
No ... actually I just bored him to death!!



Listen, Compost! I admire you! I like what you did to that Hippie! What do you say we become friends, and I'll help you find your daughter!

Me?! Become YOUR FRIEND?! Why ... you're nothing but an uncouth animal! You've got a bloated beer belly and you smell terrible!!

Look, I TOLD you I like you! You don't have to butter me up!!



Excuse me, but do any of you happen to know my daughter?

What does she look like, Man?

Well, she's about 16, but she could pass for 50! She's got sunken cheeks, glazed eyeballs, a grey complexion, she dresses like Geronimo, and she has 148 needlemarks in her right arm!

Did you see her??

I'm not sure! Does she have any UNUSUAL characteristics?



I don't see her in this place?

Hey! What's going on here?

It's called an "Orgy"! A group of Hippies smoke some pot ...

Just once, I'd like to crack down on those *&¢%\$# commies!

... and they listen to freaky music ...

Just once, I'd like to teach them some Americanism!

... and they engage in all sorts of wild, bizarre sex acts!

Just once, I'd like to be a Hippie!



Hi, Honey!
I'm home! I
brought you
something!

Whadya
bring
me?

A bag
of
garbage!

Shmoe!! You
remembered
our Wedding
Anniversary!!



What's new, Honey?

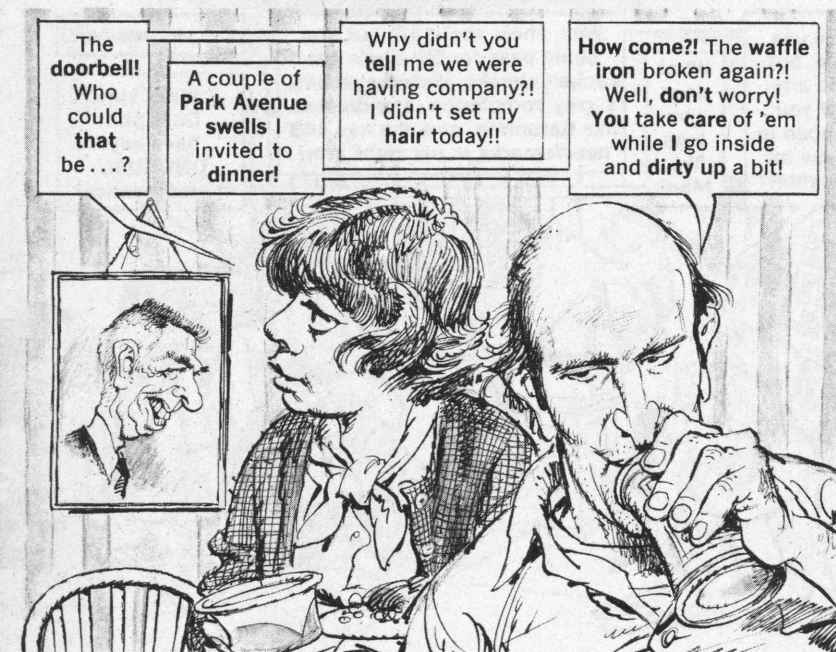
Le'me see! Mrs.
Ferguson tripped
over a rat on her
front step and
broke her leg!

The Hogan
family got
drunk again
and passed
out on the
sidewalk!

The Board
of Health
condemned
14 houses
on our
street!

And... oh,
yes! A Negro
family is
moving in
down the
block!

A NEGRO
FAMILY!!
Oh, no!!
Well...
there
goes the
neighborhood!

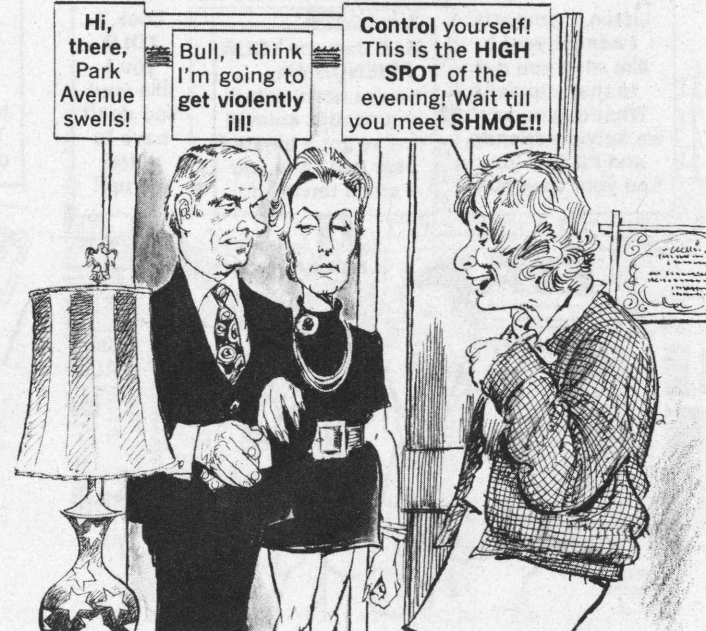


The
doorbell!!
Who
could
that
be...?

A couple of
Park Avenue
swells I
invited to
dinner!

Why didn't you
tell me we were
having company?!!
I didn't set my
hair today!!

How come?! The waffle
iron broken again?!
Well, don't worry!
You take care of 'em
while I go inside
and dirty up a bit!



Hi,
there,
Park
Avenue
swells!

Bull, I think
I'm going to
get violently
ill!

Control yourself!
This is the **HIGH
SPOT** of the
evening! Wait till
you meet **SHMOE!!**



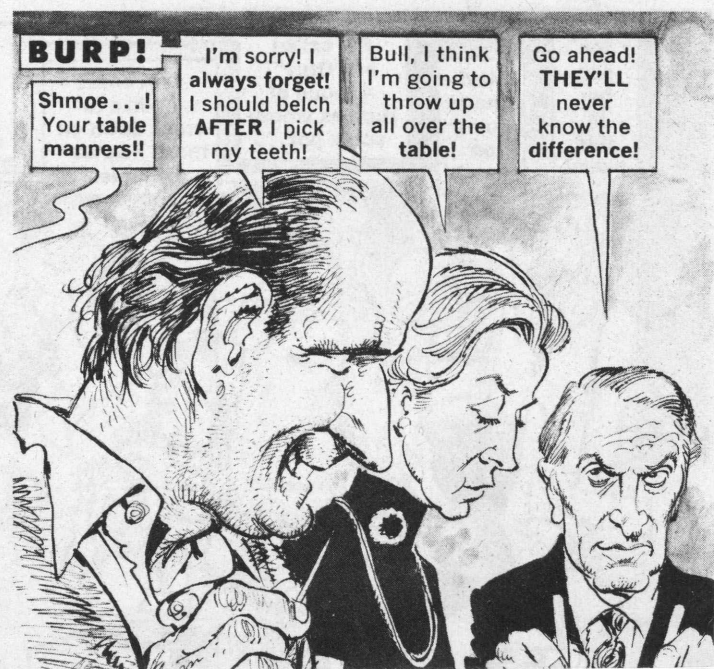
Where
is your
wife, Mr.
Compost?

She went
inside to
freshen up!

Has she
met Shmoe
yet?

EEEEEEK!!

I think
she
just
did!



BURP!

Shmoe...!
Your table
manners!!

I'm sorry! I
always forget!
I should belch
AFTER I pick
my teeth!

Bull, I think
I'm going to
throw up
all over the
table!

Go ahead!
THEY'LL
never
know the
difference!

Who gets the medium rare beer?

Look, don't **worry** about your daughter, Compost! We'll find her! Meanwhile, I got an **exciting month** planned for us! **Next week**, we go out and **beat up some Polacks**. The week after that, we **kick around some Jews**! The third week, we **punch a few Quakers**! Then we're off for seven days!

How come we're off?

I **NEVER** work during **Brotherhood Week**!

Why don't you broads clean the dishes—while I show Bull my pride and joy!

Clean the dishes?! But ... they're paper plates!

That's okay! I'll **scrape**, and you **erase**!



Yep, this is what America is all about! This is what we work for and save for and sacrifice for ...!

Gee, I'd really **LIKE** to meet your kids!

WHAT KIDS?! I mean my **GUNS!!**

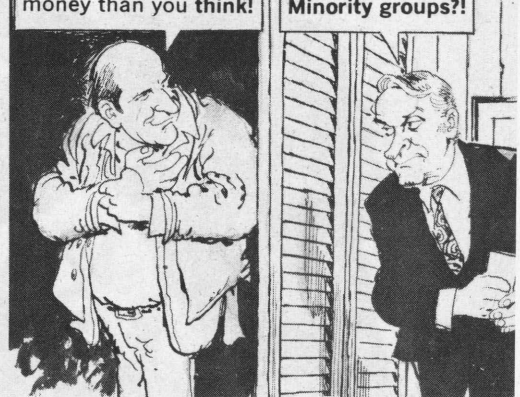
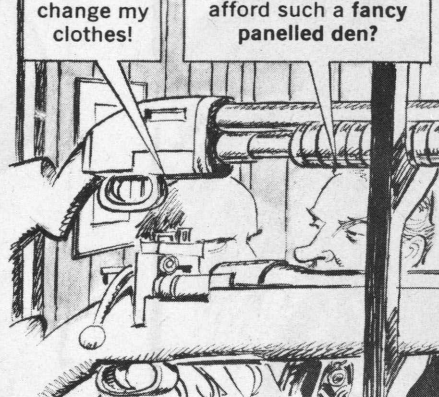
BETTER DEAD
UNLEASH CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Wow! Look at the time! I gotta go to **work**! We can talk while I change my clothes!

Shmoe, could I ask you a **personal question**? How can a hard hat like you, who makes ... maybe ... \$8,000 a year, afford such a fancy **panelled den**?

Bull, I'm gonna let you in on a **secret**! I'm something much **more important** than a construction worker! And I make a lot more money than you think!

You mean ... you're really **NOT** a Silent Majority Middle American who hates **Minority groups**?!



Of course I am! But I actually live **TWO DIFFERENT LIVES!!** By night, I'm the dirty slob **YOU** know ... and by day, I'm the clean slob **EVERYBODY** knows!

First ... I put on the old **toupee**! Then ... I put on the **make-up** to give the eyes the old familiar **squint**! Then ... I put on the **business suit** ...

... and—**VOILA!**

No wonder I never see you two photographed together!!



From fortresses, castles, dungeons, bunkers, rummage shops and ruins of ancient draft boards around

RECRUITING POSTER

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

**ARSONISTS LOOTERS
RAPISTS**



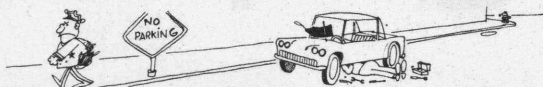
I WANT YOU

**TO JOIN MY
SHAGGY HORDE
AND HELP
TERRORIZE THE WORLD**

GO WITH A WINNER



Enlist In The
**Spanish
Armada**



the world, MAD's Military Expert (now living in Canada) has unearthed this unique collection of...

S THROUGH HISTORY

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

Make New Friends! GO WEST



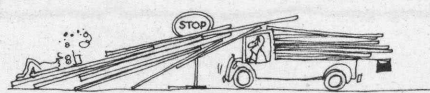
With General Custer's 7th CAVALRY

Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist

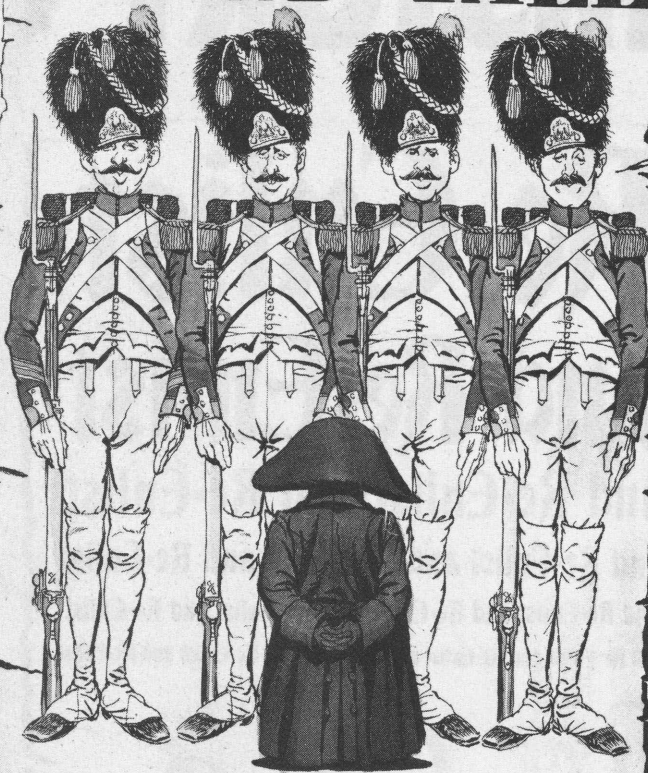
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist
and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist and Re-Enlist



In The
100 Years'
War

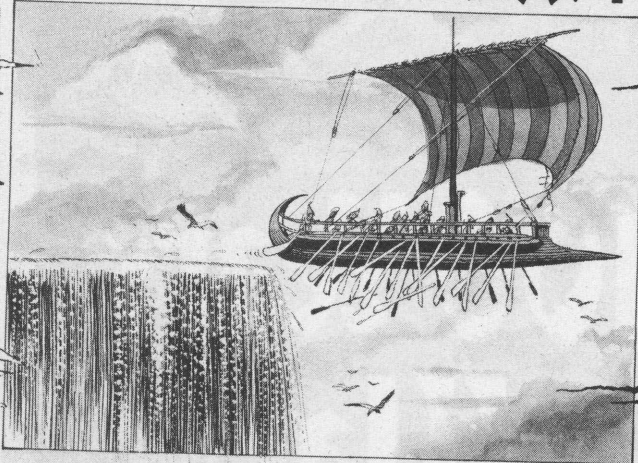


STAND TALL



IN
BONAPARTE'S GUARD

JOIN THE
PHOENICIAN NAVY



...and see the
edge of the world

Join The Conquest!
GO NORMAN
and Learn a Specialty:



Catapult Operator



Pitchbucket Pourer



Rampart Stormer



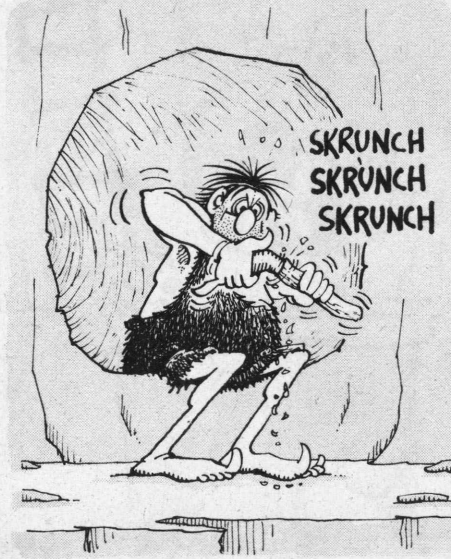
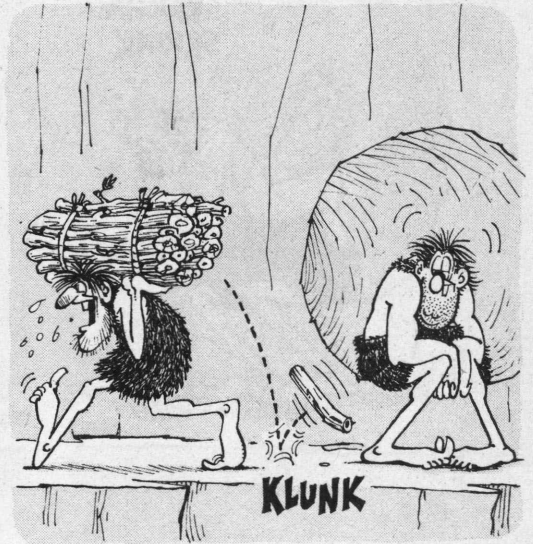
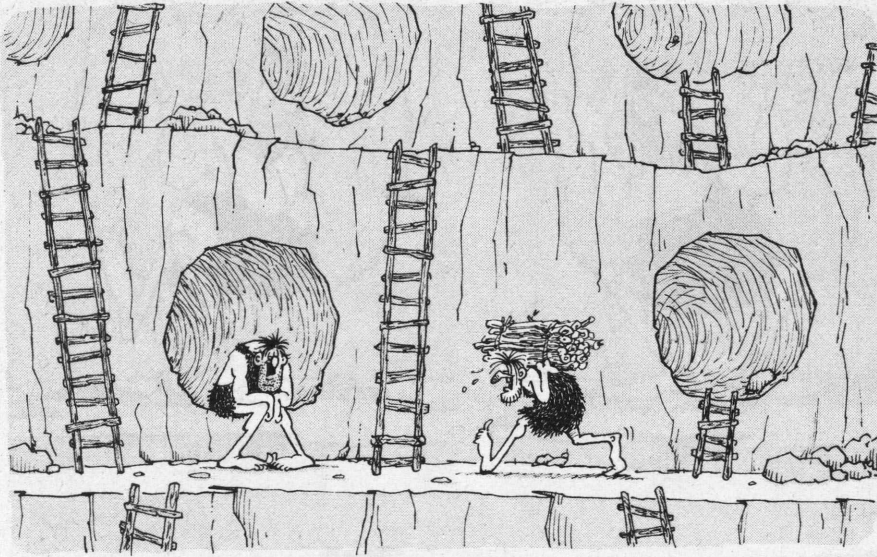
Battering Ram Rammer

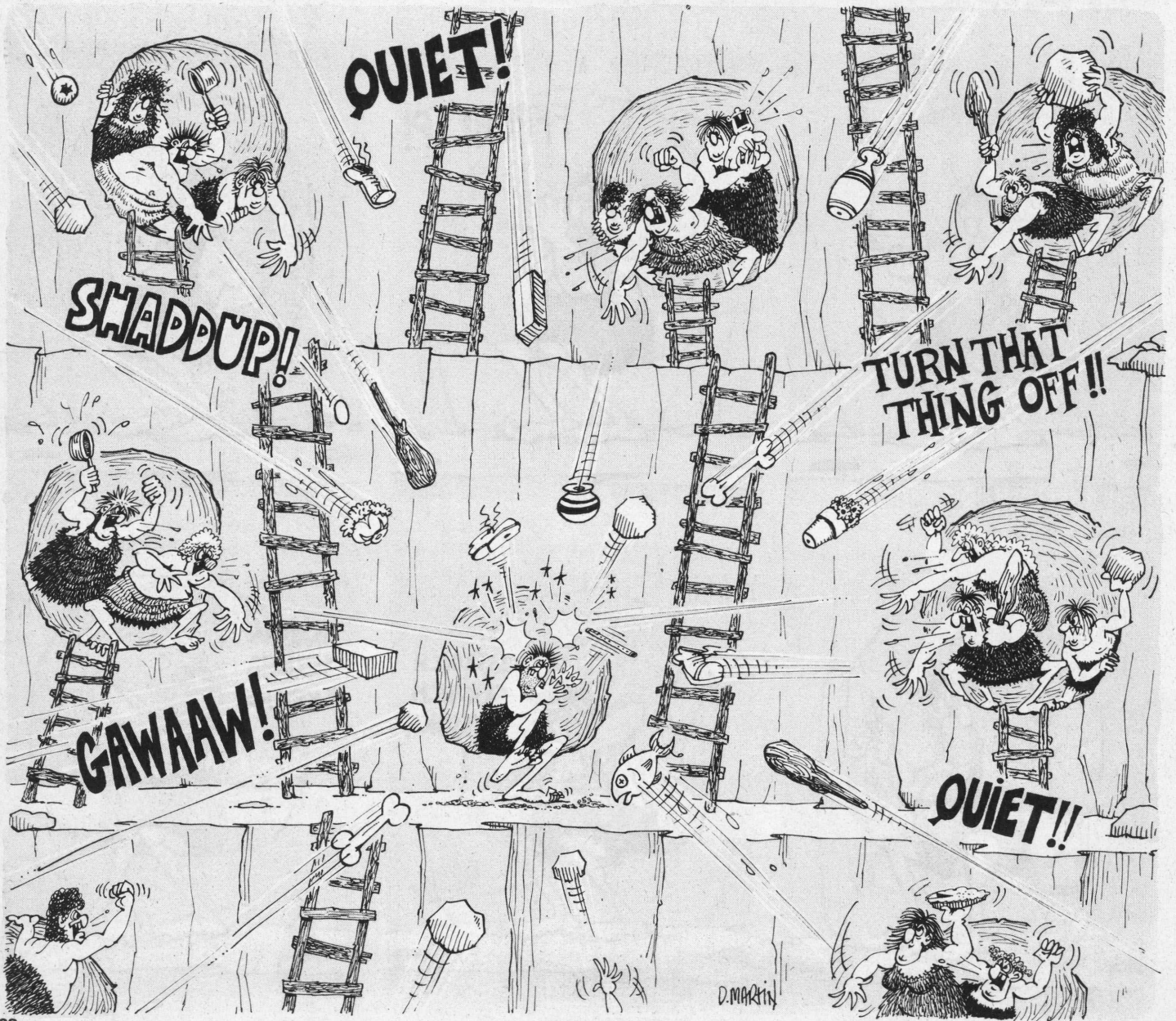
BE PATRIOTIC!
JOIN THE REDCOATS!



MAINTAIN LAW & ORDER
IN THE COLONIES

THE VERY FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT





DOUBLE-TALK DEPT.

Politicians, celebrities, teachers, parents, businessmen... they're all making important statements these days. The trouble is, they usually say one thing, but mean another! And there's nobody around to translate for you ordinary clods! Except maybe us, the fearless men of MAD! (Who's around to translate the statements we make that say one thing and mean something else is another problem!) Anyway, back in issue #97, we ran an article which translated some of these statements. Now, here are more examples of the difference between—

WHAT THEY SAY ... AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: GEORGE HART

WHEN THEY SAY...



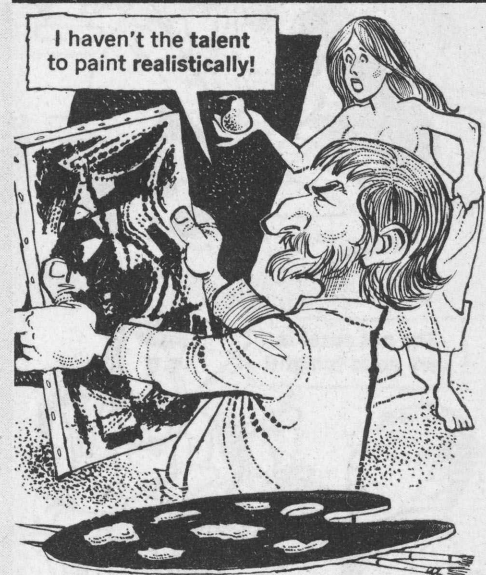
IT REALLY MEANS...



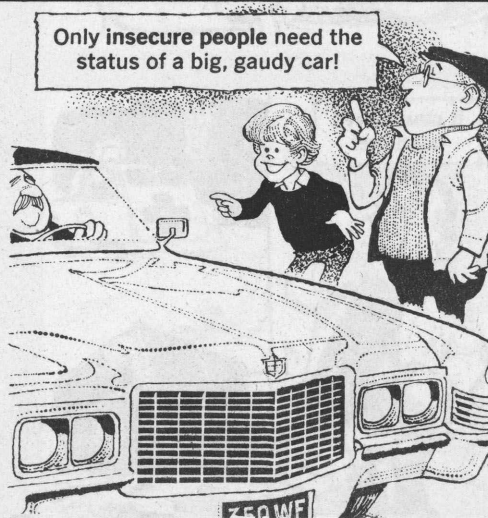
WHEN THEY SAY...



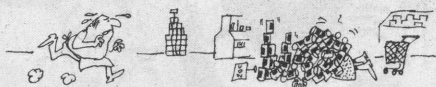
IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...

The legalization of Marijuana would be a national calamity!

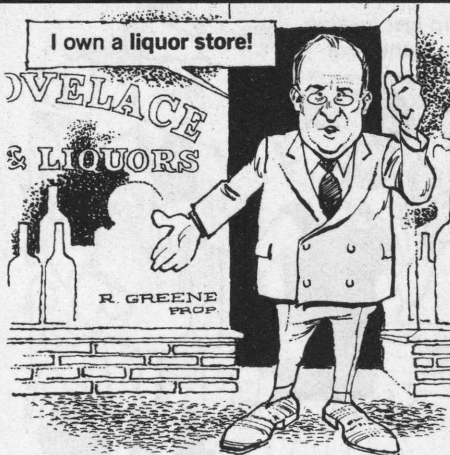


IT REALLY MEANS...

I own a liquor store!

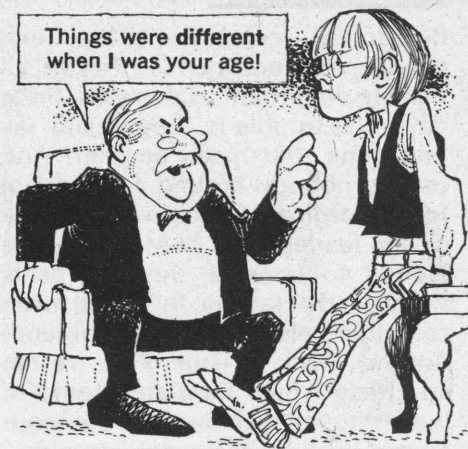
VELACE
& LIQUORS

R. GREENE
PROP.

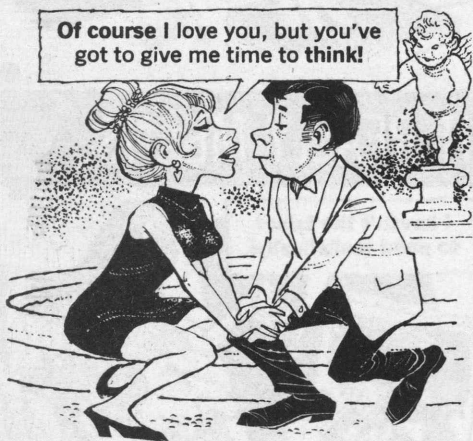


WHEN THEY SAY...

Things were different when I was your age!



Of course I love you, but you've got to give me time to think!



I want to shop around a little more!



Sounds like you could use a tune-up!



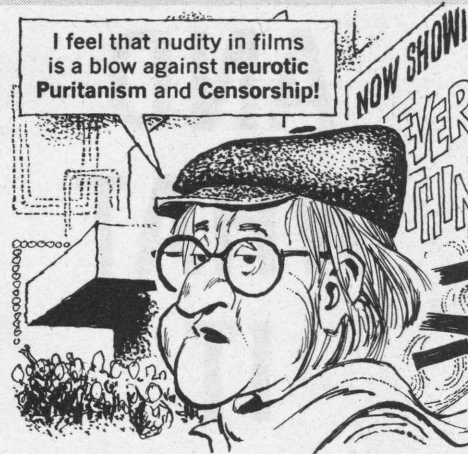
The pot roast is very good tonight!



We can't give it away!



I feel that nudity in films is a blow against neurotic Puritanism and Censorship!



It could have been a lot worse!



It could have been me!



Please ... I don't want to hear any gossip or idle rumors!



IT REALLY MEANS...

WHEN THEY SAY...

IT REALLY MEANS...

Things were a lot duller when I was your age!



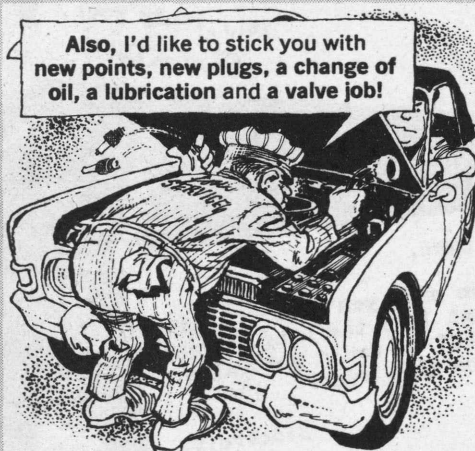
I feel that the Surgeon-General's report on smoking was inconclusive!



I just don't have the will power to stop!



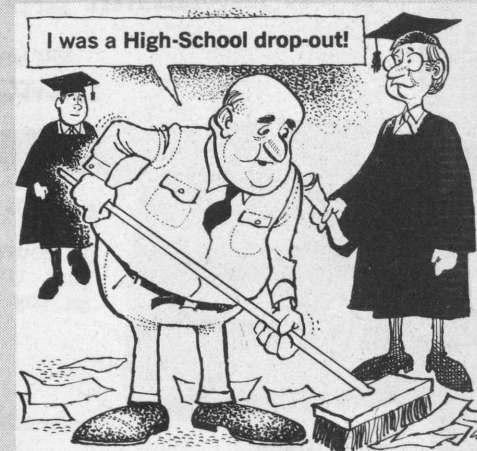
Also, I'd like to stick you with new points, new plugs, a change of oil, a lubrication and a valve job!



I went to the "College of Hard Knocks!"



I was a High-School drop-out!



I'm a dirty old man!



Announcing the all-new, improved formula "Whizz"!



It's the same old garbage in a new package!



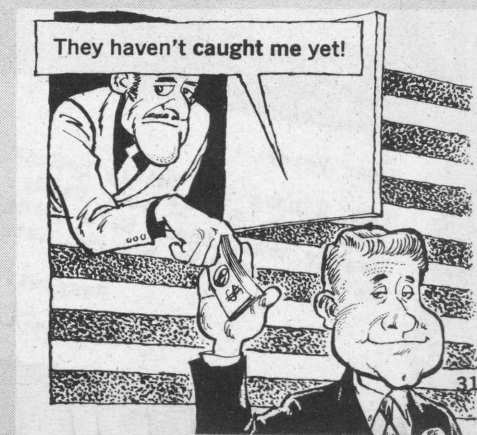
Just give me the juicy facts!



I stand on my record!



They haven't caught me yet!





ESCAPE CLAUS DEPT.

A few issues back (MAD #142) we observed there were an awful lot of one-way letter-writing by children—to God. To remedy this situation, we published some "Answers To Children's Letters—

Answers To Children's

WRITERS: DICK De BARTOLO & DONALD K. EPSTEIN

Dear Susan,

Thank you for your photograph and your kind offer, but you are a little too young for me.

By the way, who is that older girl to your immediate left?

Curiously,
Santa

Dear Lester,

I know that you've been a "darling, sweet boy" all year, but are you sure that your parents want you to have a pair of high heels?

Very truly your,
Santa

Dear Jill,

Of course I am an American! It's just that I get a better deal on toys made in Japan.

Best regards,
Santa

Dear Owen,

Are you sure you want a train set just like the Long Island Railroad? Or would you rather have one that runs?

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Glenn,

I'm sorry, but what you asked for cannot be transported across State lines.

Best regards,
Santa

Dear Harvey,

I am taking the liberty of bringing you a box of Scott's "Utility Lawn Seed." Isn't that what you had in mind when you asked for some "grass"?

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Pam,

Santa only brings presents. I'm afraid I cannot take away your baby brother.

Fondly,
Santa

Dear Peter,

Yes, I have the "dirty books" you mentioned. But if your Daddy really wants them, he's going to have to write me his own letter.

Respectfully,
Santa

Dear Michael,

That was not me you saw your Mommy kissing on Christmas Eve! I don't wear a sailor suit.

Sincerely,
Santa

From God." With the Christmas Season upon us, there's an awful lot of one-way letter-writing by children to another busy person—mainly Santa Claus. To remedy this situation, MAD presents...



s Letters—From Santa

PHOTO BY: DPI

Dear Brad,

I think you take some of the spirit out of Christmas when you ask for "Cash--or ELSE!"

Yours truly,
Santa

Dear John,

I would have been happy to bring you a kiddie car this year, but unfortunately, they've all been recalled by the factory.

Respectfully,
Santa

Dear Bobby,

Thank you for being so considerate. Although I appreciate your wanting to save me work, I will still have to know exactly what you want. I cannot just bring you your own "Master Charge Card."

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Eugene,

I have a lot of interesting things with which to fill stockings, but Raquel Welch is not one of them.

Love,
Santa

Dear Jodi,

No matter what your parents found in your backyard last year, I can assure you that before we left the North Pole, I curbed all the reindeer.

Best wishes,
Santa

Dear Dick,

Bringing you a SCUBA outfit is easy. But finding a lake that's clear enough to see something in is going to be your problem.

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Jerry,

I'm sorry, but I cannot give you part of a Slot Car Racing Set for being good some of the time.

Cordially,
Santa

Dear Karen,

I'm sorry that the "Talking Doll" I brought you last year didn't work. Now, will you please get the Better Business Bureau off my back?

Cordially,
Santa

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

LO



You're going steady with that **BUM**?

He's **not** a bum! To you, **ANY** boy I go with is a bum!

Besides, I love him!

Love!? What do you know about love?! You're **too young**!!

Okay, then! **YOU** tell me! What **IS** love?

Well, it's . . . er . . . uh . . . Y'know, even with my **long years** of experience, it's not **easy** to define!

See!? You don't know anything about love either!

YOU'RE TOO OLD!!



Why do you keep pulling on your turtle-neck sweater?

Oh, that Mitch! He got so **passionate** he gave me a hicky on my neck!

Gee, I didn't know that a hicky **HURTS**!

It **doesn't**!

Then why do you keep pulling your sweater away?

I want it to **SHOW**!!



When I **first** got to college, the only thing that the boys I dated ever wanted was **SEX**! So I told them they could all go jump in the lake!

Good for you!

Then I met **Warren** . . . a handsome, studious, gentlemanly type! And he and I started a **real, deep, meaningful relationship**!

That's nice!

Nice, yes! But it was an **absolute bore**!

Why? What was **missing**?

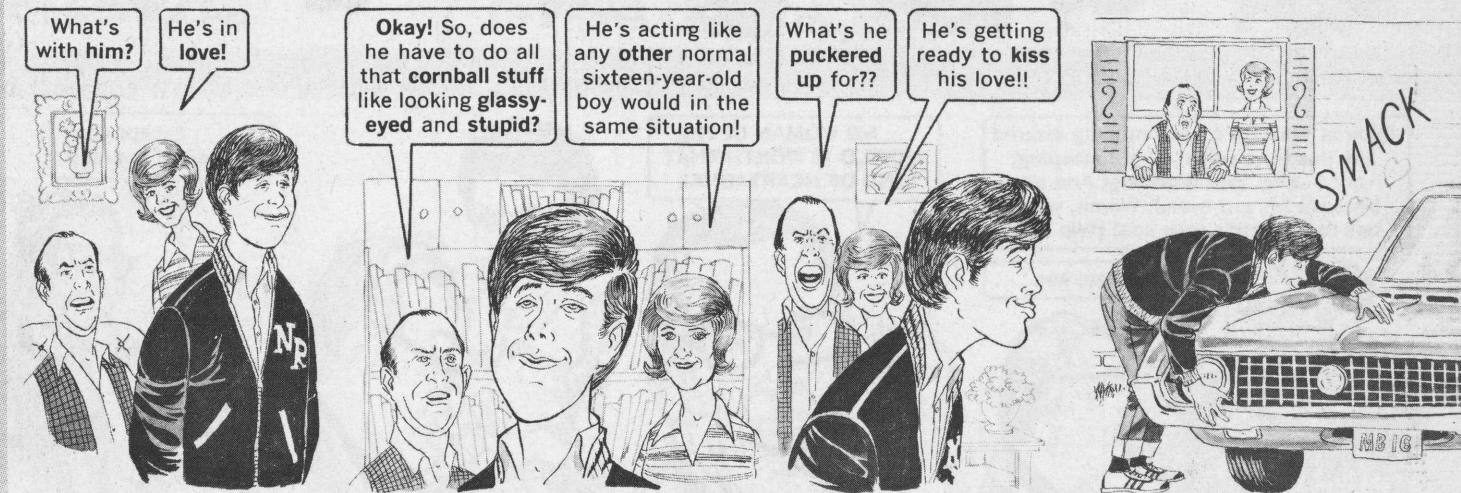
SEX!!



WE



ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Just think, Milton! In three days and seven hours, we'll be married! And you'll be all mine! A man who loves to stay home evenings instead of taking me out to dinner and night spots and theaters ...

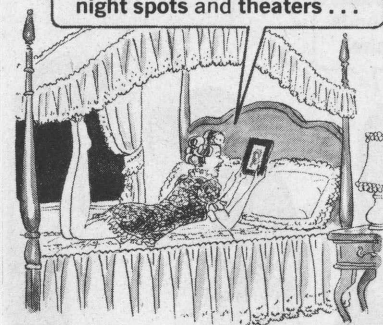
... a man who loves to go fishing and hunting and camping out on weekends ...

... a man who loves to go bowling with the boys ...

... a man who is devoted to his mother and indulges her!

Oh, Milton! Just think! In three days and seven hours ...

... I'M GOING TO CHANGE ALL THAT!!



How do you like living here in this commune, Liz?

It's great! Here, at last, I've found love!

Love with depth! Love with meaning! Love in its truest sense! Love, love, love ...

You mean with Harold, don't you?

Oh, yes! With Harold! How I love Harold ...

... and Bill, and Jerry, and Al, and Nick, and John, and Lenny, and Richie, and Kurt, and Stan, and Larry, and Lou, and Frank, and even Irving!!



Since this is our **second anniversary**—we've been going together for **two weeks**—I bought you this little gift!

Oh, Stanley! How sweet of you!

I had to show you what **length and breadth** and **depth** my love for you goes!

Oh, Stanley! It must have cost a **zillion dollars**!

It did! But I had to show you how much I was willing to **sacrifice** for you!

Oh, Stanley! You **shouldn't** have done it!

I know! That's what my **father's** gonna say when he finds out I **charged** it to his account!



Look at him! He's been moping around like this for a **week**... not sleeping, not eating, just brooding! And all because his girl friend, Wilma, won't talk to him! He's **your son**! Help him!

Listen, son...

... **NO WOMAN IN THE WORLD IS WORTH THAT KIND OF HEARTACHE!!**

Uh... Except your **Mother**, of course!!



HAVE I GOT A GIRL FOR YOU!!

Oh, no! Not that tired old cliché situation! I'm surprised at you, Doris! She's gotta be a real loser, right?

No... really! This girl is different!

Oh, she's got **two heads**!! Listen, I'm lonely, but I'm not desperate! She's a real dog, right?

Take my word for it! This girl is **stunning**! She's got a lovely figure, a cute face, a charming personality, and she's very modest!

Hey! She sounds great! Who is she?

Me!

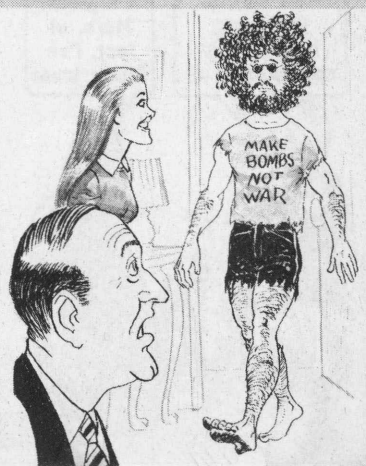


Oh, Daddy! Daddy! I've met him at last! Mr. Right! And I'm in love—really in love!

He's my **Prince Charming**... my **Knight in Shining Armor**! Oh, Daddy, he's absolutely gorgeous! He's the most beautiful man I've ever met!

Well... let's see this Mr. Wonderful!

Hey, Kenny... come in and show yourself!





Do you realize that the kids are out of the house and we're alone?!

Yeah! Let's make like we used to—with the lights low and mood music!



Great! I'll light some candles!

And I'll turn on the mood music that's here on the kids' hi-fi ...



THERE AIN'T GONNA BE ANY TOMORROW BABY



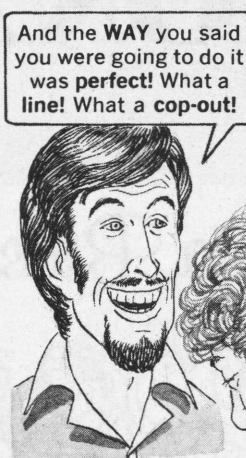
What's the matter ... ?

I just lost the mood!



Why so downcast? You SAID you wanted to break it off with Donna ... right?

Yeah! Right!



And the WAY you said you were going to do it was perfect! What a line! What a cop-out!



Yeah! A great cop-out!



"It's better this way, baby! You've outgrown me! You've passed me by! You deserve better! I'm not good enough for you ... !" BRILLIANT!!

Yeah! Brilliant!

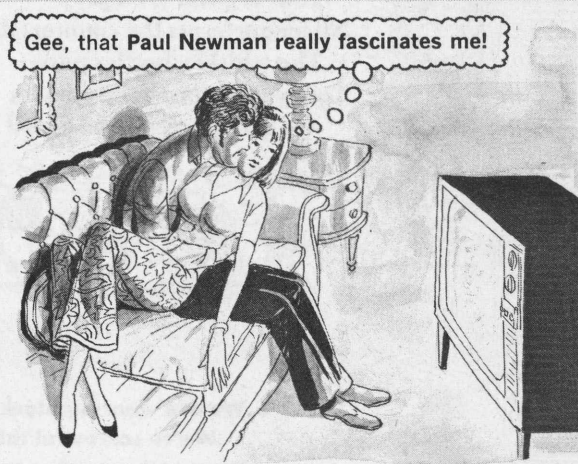


So why so downcast?

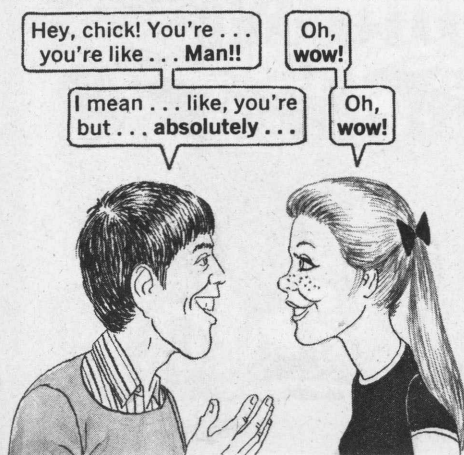
She agreed with me!



Oh, wow! Am I a make-out artist! She's completely relaxed! She's surrendering without a struggle! Gee, I must really fascinate her!



Gee, that Paul Newman really fascinates me!

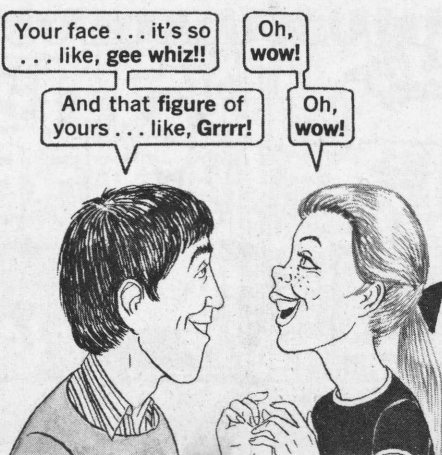


Hey, chick! You're ... you're like ... Man!!

Oh, wow!

I mean ... like, you're but ... absolutely ...

Oh, wow!

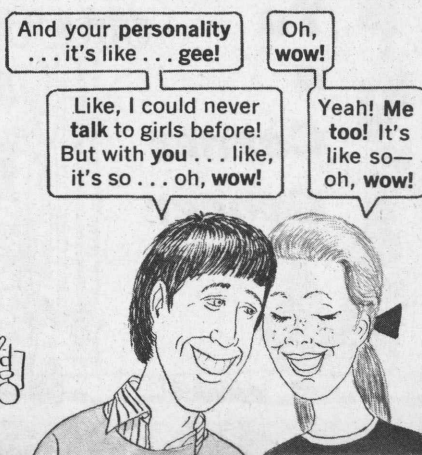


Your face ... it's so ... like, gee whizz!!

Oh, wow!

And that figure of yours ... like, Grrrr!

Oh, wow!



And your personality ... it's like ... gee!

Oh, wow!

Like, I could never talk to girls before! But with you ... like, it's so ... oh, wow!

Yeah! Me too! It's like so—oh, wow!

David Berg

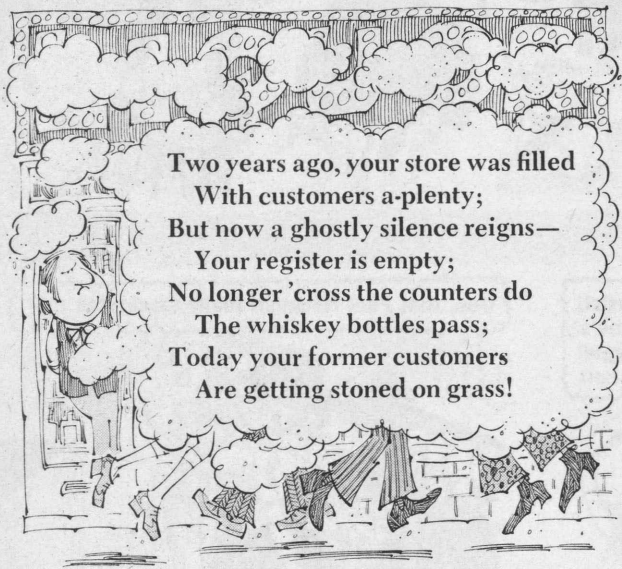
In case you happen to be the kind of MAD reader who eagerly devours every word, we think it only fair and

proper to inform you that what you are reading now is another of our meaningless introductions, this partic-

CONDOLENCE FOR BUSINESS PROFESSIONAL TR

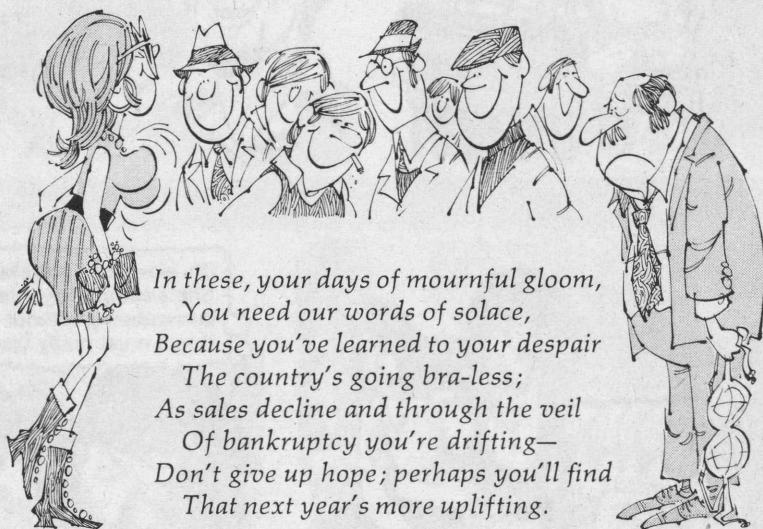


To a Neighborhood Liquor Store



Two years ago, your store was filled
With customers a-plenty;
But now a ghostly silence reigns—
Your register is empty;
No longer 'cross the counters do
The whiskey bottles pass;
Today your former customers
Are getting stoned on grass!

To a Brassiere-Maker



In these, your days of mournful gloom,
You need our words of solace,
Because you've learned to your despair
The country's going bra-less;
As sales decline and through the veil
Of bankruptcy you're drifting—
Don't give up hope; perhaps you'll find
That next year's more uplifting.



To a Corner Grocer

We are wearing black, we're full of gloom,
We're sorrowful this day;
We weep, we sob, we sing sad songs,
We also moan, "Oy vey!"

O friendly Grocer that we love,
You'll soon exist no more;
Because today, an A & P
Is opening next door.

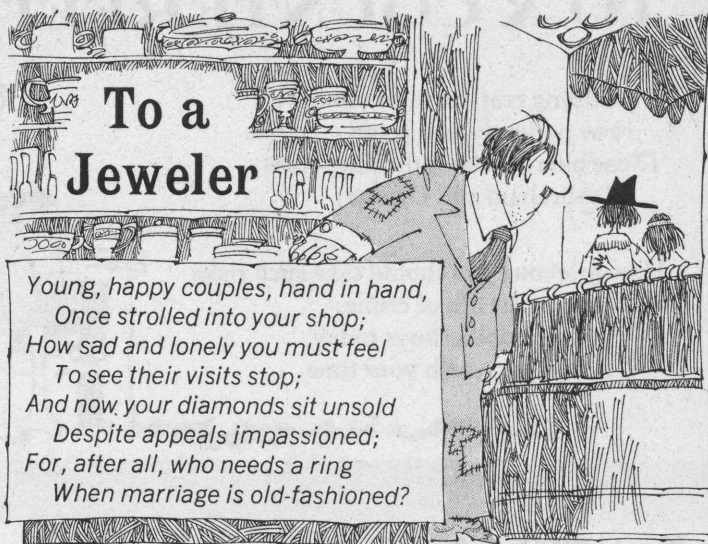


ular one serving no purpose whatsoever except to balance out the page and precede the title, namely . . .

CARDS AND AGEDIES

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

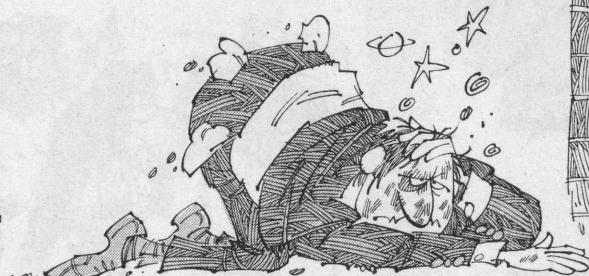
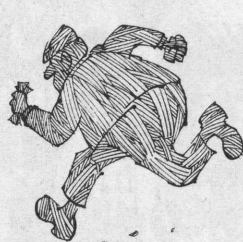
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



To a New York Streetwalker

Dear painted ladies of the night,
We grieve that your profession
Has suffered from a lack of work
Brought on by the recession;

To make things worse, no matter how
You sweet-talk and beseech them,
Whatever clients that are left
Get mugged before you reach them.



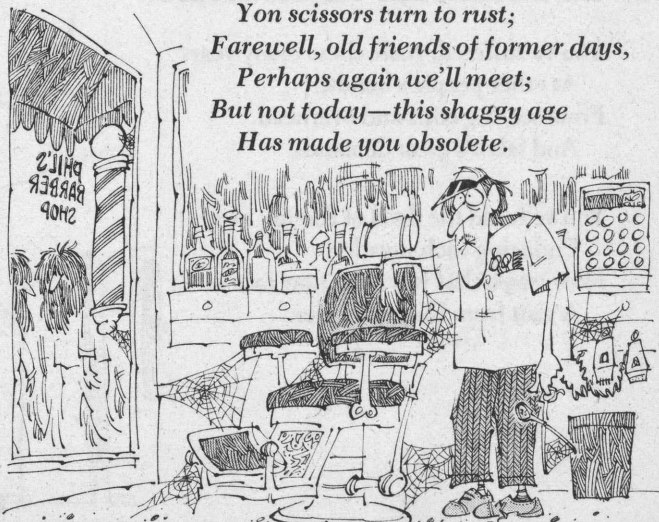
To an Arms Manufacturer

The rebels in East Pakistan
Adore your new grenades;
The Arabs find your six-inch shells
Are great for border raids;
The mortars the Israelis buy
Are just the kind they seek—
We can't express how sad we feel
There's no new war this week.



To a Barber

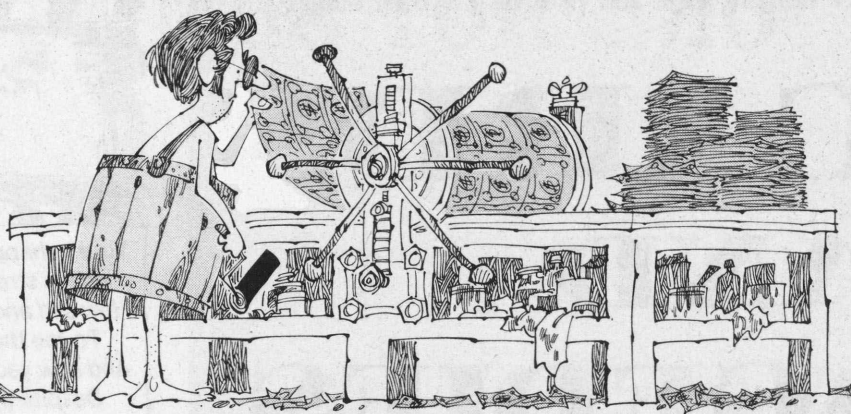
Yon combs remain within their drawer;
Yon razor gathers dust;
Yon chair is but an empty throne;
Yon scissors turn to rust;
Farewell, old friends of former days,
Perhaps again we'll meet;
But not today—this shaggy age
Has made you obsolete.



TO A COUNTERFEITER

O plodding craftsman of your art,
How patiently you forge
Those bills that bear the likenesses
Of Abraham and George;

How grievous you should take such risks
Within your life of crime;
With what a dollar buys today,
It's scarcely worth your time.



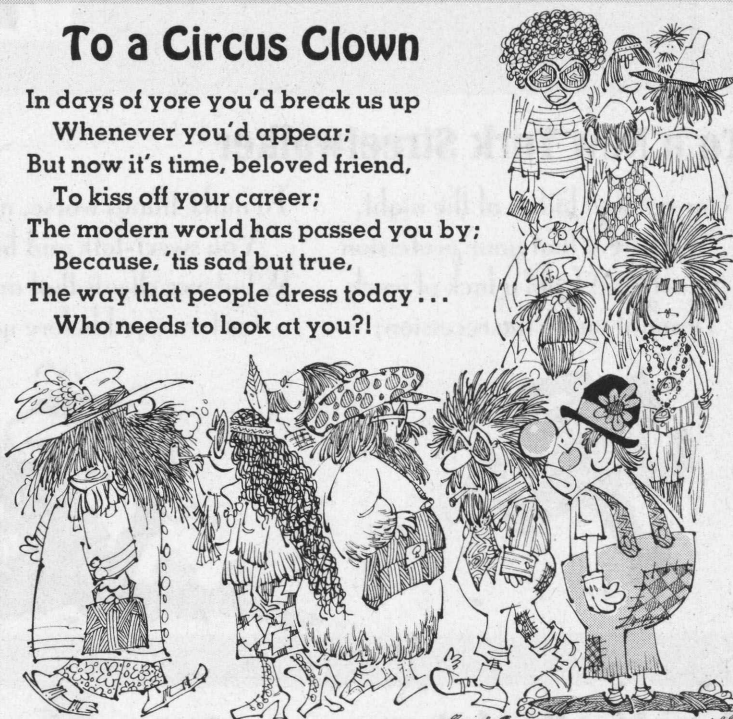
To a Major League Baseball Owner



The joys a man may feel today
He may not feel tomorrow;
The surge of gladness in his heart
May turn to bitter sorrow;
Please know that we're prepared to share
Your grief, despair and strain,
Because we've heard a rumor that
You've traded for McLain.

To a Circus Clown

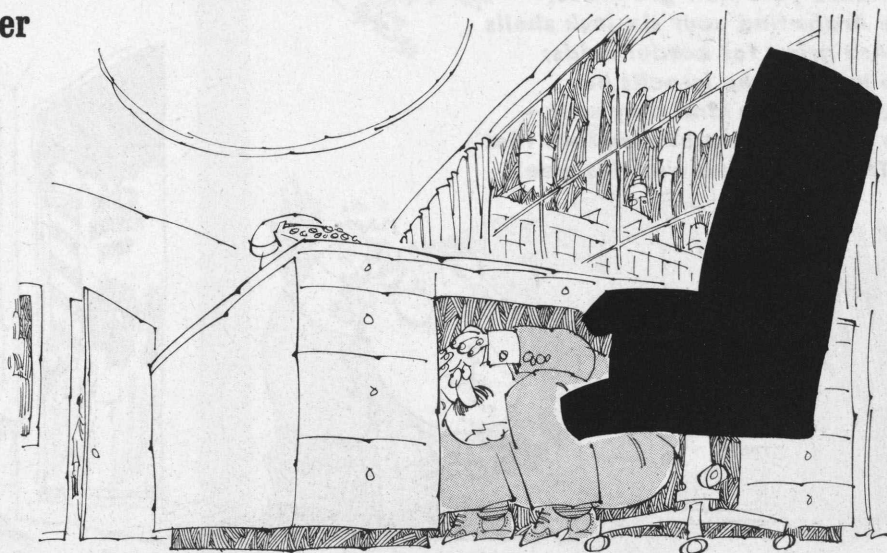
In days of yore you'd break us up
Whenever you'd appear;
But now it's time, beloved friend,
To kiss off your career;
The modern world has passed you by;
Because, 'tis sad but true,
The way that people dress today . . .
Who needs to look at you?!



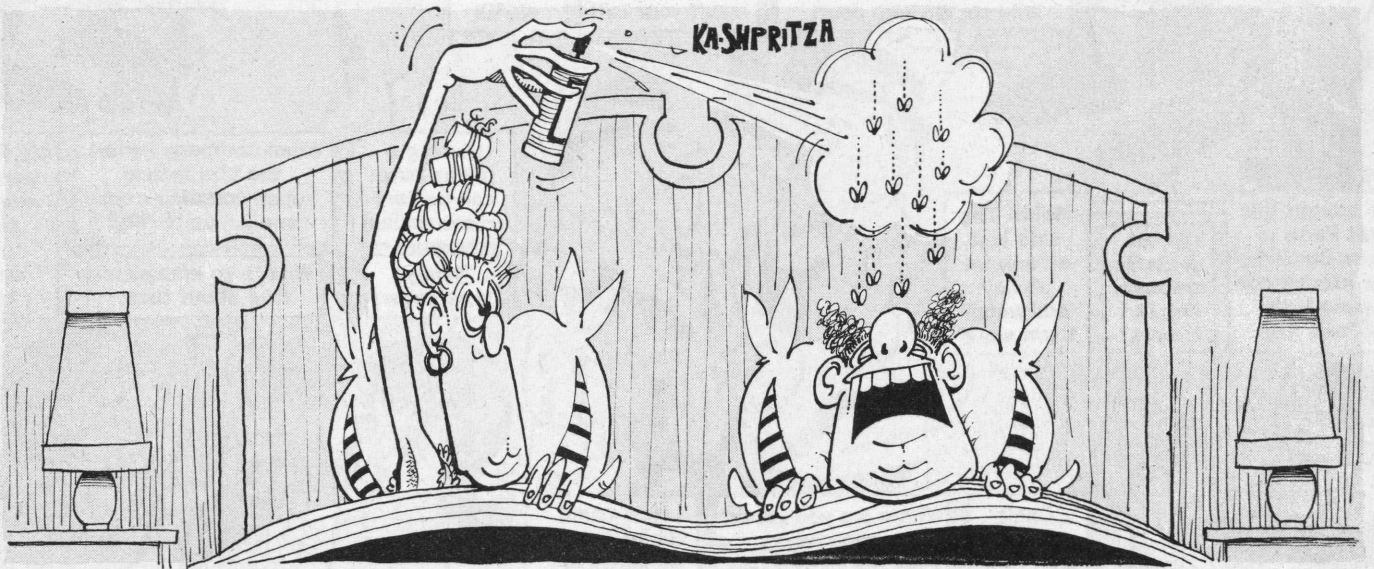
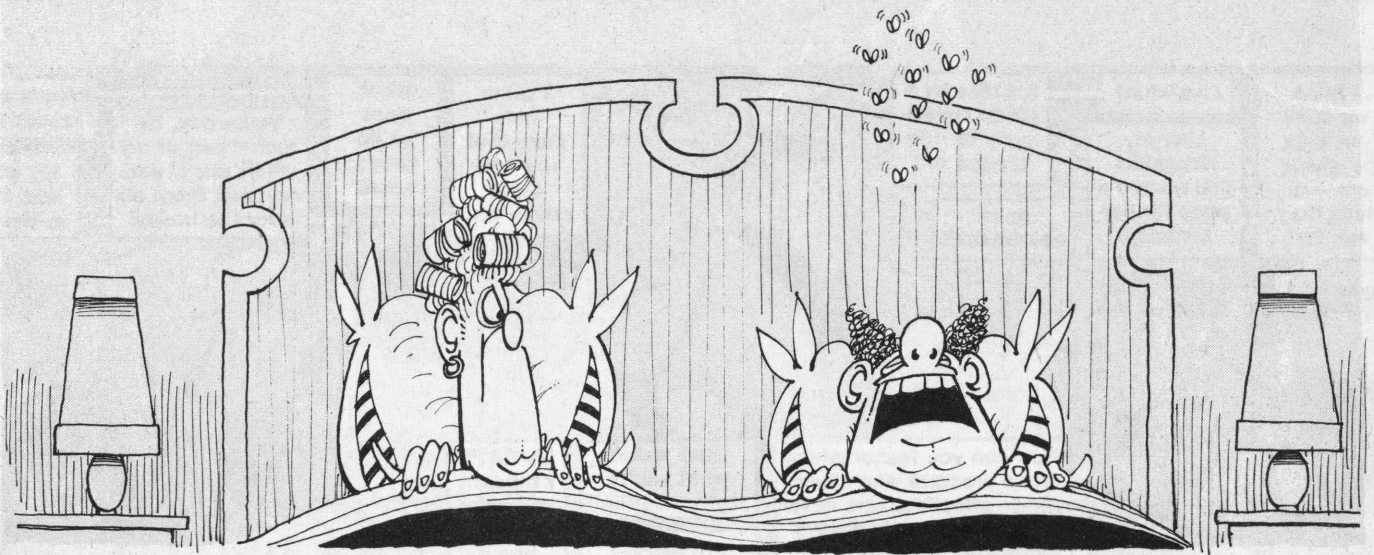
To an Automobile Manufacturer

You've suffered, yeah, these many years
At other people's hands;
From soaring costs and overhead
And labor's great demands;

You've faced the flood of foreign cars,
Enduring each invader;
How tragic that you must now face
A visit from Ralph Nader.



ONE HOT SUMMER MORNING



D. MARTIN

A MAD LOOK AT



I think we spoil our kids by giving them everything they ask for!

Like what?
Like my daughter! She wanted a pony for her birthday!

It's nice for a kid to have a pony to ride around on!
In an apartment?!

I think he's cute—but my wife can't stand him!

What does he do that's so cute

Yesterday, he took a pair of my wife's shoes and dragged them all over the house!

What's so cute about that?
My wife was still in them!!

How can you feel anything for a creature who never shows affection, who never obeys you, who's always indifferent, and who won't even jump into your bed and cuddle with you?!

Just watch what you're saying, buster!!
I'm sorry! I didn't mean to insult your cat!

My CAT?! I thought you were talking about MY WIFE!!

We bought this Ant Farm to show our kids how industrious these little fellows are!

To set a good example, eh? Did it work?

Nahh! The kids just sit around all day and watch them work!

Owning a Myna bird can be very embarrassing!

When company comes, the bird insists upon counting from one . . . up to fifty!

My twelve year old son can only count up to ten!

Really? How come?

What's so embarrassing about that?

Can't stop to chat now! I'm in a terrible hurry!

Where are you going?
First the hairdresser, then the manicurist, then to have a new fur coat fitted!

How come you're getting all dolled up?
Not ME! Poopsie!!

But a monkey is really a wild animal! Where do you keep him?

In the kids' room!
Gee, the place must be so messy and smelly and disgusting!

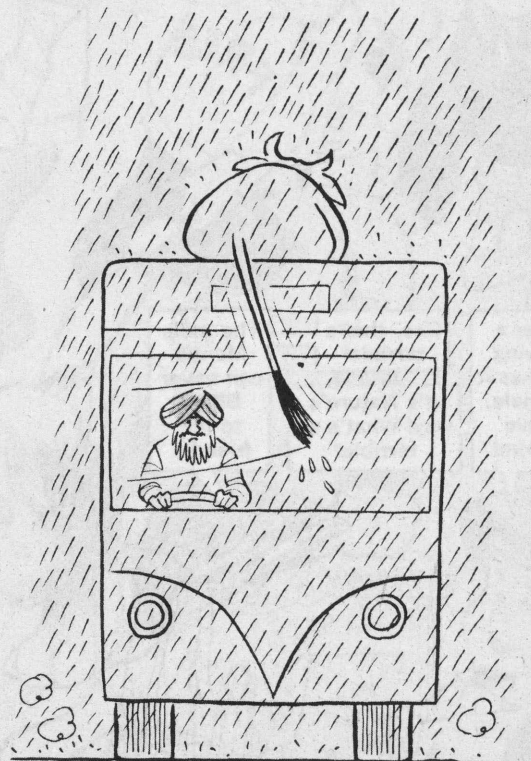
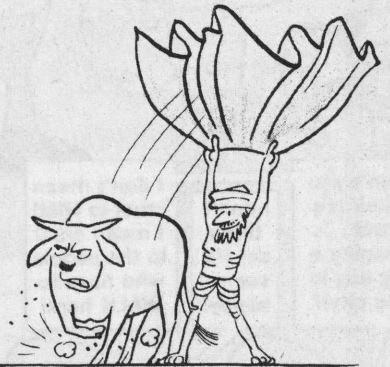
Yeah, but the monkey doesn't seem to mind!

WRITER: STAN HART



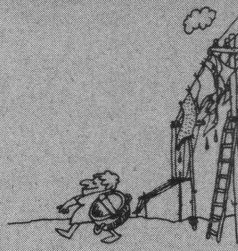
Some time ago (MAD #110) we introduced you to the delightful cartoons of a delicious Brazilian "nut" named Ziraldo Pinto. Now, we'd like you all to...

MEET इप्पू

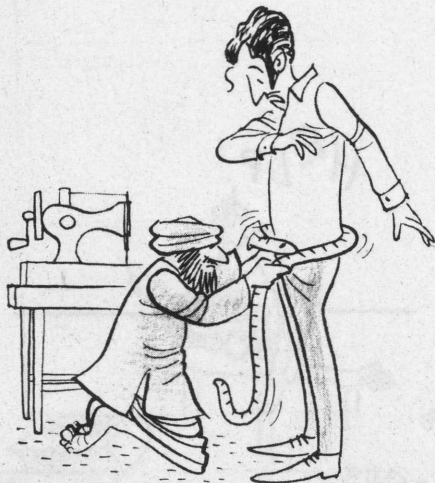
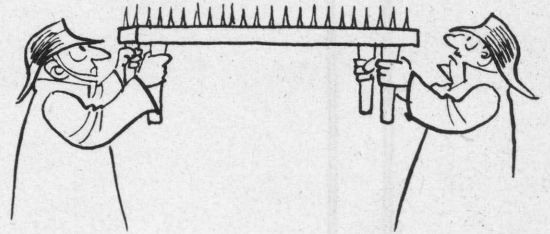


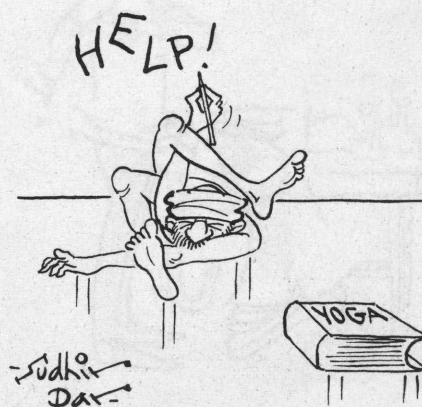
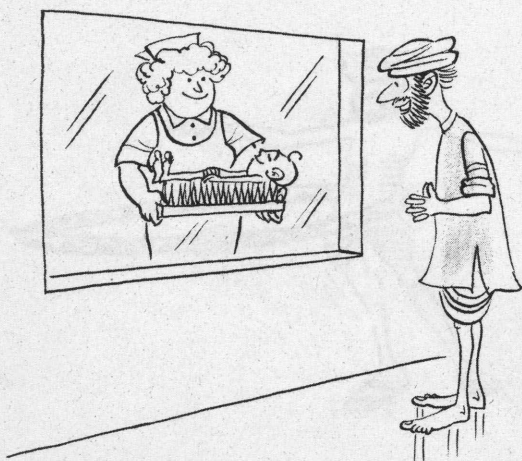
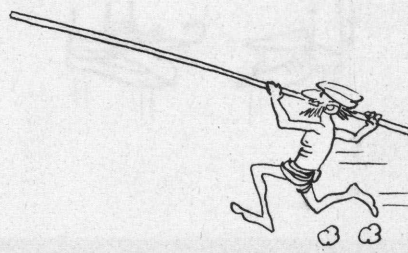
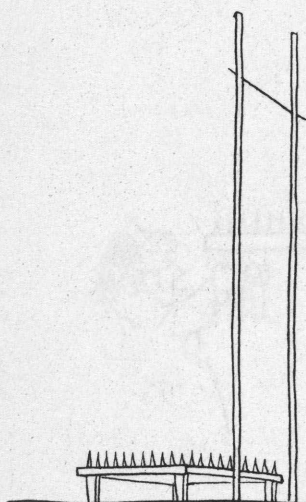
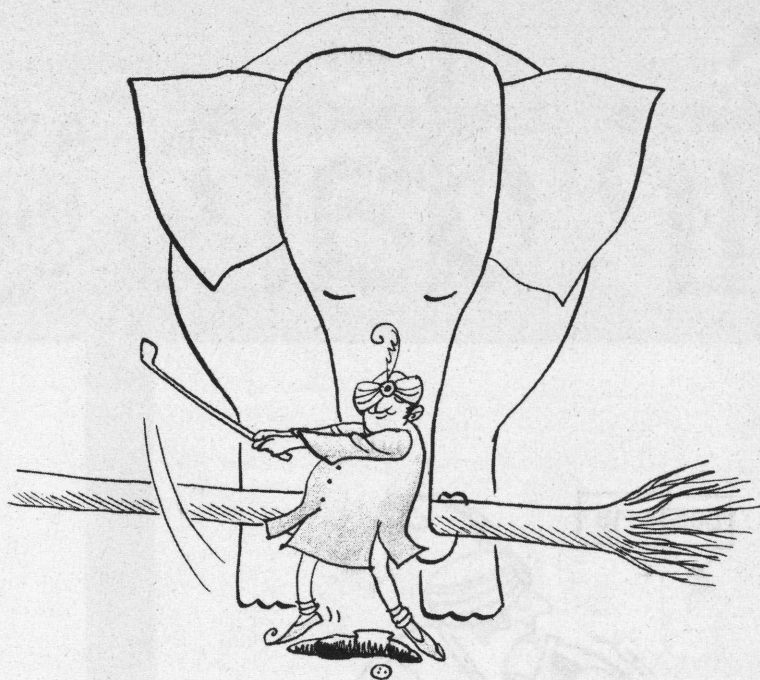
hār vār

A TASTY
INDIAN
"NUT"



CUSTOMS





No one can fault the success of teaching children basic things in entertaining ways, and the television series "Sesame Street" does it better than most. Unfortunately, it helps little Johnny to read—but not between the lines! What we need is a television show that will prepare our youth for what really lies ahead, a program like

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

MAD'S

REALITY STREET

Crummy day . . .
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
On my way past where
the bullies meet . . .
Is there a way to avoid,
To avoid Reality Street?

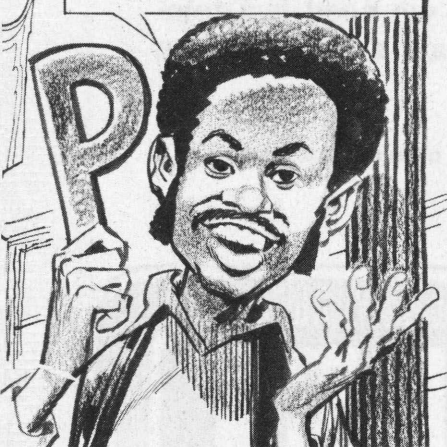
What a life . . .
Everywhere's doom and strife!
Hostile neighbors shout,
They're down and out!
Is there a way to escape,
To escape Reality Street?

It's a street of depression,
Corruption, oppression!
It's a sadist's dream
come true!
And masochists too!
People who like a . . .

Crummy day!
Smoggy sky's charcoal gray!
We're on the avenue
of defeat . . .
Is there a way to evade,
To evade Reality Street?



Hi, cats! My name is Gorgon, and this portion of **Reality Street** is brought to you by the letter **P**...



Now, the letter **P** stands for:
Please
Pardon
Polite ...
Words that are all just about
Passé!



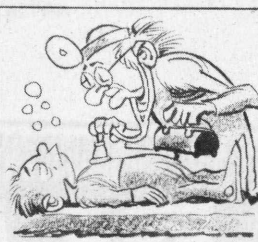
Pusher



Puff



Psychedelic



Physician



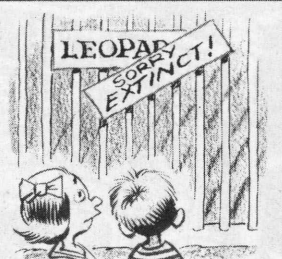
Peaceful



Poacher



Pelts



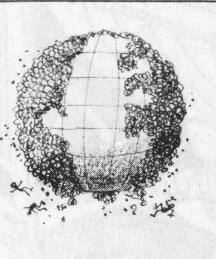
Pity



Prolific



Population



Peril



Pill

Now that last one, **Pill**, can be replaced by **Pope** if there's any objection! But before we go over to Curt and Ornerly, let's take a **Pregnant Pause**...



Hey, Ornerly, you said you would teach me how to tell time today! And not that "big hand on the 12, little hand on the 7" stuff, either!

Okay! We'll start with some easy ones! What time does a 9:00 o'clock plane leave the airport?

That's simple! 9:00 o'clock!

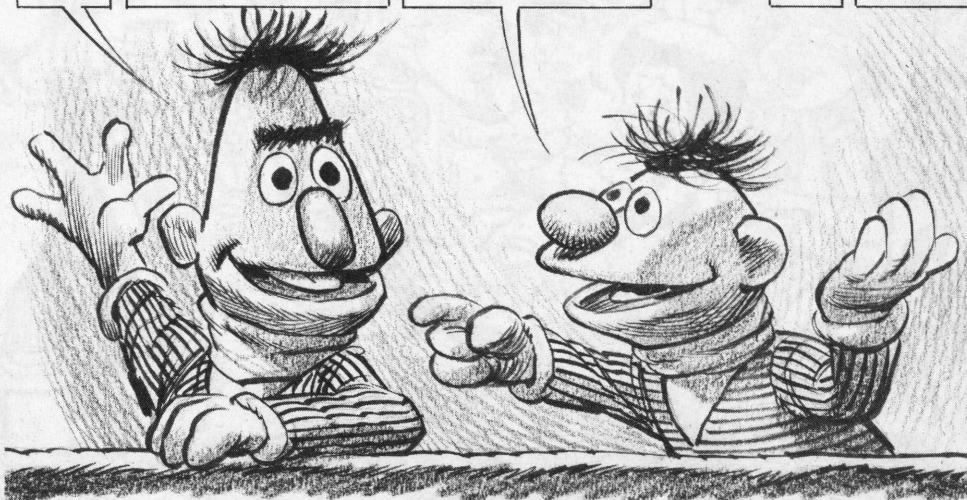
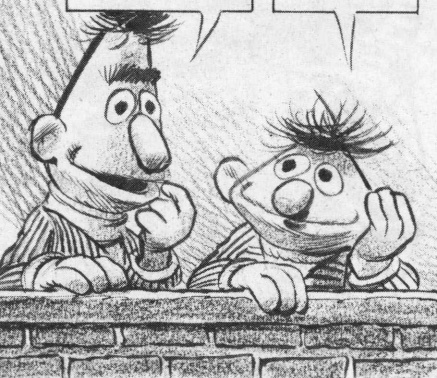
You're simple! A 9:00 o'clock plane will leave at 11:00, if you're lucky!

What time does a train scheduled to arrive at 9:00 actually arrive?

11:00 o'clock?

A.M. or P.M.?

Gee, this is tougher than I thought!





Don't worry, you'll catch on. Now let's take another **true-to-life** situation! You are invited to a party. The card says **8:30 P.M.** What time do you make your entrance, Curt?

Not 8:30?

No, 8:30 is the time you start to get dressed! You should arrive no earlier than 9:30!!

But suppose they **really** wanted me there at 8:30?!

Then, silly, they would have asked you to come at **7:30!**

I think I'd better go back to the **big hand** and the **little hand** bit, Ornerly . . .

Okay, we'll come back to it **later . . .**

When's later?



That's your next lesson! In reality, "**later**" can mean weeks, months, or even **years** from now, but more often than not, the word **later** means **never!**

Wouldn't it be more **honest** just to come out and say "**never**"?

Honest, yes, but **smart** no! On **Reality Street** you have to keep one step ahead of the next guy, and the way to do it is by **sincere insincerity!**



Can you lend me **10 bucks?**

Sure! When'll you pay me back?

You're **learning**, Curt, you're **learning!**

Later!



Oh, hi, **cake monster!** How about a piece of delicious **cake** I just bought in the store?

Ugh . . . **tummy ache . . . pain . . . bad news . . . ugh . . . no more cake!**

Tummy ache? From cake? With all those healthy ingredients?

Just . . . **ugh! read label . . . pain . . .**



Contains emulsifiers, reconstituted dry milk, imitation color, sodium benzoate, glycerine . . .

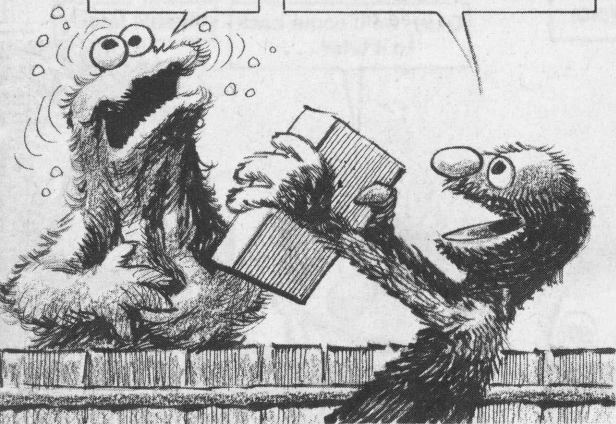
Ugh . . . **suffering . . . pain . . .**

. . . **sodium propionate, monosodium glutamate, potassium sorbate . . . lecithin and vanillin . . .**



Enough . . .
Enough!
Belly hurt . . .
taste yecch . . .

Oh, cake monster, it's all in
your mind! It still tastes
good! See what it says on the
label? Artificially flavored!



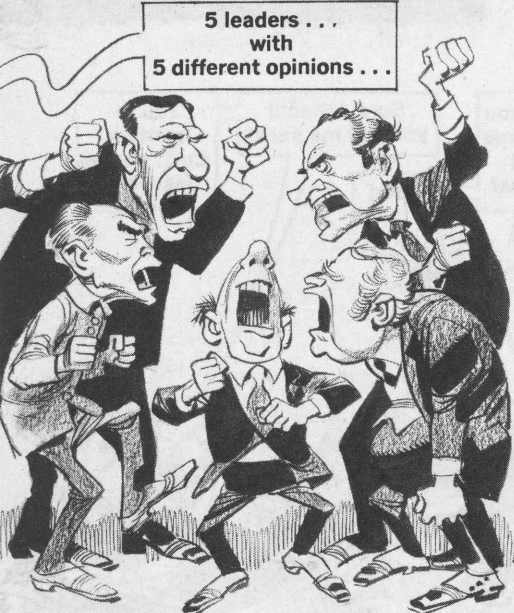
This portion of Reality Street
is brought to you by the number
FIVE . . .



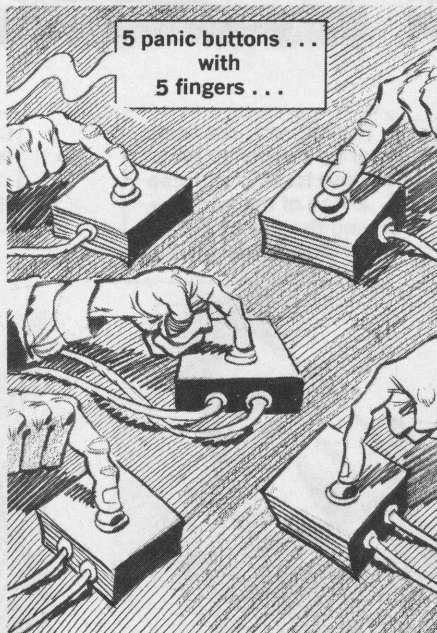
5 countries . . .
with
5 H-bombs . . .



5 leaders . . .
with
5 different opinions . . .



5 panic buttons . . .
with
5 fingers . . .



5 easy pieces!



What are you
doing, Ookie?

Did you find a better place
than your garbage can?

Moving!

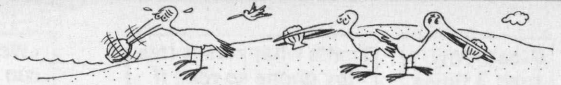
Bigger and better.

Where?

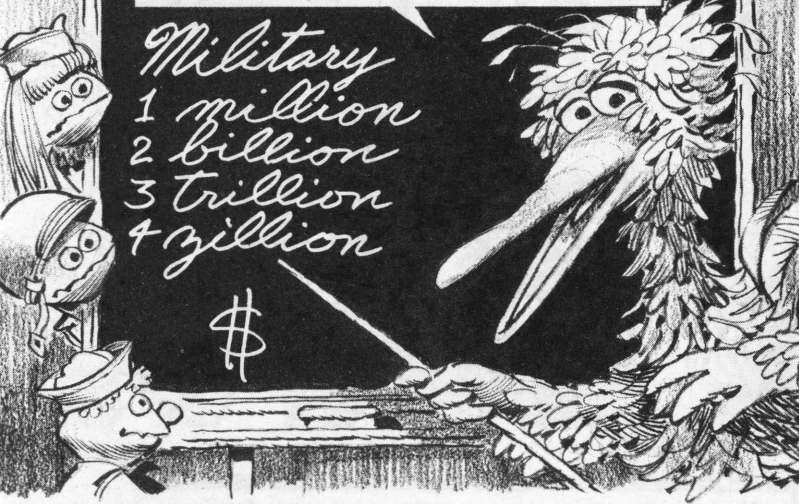


Right on the street! Anyone like me who prefers the comfort
of garbage and filth can live like a king in today's cities!

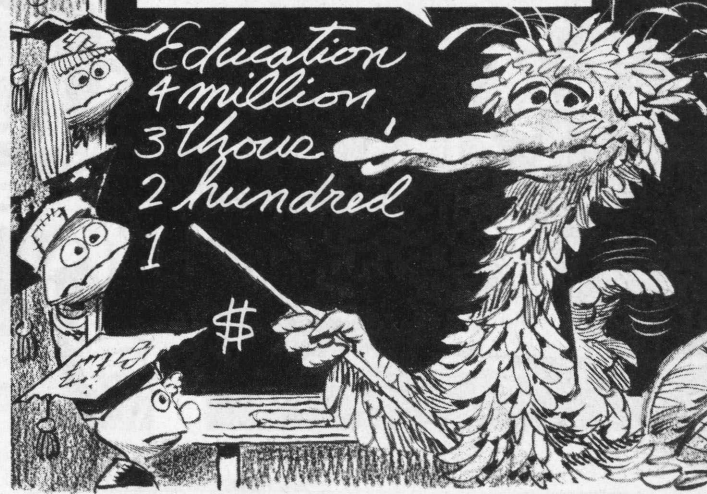




Hi! I'm Dirty Bird, and now it's time to **count** like the government counts . . . ready? Okay, **Military!** One million, two billion, three trillion, four zillion! That's called escalation of numbers!



Now it's time for **cutting down!** Okay, now, tighten your belts and begin on **education!** Four million, three thousand, two hundred, one! That's it! Bye!



Hey, Curt, what's that you have?

A toy telephone, Scary!



Gee, it looks just like a real phone!



It works just like a real one, too! Watch! Dial my number—4448!

This is fun! 4-4-4-8...



I'm sorry, but your call did not go through! Be sure you are dialing correctly! Hang up and dial again! Thank you!

Try again, Scary!



Okay . . . 4-4-4-8

I'm sorry, but the number you have reached is not a working number! Please check your local directory!

C'mon, try again!



All right, Curt, but this isn't as much fun as I thought it would be! 4-4-4-8

I'm sorry, but all the circuits are busy at this time! Please try again later. Thank you!

Great, huh?



Great? Why, I tried 3 times and couldn't get you **once!**

That's what makes this toy phone so **real!** If you **did** get me it would **spoil** everything!

Well, it looks like we've run out of time for today! But we'll be back tomorrow to bring you another . . .

Fat chance, buddy! We're here to knock this set down!

But you can't do that! This is **Reality Street**, especially constructed to show our young people about life today!



So we'll help you, Mac! We'll start by ripping half of it down! Then we'll go on **strike** and leave everything in such a mess that no one can use it while union chiefs, bosses, and mediators argue and get nowhere for **months!** They'll finally settle for a raise which will be more than we deserve, which'll send everyone else out on strike for raises just to keep even with us . . .

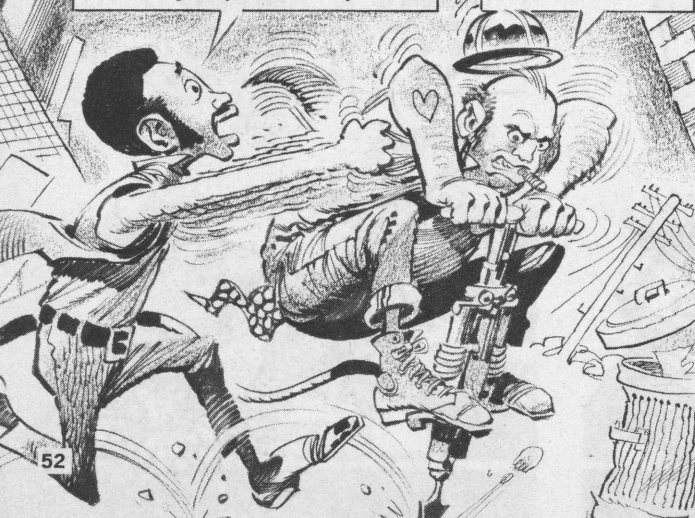


Of course, the strained power and transportation facilities will be strained even **more** in the whole process, and as inflation spirals **upwards**, more jobs will go **down the drain**, increasing unemployment, not to mention welfare costs. Taxes will go up to pay for it, naturally, while in Washington . . .



Enough! Enough! I get the point! But you still didn't tell me why they're taking **Reality Street** down! Do they need the space for a library? A park? A hospital?

Are you kidding? This site is being cleared for a new **munitions** development plant!



Get the picture, kiddies?



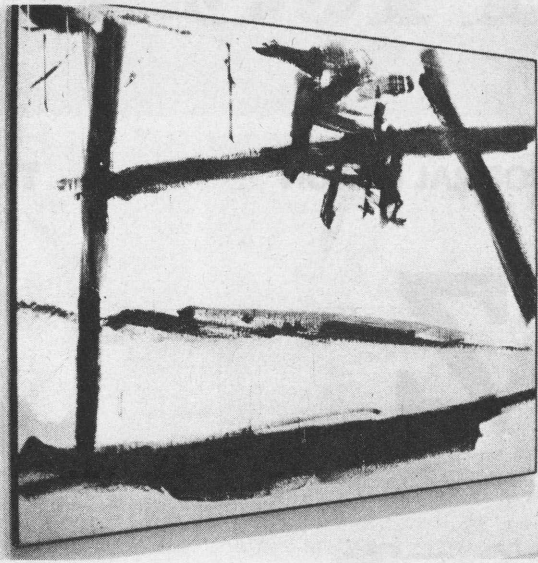


MODERN ART

Superb!



Fantastic!



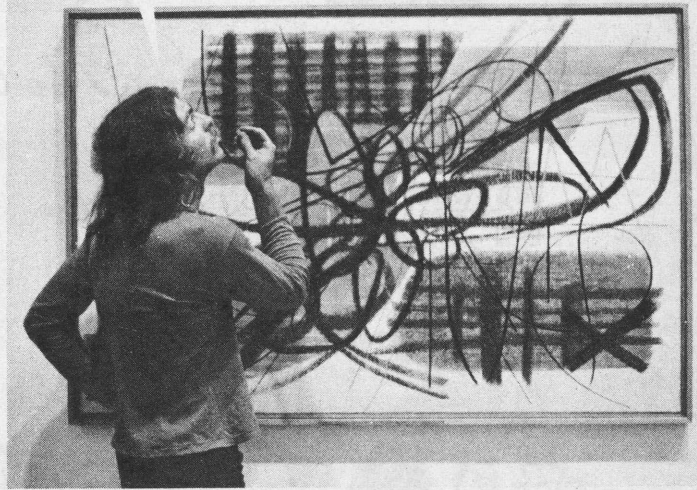
WRITTEN BY: MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD

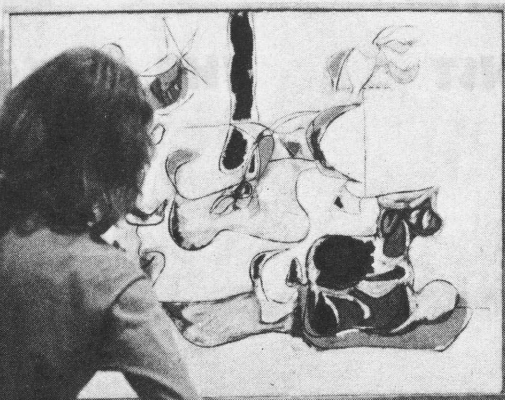
Magnificent!



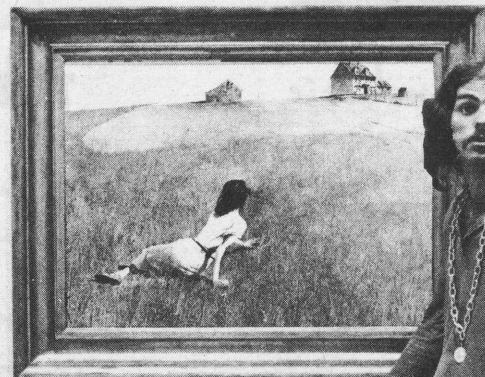
Inspired!



Perfect!



I don't get it!



The Psycholo

THE NORMAL PERSON

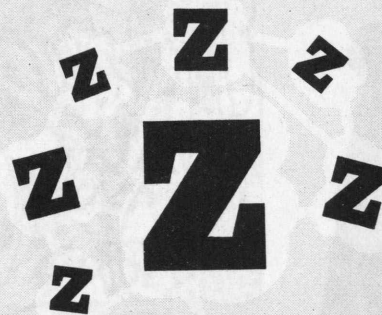
Z



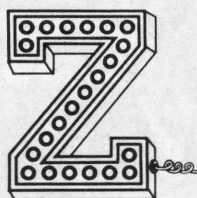
THE PATRIOT



THE EXTROVERT



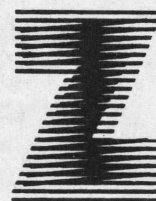
THE EGOTIST



The Escapist



The Neurotic



The Psychotic

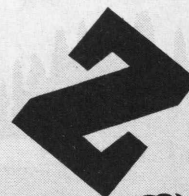
Y



THE SADIST



THE MASOCHIST



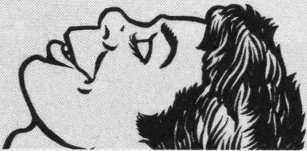


gy Of Snoring

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE INTROVERT

Z

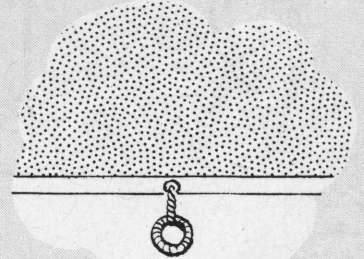


The Non-Conformist

Σ



THE INHIBITED



the mystic



7

The Amnesiac

Z



THE ALCOHOLIC

Z



The Inferiority Complex

Z



The Persecution Complex

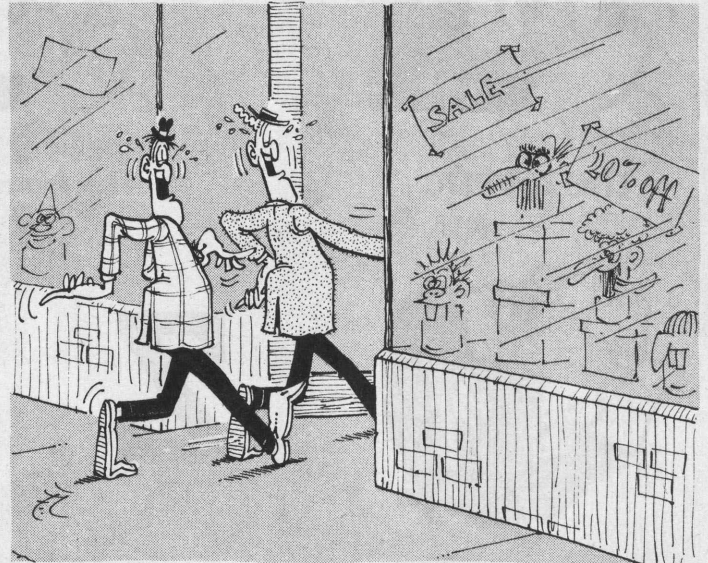
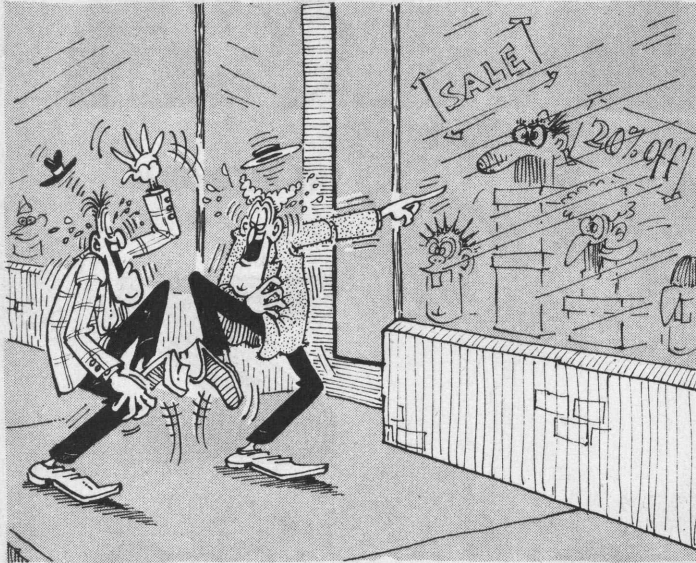
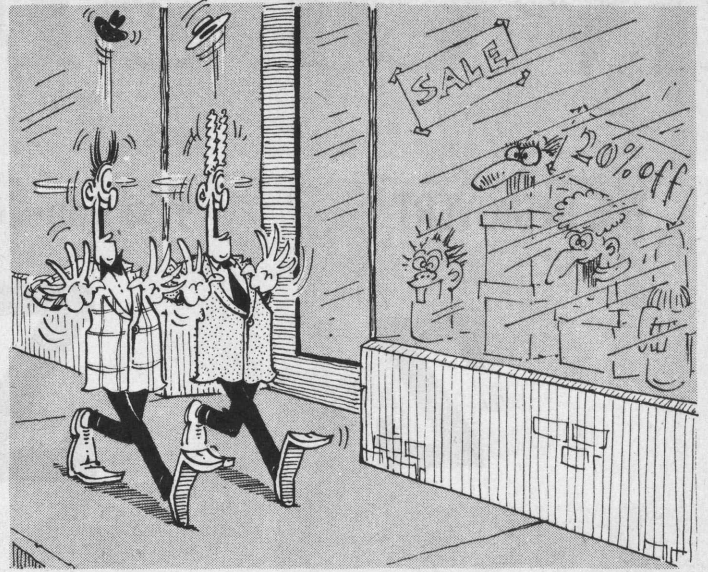
W O J
X E K Y S
C T A
R O Z G D
F I H V N
M U L B P



The Insomniac



ONE MORNING ON MAIN STREET



Since the dawn of time, Homo sapiens have been making excuses to justify their behavior. And so have normal people! No matter what he is accused of, and no matter if he is right or wrong, every man, woman and child stands ready with a quick explanation that he hopes will get him off the hook. But in recent years, these alibis and denials have taken on a different tone from those of earlier times. And so, in order to compare the past with the present in this vital and significant area of human communication, MAD now presents . . .

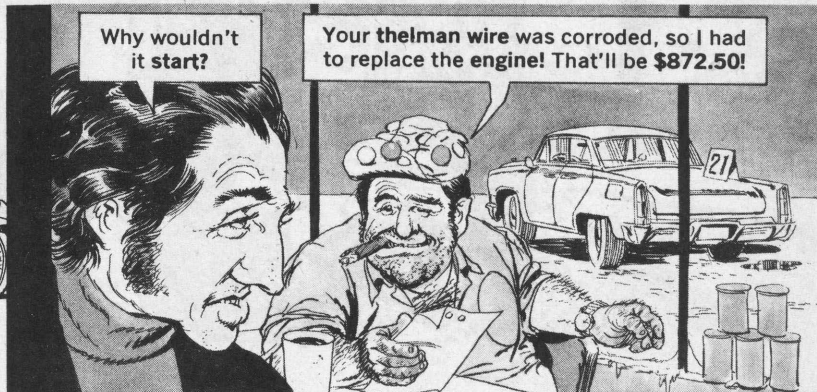
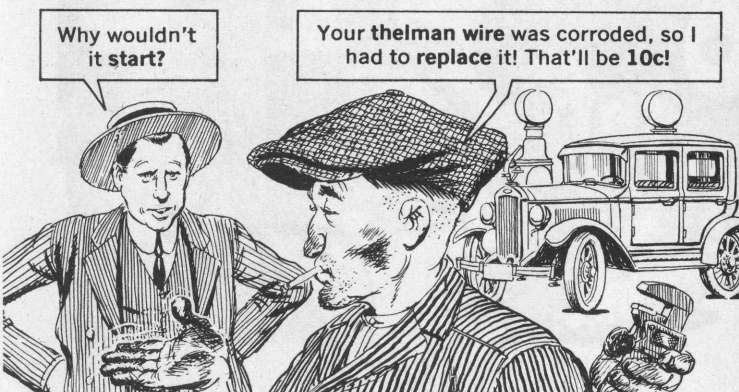
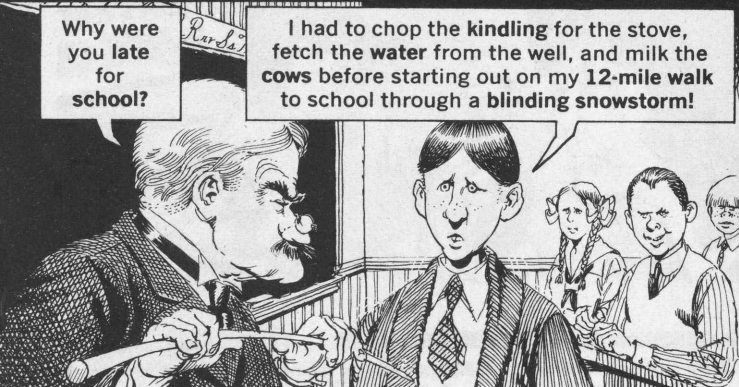


EXCUSES, EXCUSES!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITERS: DICK DeBARTOLO & DONALD K. EPSTEIN

PAST... AND ...PRESENT



PAST... AND ...PRESENT

Why do you need a new pair of blue jeans?

Because Johnny asked me to go on a hayride Saturday night!

Why do you need a new pair of blue jeans?

Because Janie asked me to be a bridesmaid at her wedding!

Why are the apples so expensive?

It's the fruit-pickers! They're getting more than 50c a day now!

Why are the apples so expensive?

Because they have to be chemically fertilized . . . sprayed with DDT, SST, and BMT . . . injected with worm-retardant . . . and artificially colored and flavored! And also . . . it's the fruit-pickers! They're getting more than 50c a day now!

Why can't you raise my allowance, Pa?

Because all my money goes for food, rent and clothing!

Why can't you raise my allowance, Pa?

Because all my money goes for alimony, Orthodontists and Psychiatrists!

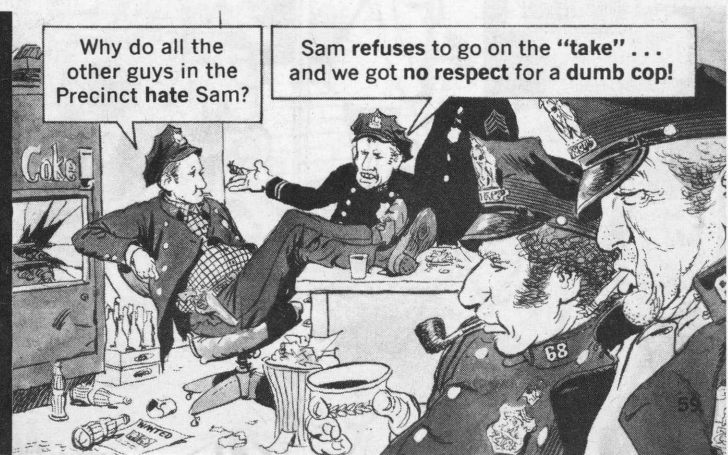
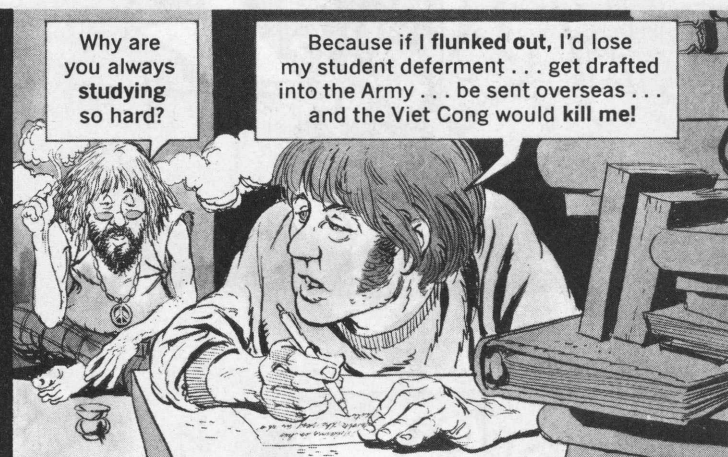
How come there's no dessert?

I didn't have time to bake anything!

How come there's no dessert?

I didn't have time to defrost anything!

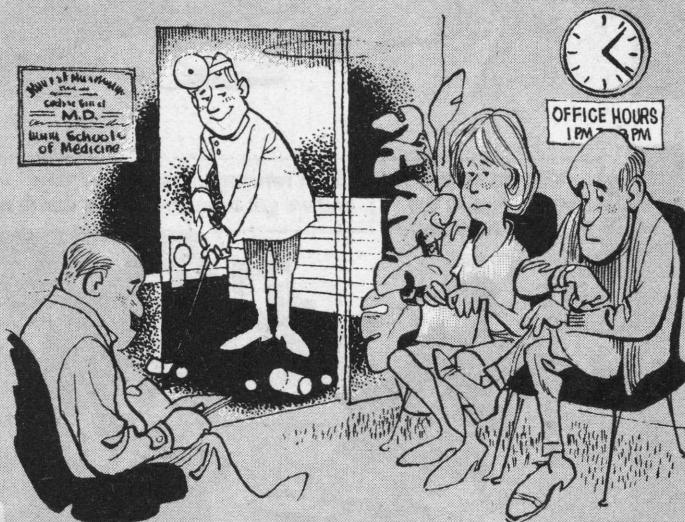
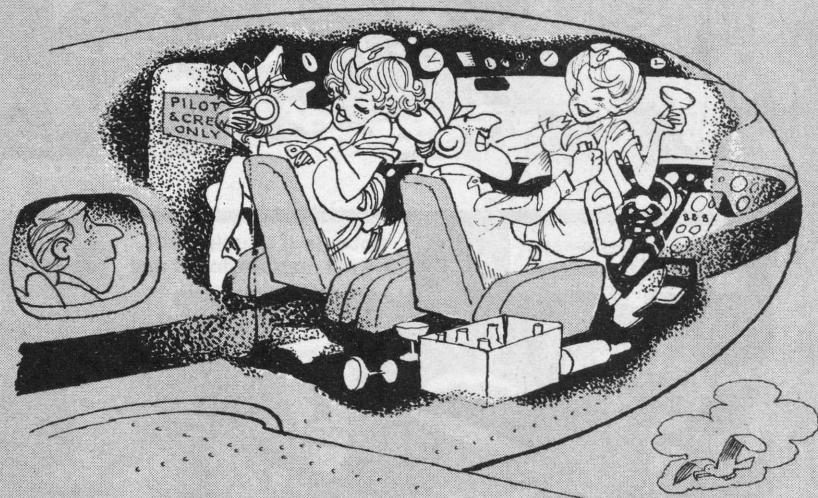
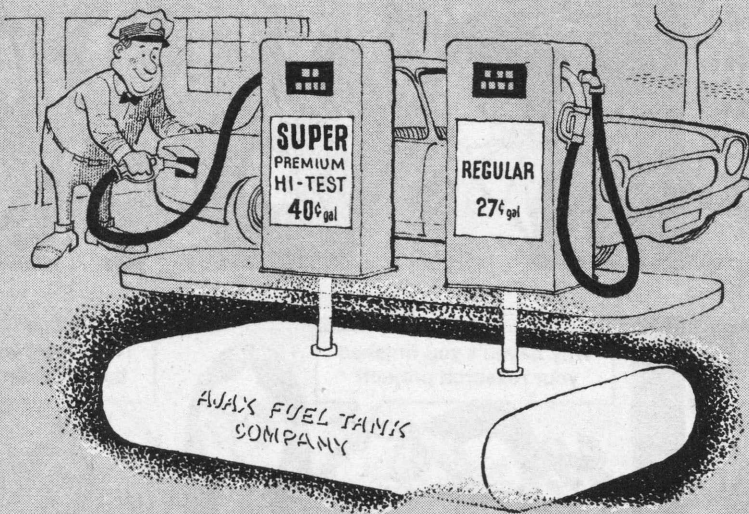
PAST... AND ...PRESENT



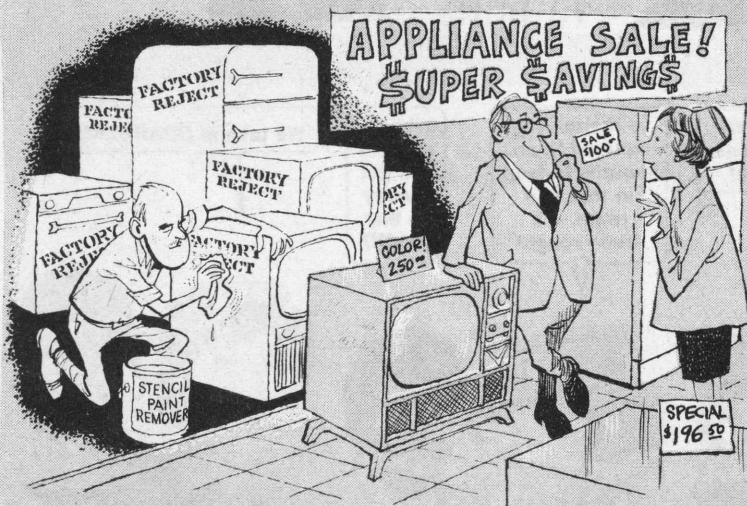
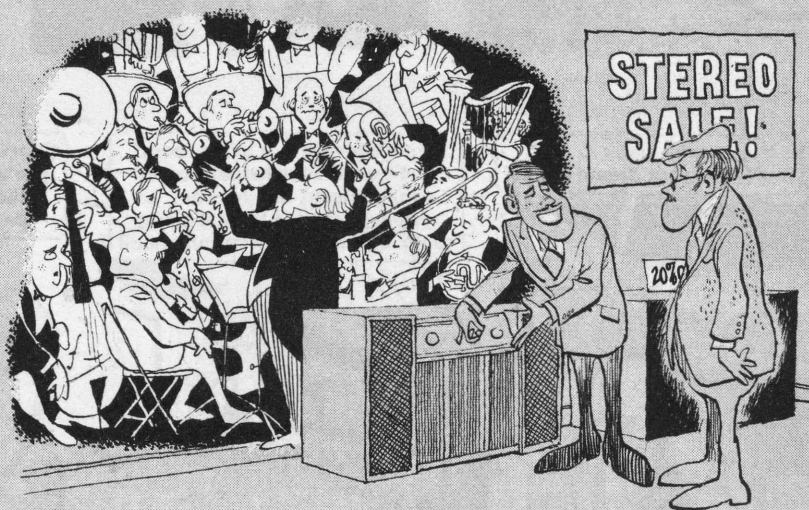
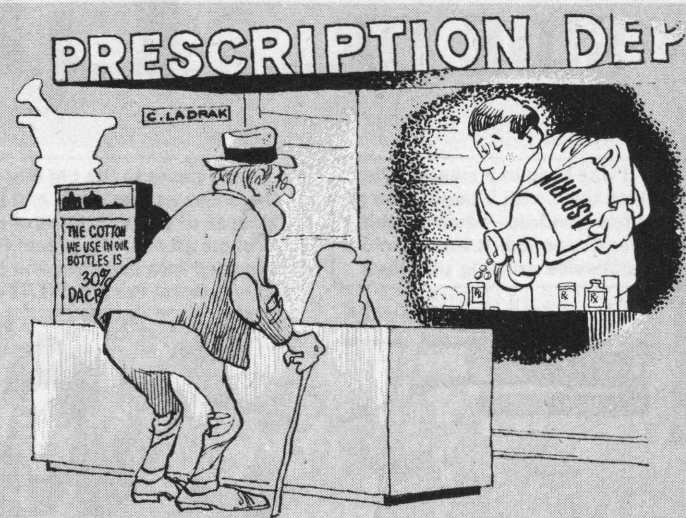
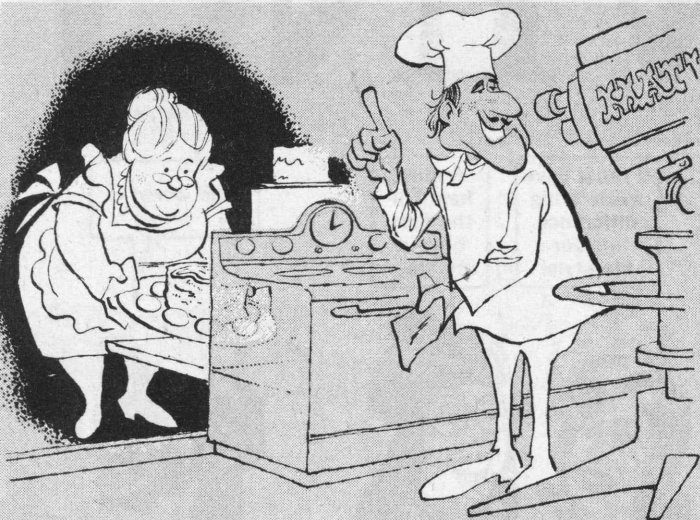
EVERYTHING'S COMING UP SUB ROSA DEPT.

A COLLECTION OF

MAD



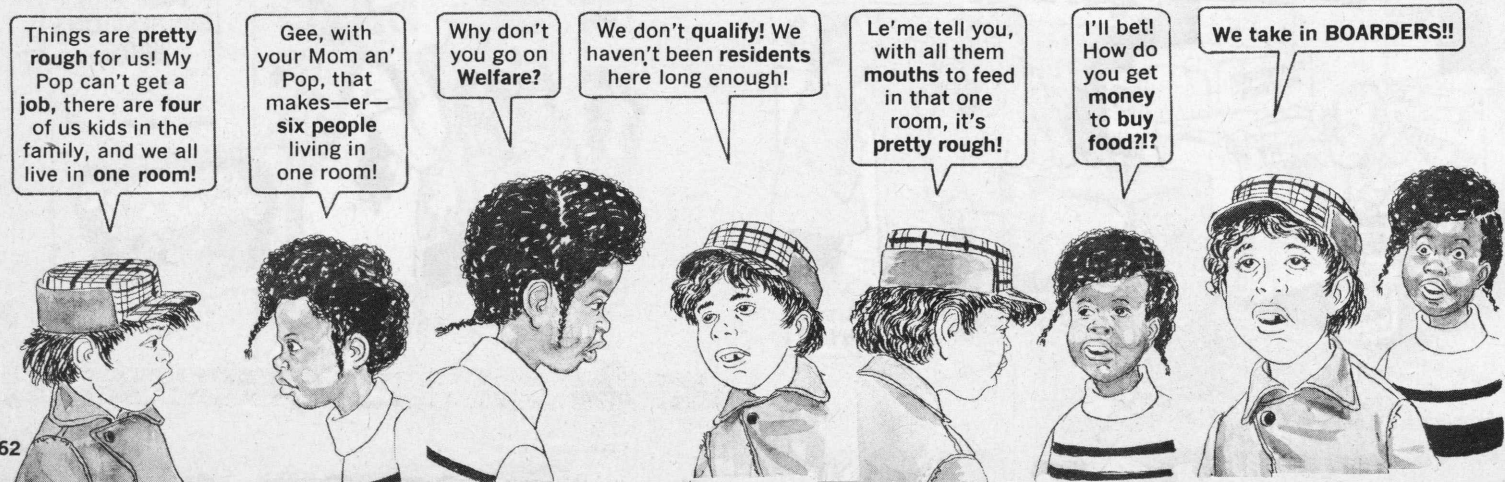
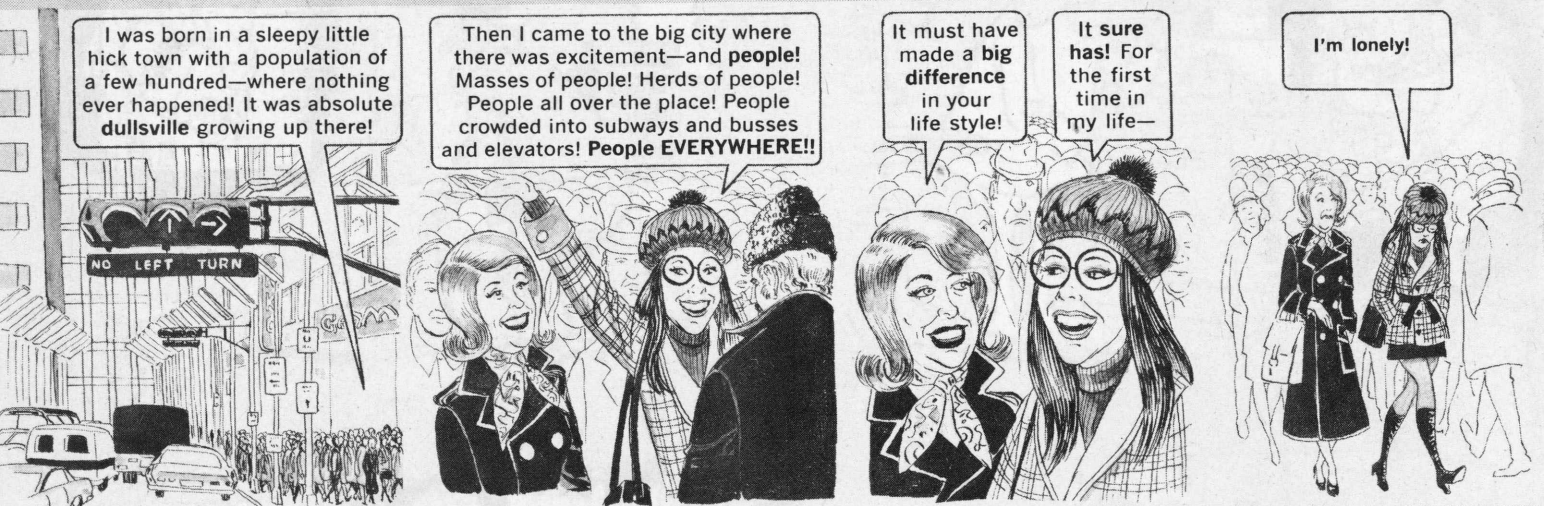
X-RAYVINGS



WRITER: DON EDWING

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

LIVING



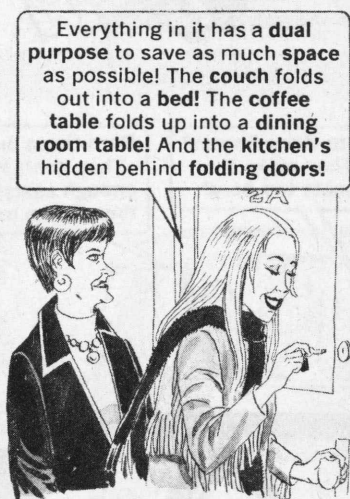
SPACE

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG



I moved into an efficiency apartment!

Okay! So what's an efficiency apartment?



Everything in it has a dual purpose to save as much space as possible! The couch folds out into a bed! The coffee table folds up into a dining room table! And the kitchen's hidden behind folding doors!

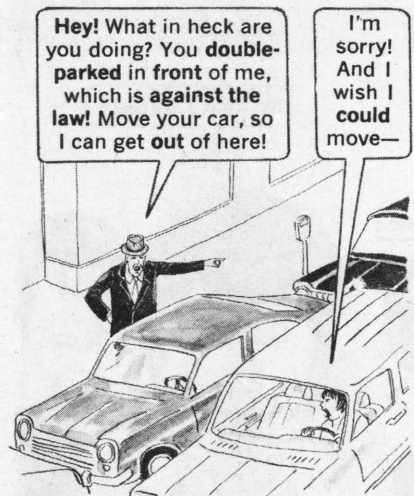


Yecch! What a crowded, unholy mess! You call this an efficiency apartment?!

The apartment is **VERY** efficient . . . !



I'M not!!



Hey! What in heck are you doing? You double-parked in front of me, which is against the law! Move your car, so I can get out of here!

I'm sorry! And I wish I could move—



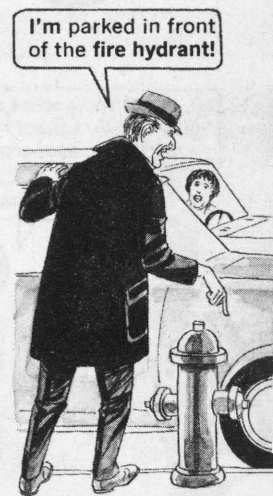
But there's such a shortage of parking space that people have triple-parked ME! I can't move!!

Triple-parked?! My God, there's just no respect for the Law any more!

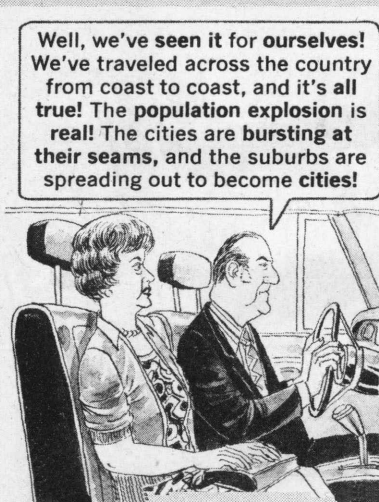


Talk about breaking the Law . . . what if there were a fire in this block! The fire engines couldn't even get through to it!

It wouldn't do any good if they could!



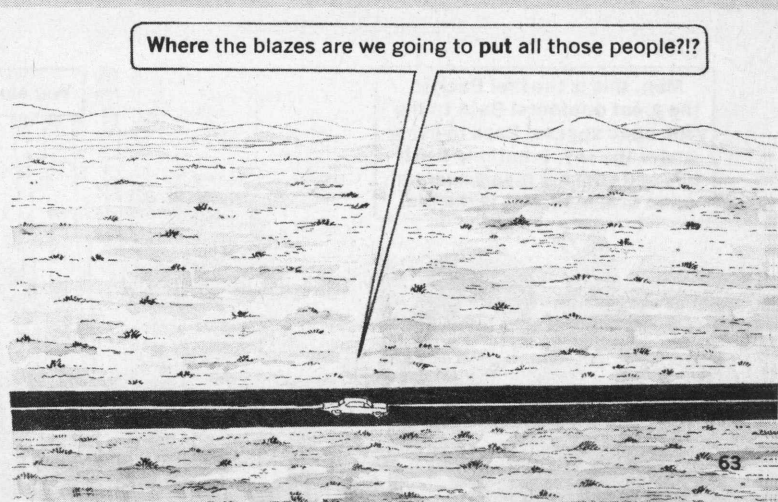
I'm parked in front of the fire hydrant!



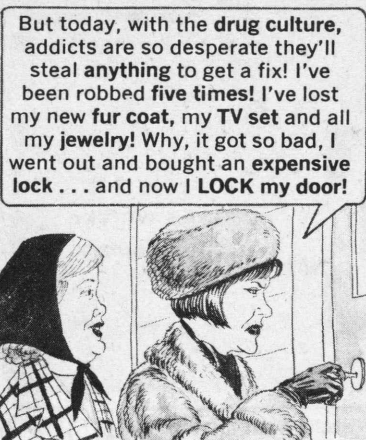
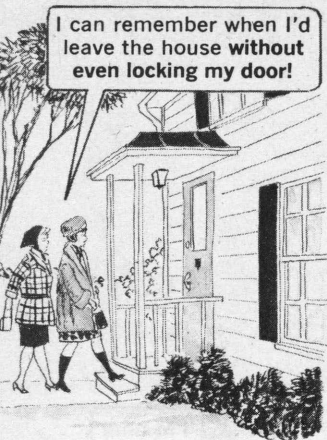
Well, we've seen it for ourselves! We've traveled across the country from coast to coast, and it's all true! The population explosion is real! The cities are bursting at their seams, and the suburbs are spreading out to become cities!



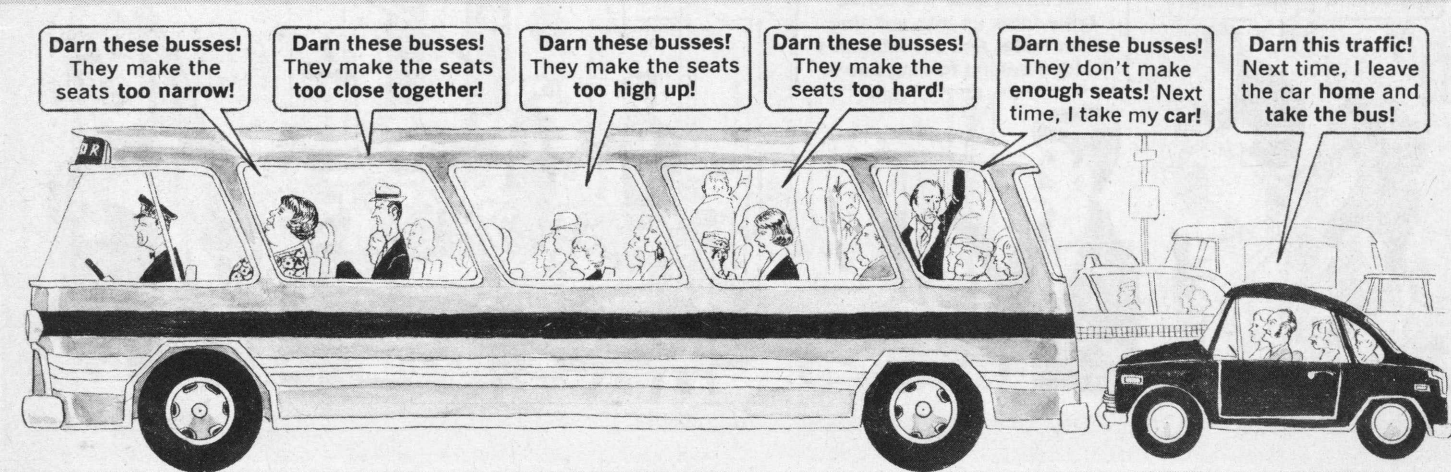
In a few generations, the number of people living in this country will double and triple!



Where the blazes are we going to put all those people?!!



The expensive lock!!



Darn these busses! They make the seats **too close together!**

Darn these busses! They make the seats **too high up!**

Darn these busses! They make the seats **too hard!**

Darn these busses! They don't make **enough seats!** Next time, I take my car!

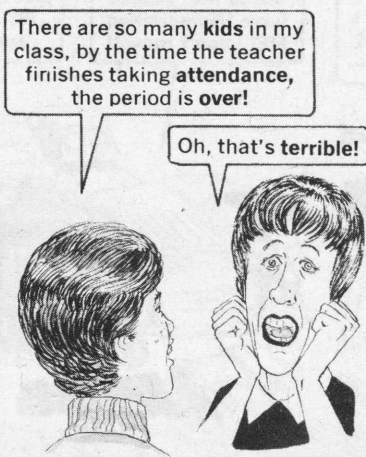
Darn this traffic! Next time, I leave the car home and take the bus!



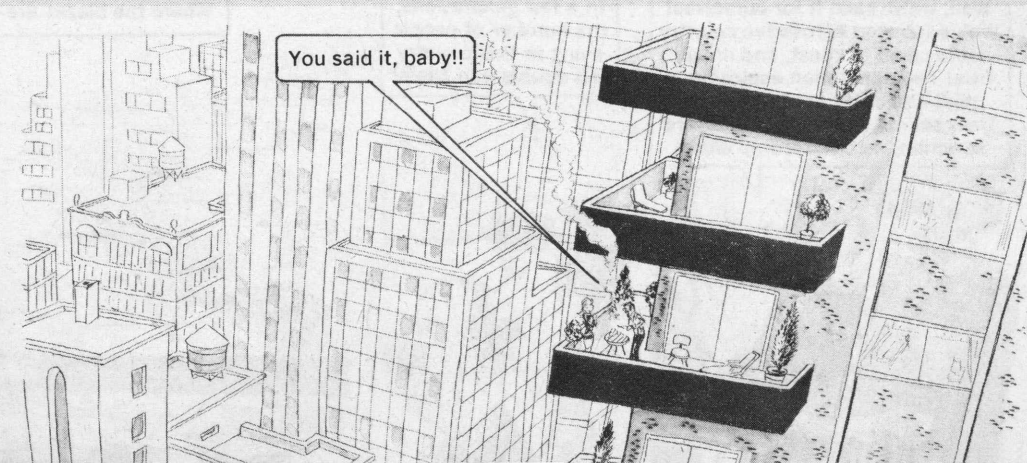
Oh, that's terrible!



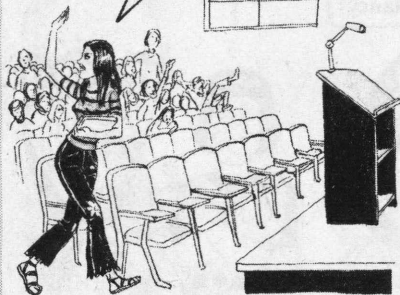
Oh, that's terrible!



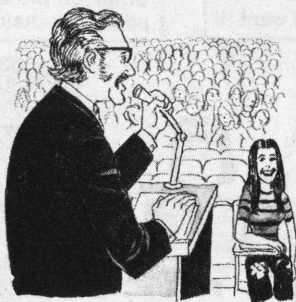
Oh, that's terrible!



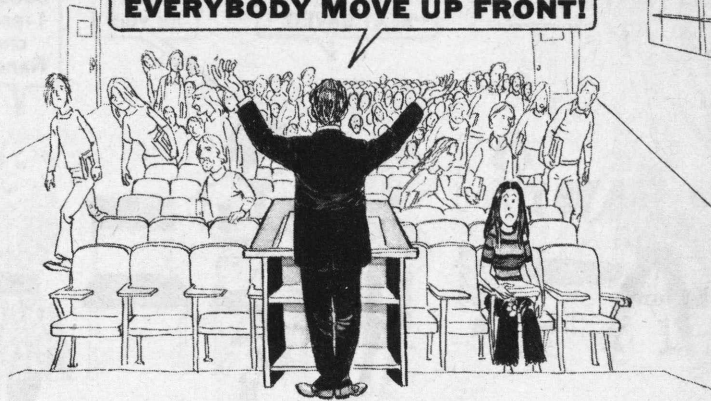
Oh, wow, how I hate these lecture halls! Everybody sits in the back so they can hack around! Well, I hate being hemmed in! Today, I'm sitting up front, all by myself!



Testing... one... two... three...



THE MIKE SEEMS TO BE DEAD, SO... **EVERYBODY MOVE UP FRONT!**



I'd **BUY** this house in a minute, except for one thing! The living room is too small!!

Just leave that to me! All we have to do is line one wall from floor to ceiling with mirrors! That will give the illusion of a very large living room!



And where, pray tell, do we get all these mirrors to create this great illusion?

We buy them, silly!

And where do we get all the money to buy this great illusion?

Oh, that's easy!

From the same place that you illusioned you could afford to buy this expensive house!



Well? How do you like living alone?

I'm not living alone!

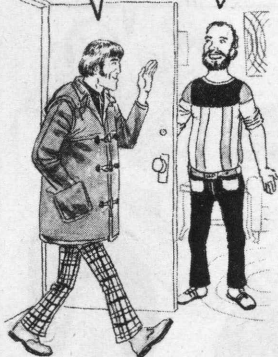
Oh? You have a room mate?

No, there's a whole bunch of us living here!

Oh, wow! It must be a blast!

Not really! It keeps me busy, though!

I'm sharing this apartment with a nest of cockroaches!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE LIVING ROOM?! GET OUT OF THERE THIS INSTANT!!

DON'T YOU EVER LET ME CATCH YOU IN THE LIVING ROOM AGAIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'S FOR??

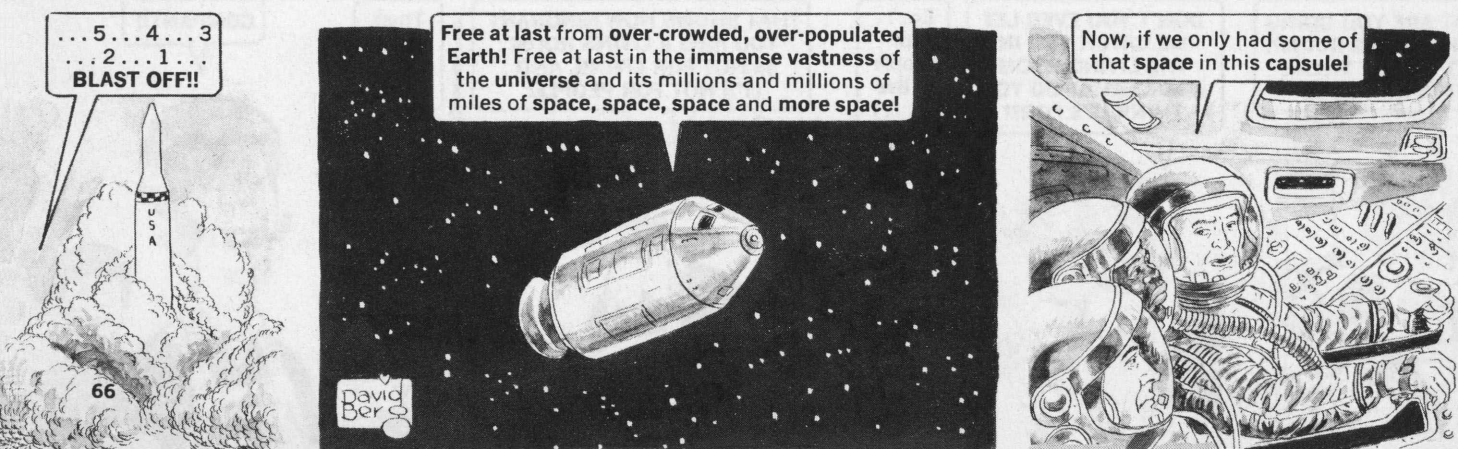
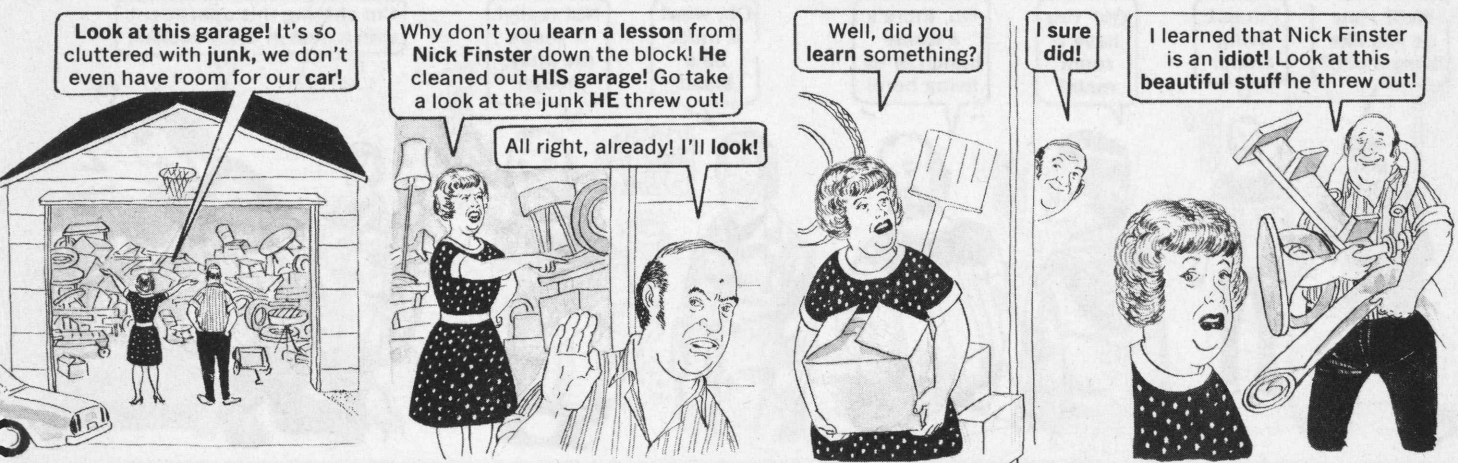
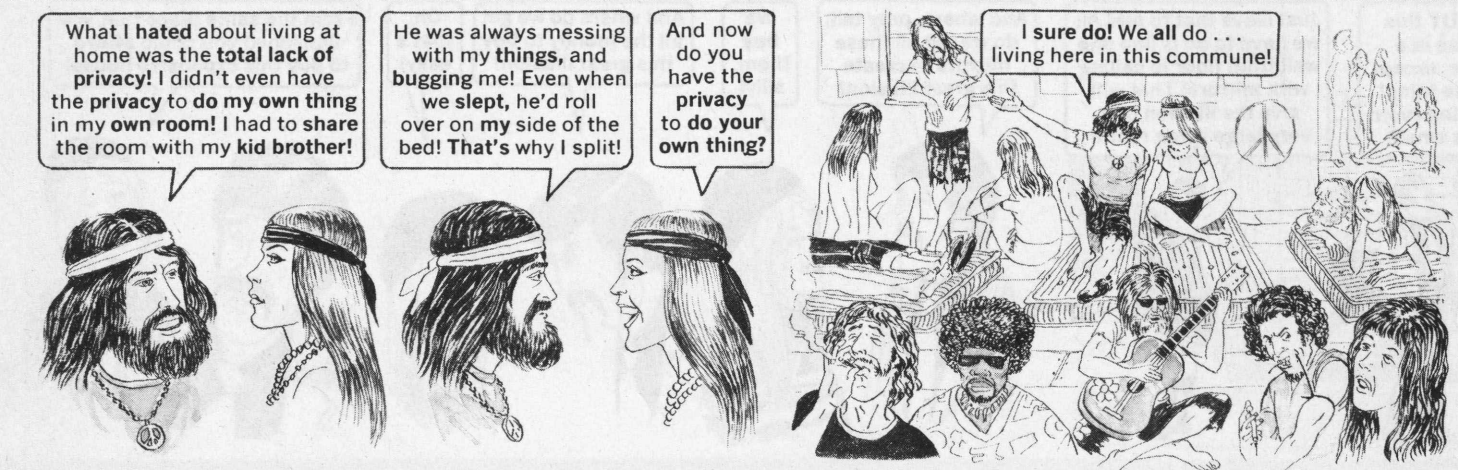
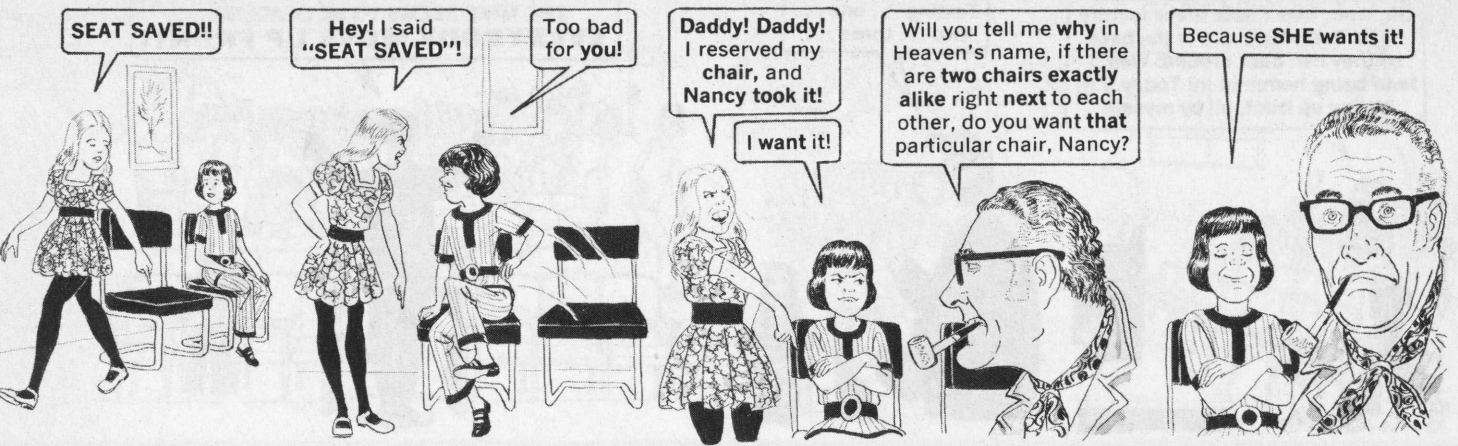
Er... for people to live in...?

THAT SHOWS HOW IGNORANT YOU ARE! A LIVING ROOM IS NOT FOR LIVING, AND IT'S NOT FOR PEOPLE!

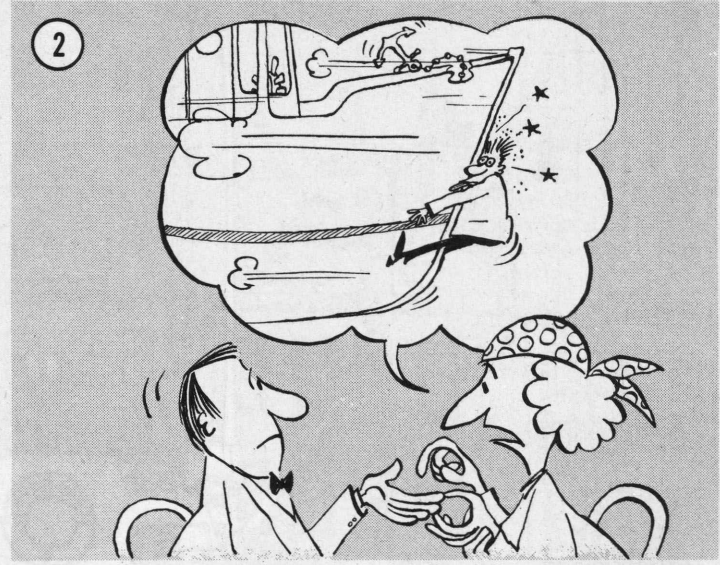
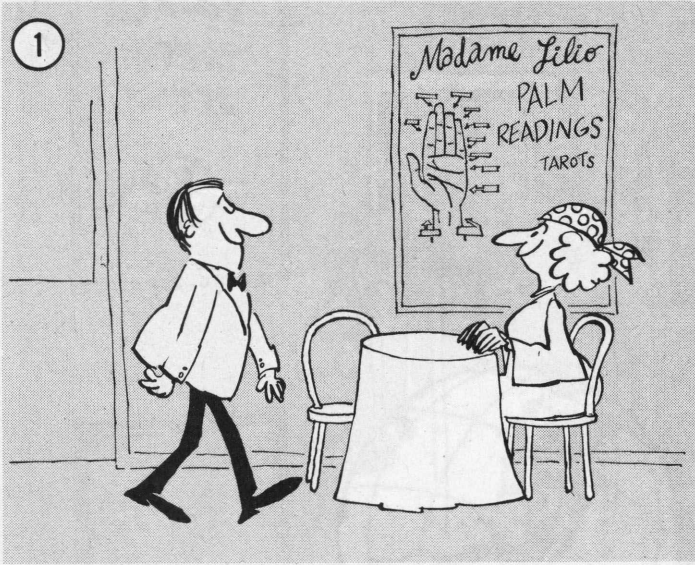
Then what's it for?

COMPANY!!

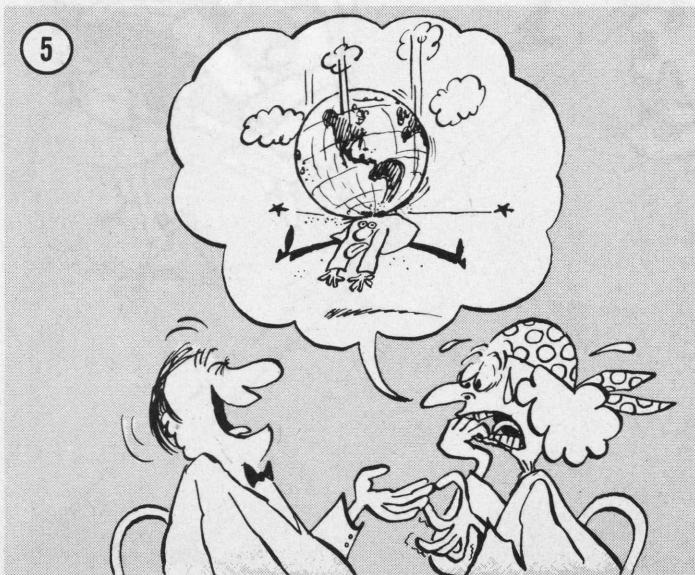
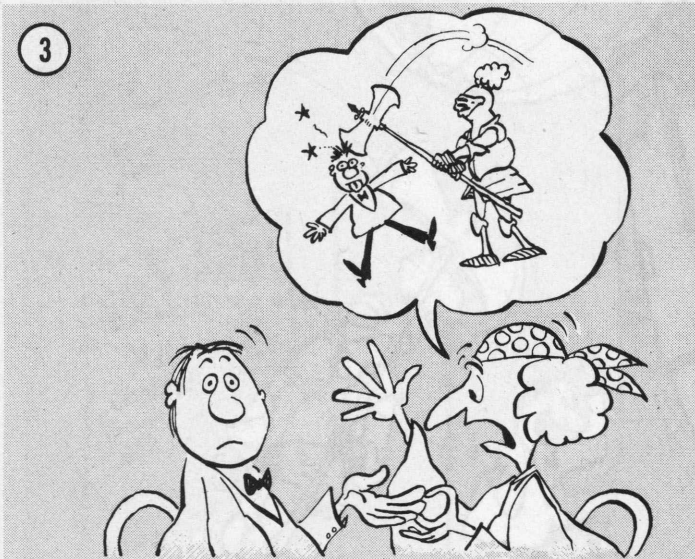




FUTURE SHOCK



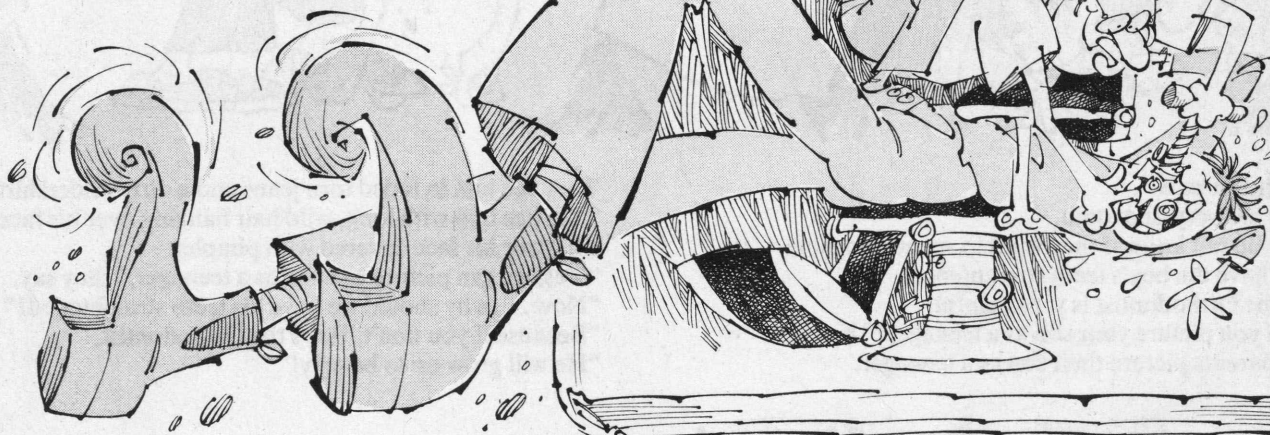
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



CHEWING GLUM DEPT.

Nowadays, everything is crooked! Politics is crooked, Real Estate is crooked, Religion is crooked, the TV Repair business is crooked, the Auto Repair business is crooked, etc. Well, we've found one thing that's more crooked than all the rest, and nobody seems to say much about it! So, knowing full well that we may be taking our lives in our hands, the Editors of MAD fearlessly expose... *Crooked Teeth*... with

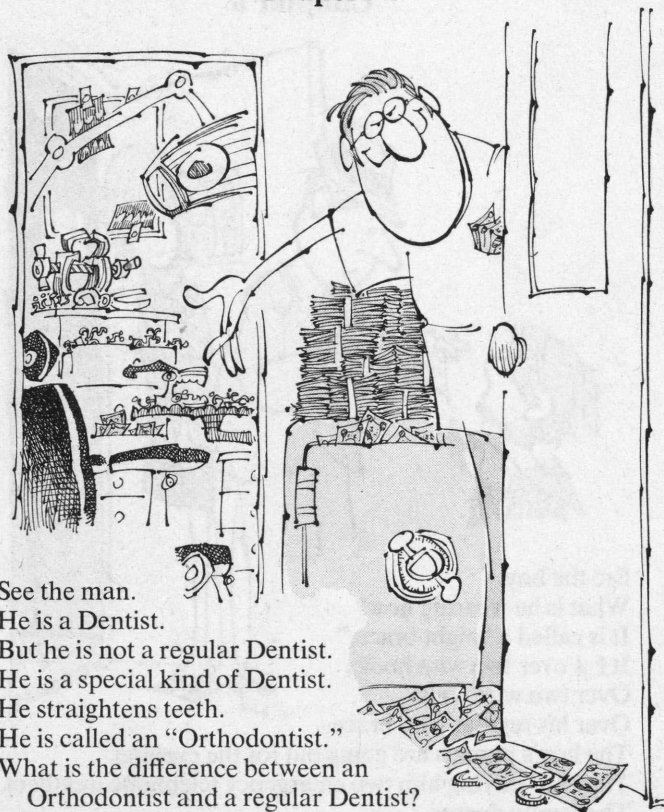
THE MAD ORTHODONTIA PRIMER



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

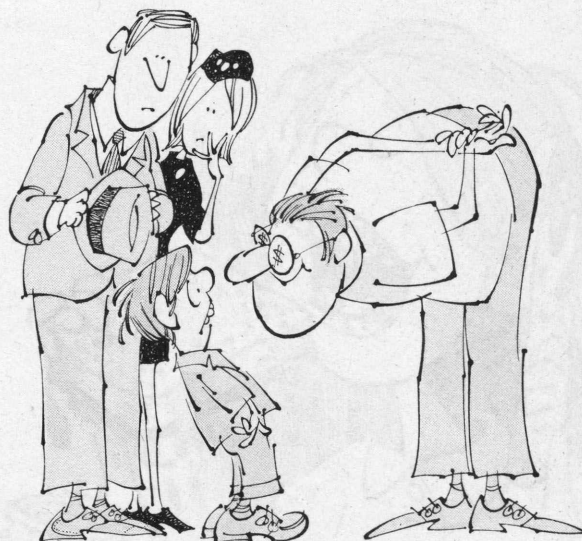
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Chapter 1



See the man.
He is a Dentist.
But he is not a regular Dentist.
He is a special kind of Dentist.
He straightens teeth.
He is called an "Orthodontist."
What is the difference between an
Orthodontist and a regular Dentist?
Oh... about \$25,000 a year!

Chapter 2



See the boy.
See the funny way his teeth stick out of his mouth.
His parents have brought him to the Orthodontist
To see if anything can be done.
The Orthodontist has a name for this condition.
He tells the parents he has found a "malocclusion."
The Orthodontist has another name for this condition.
He tells himself he has found a "gold mine."

Chapter 3

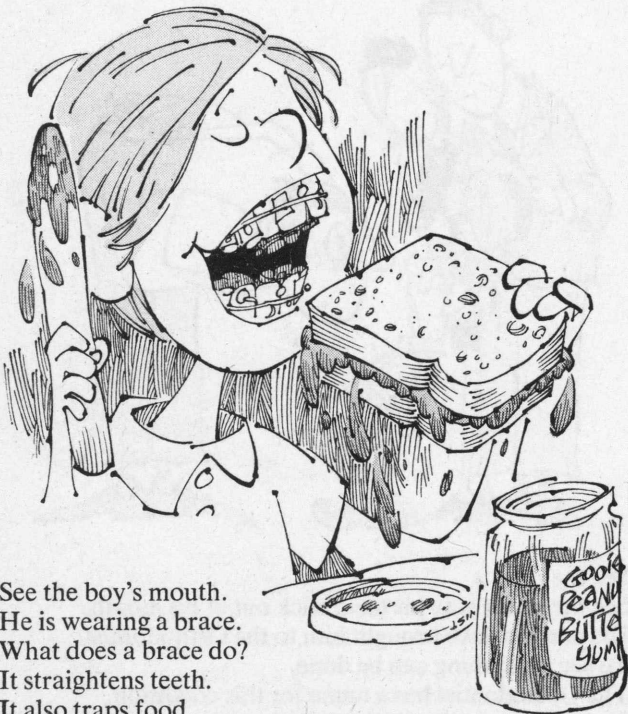


See the parents.
They are very uncertain.
They do not know if they want to spend a fortune
to have the boy's teeth straightened.
But the Orthodontist is very helpful.
"Can you picture your son as a teenager?" he asks.
The parents picture their son as a teenager.

They see him in faded torn jeans and a dirty undershirt.
They see him with long, wild hair hanging over his face.
They see his face covered with pimples.
"Yes, we can picture our son as a teenager," they say.
"Now . . . why should we have his teeth straightened?"
"Because if you don't," says the Orthodontist,
"He will grow up to be ugly!"



Chapter 4



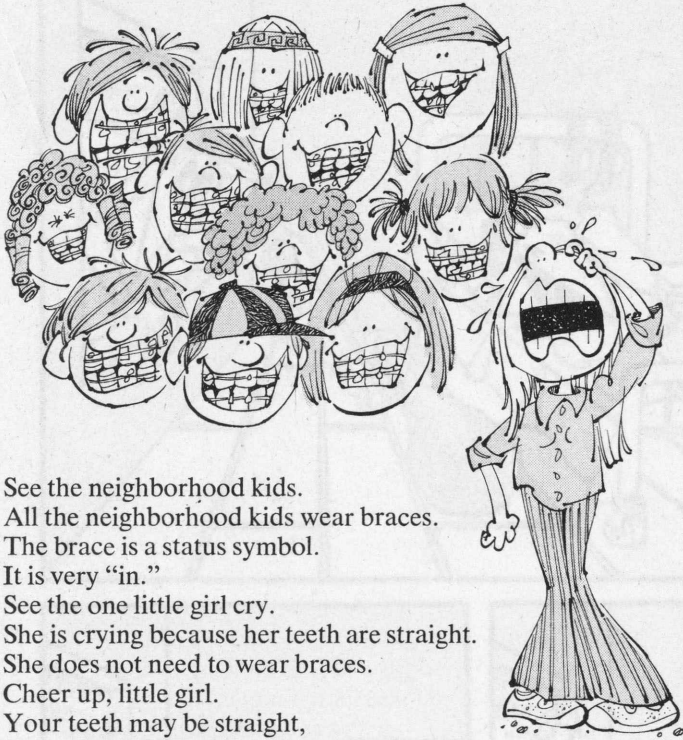
See the boy's mouth.
He is wearing a brace.
What does a brace do?
It straightens teeth.
It also traps food.
The boy will wear the brace for two years.
Tonight, he will eat a sandwich.
The boy will also wear peanut butter for two years.

Chapter 5



See the boy.
What is he wearing now?
It is called a "night brace."
It fits over two wire hooks
Over two wire coils
Over his regular wire brace.
The boy's parents are going out for the evening.
They are leaving him two emergency telephone numbers.
The family doctor . . .
And the family electrician.

Chapter 6



See the neighborhood kids.
All the neighborhood kids wear braces.
The brace is a status symbol.
It is very "in."
See the one little girl cry.
She is crying because her teeth are straight.
She does not need to wear braces.
Cheer up, little girl.
Your teeth may be straight,
But your eyes are crooked!
Perhaps you will soon wear mod, wire-framed Granny glasses.
The Good Lord willing.

Chapter 7



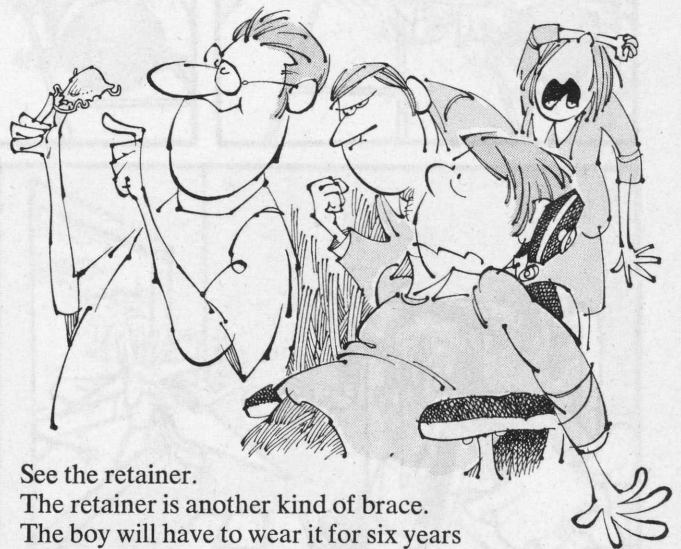
The two years are up.
See the boy's teeth now.
They are all straight.
See the boy and his family walking to the Orthodontist
For the last time.
The Orthodontist will take off the boy's brace.
Why is the family walking to the Orthodontist?
Why don't they ride in the father's nice Buick?
Because the father doesn't have his nice Buick anymore.
He had to sell it to pay for the boy's braces.

Chapter 8

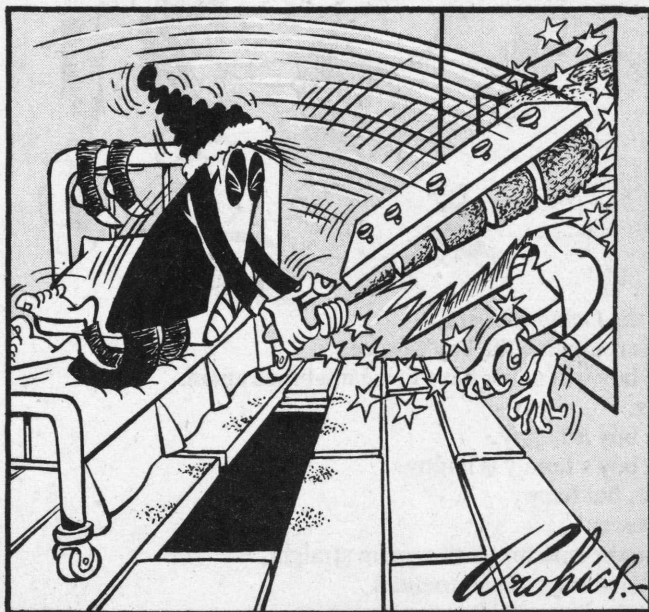
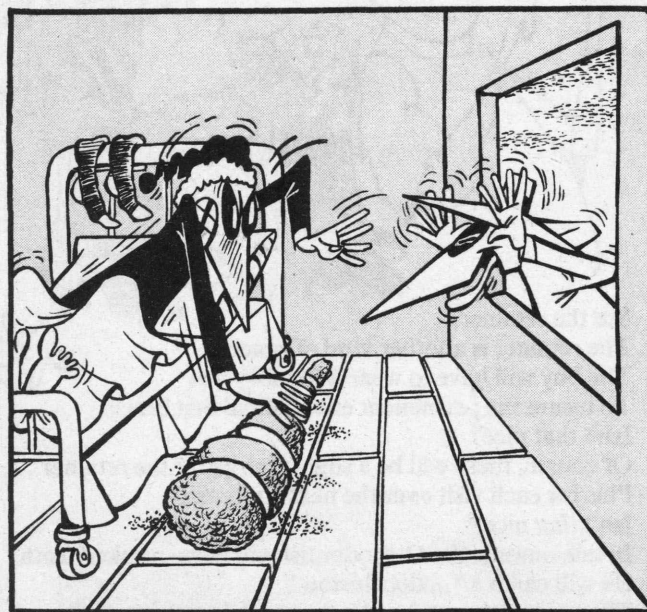
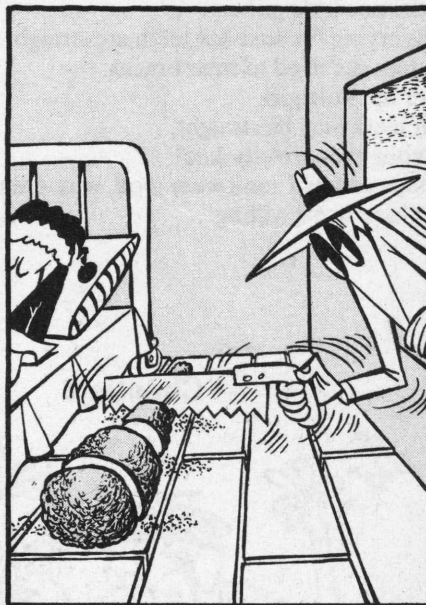
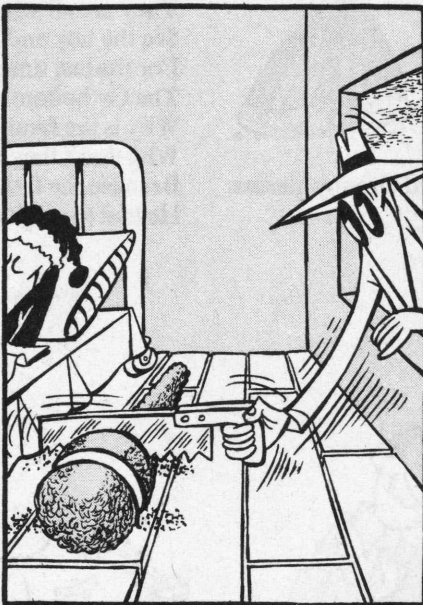
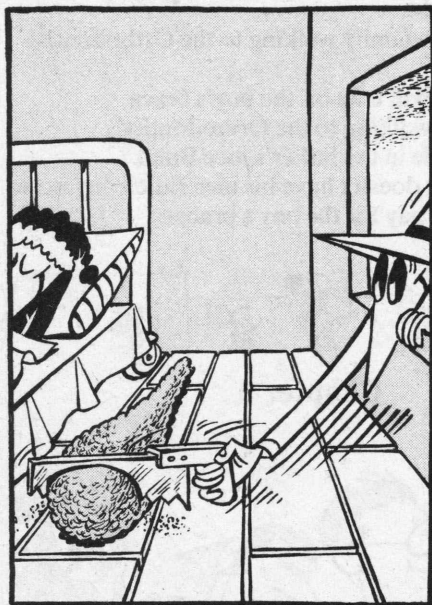
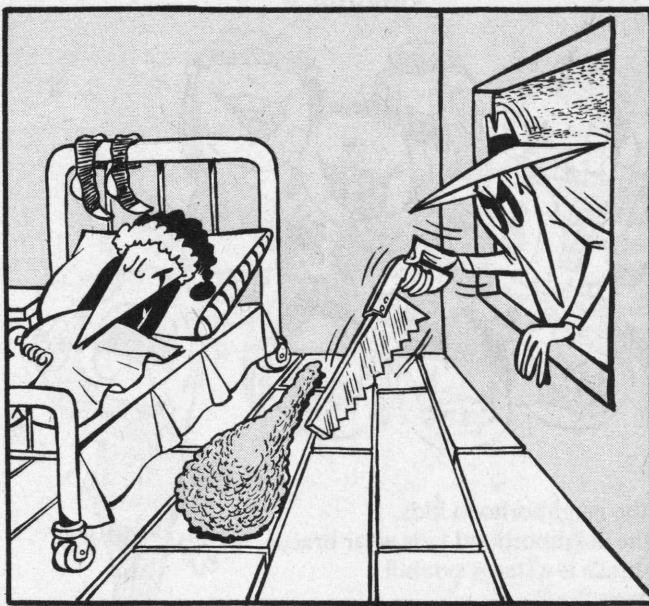
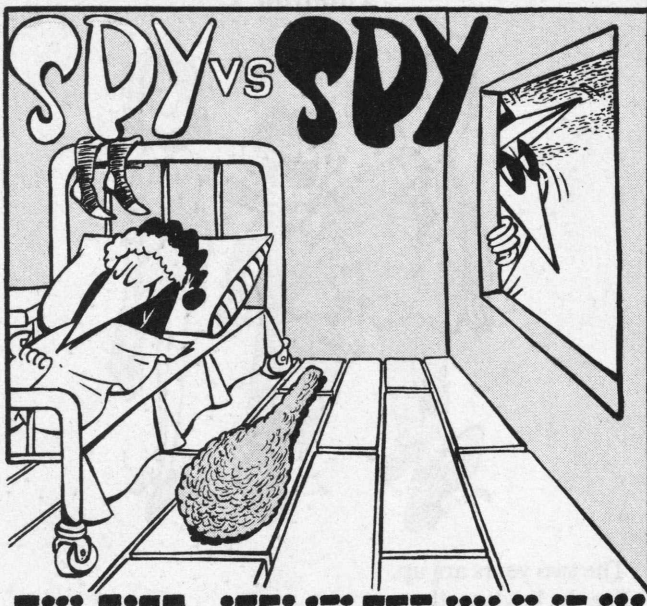


See the Orthodontist.
He is removing the boy's brace.
The boy will never have to wear a brace again.
Ever.
The boy is happy.
The boy's family is happy.
Poor, but happy.
However ...
To make sure his teeth remain straight,
The Orthodontist announces
That the boy will have to wear a retainer.

Chapter 9



See the retainer.
The retainer is another kind of brace.
The boy will have to wear it for six years
To insure the permanent effect of the first brace.
Isn't that nice?
Of course, there will be a slight charge for the retainer ...
Plus for each visit over the next six years.
Isn't *that* nice?
In one minute, the Orthodontist will have crooked teeth.
He will call it a "malocclusion."
The boy's father will call it "a punch in the mouth."





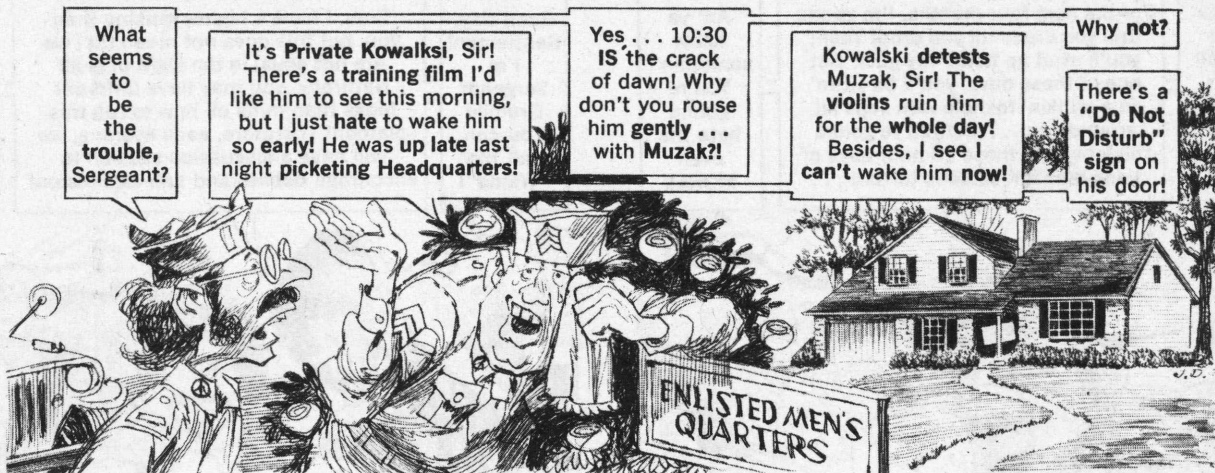
Once upon a time, there was a terrible place where young men were sentenced for two, three, sometimes even four years. It was called "The OLD Army". Today, there is a wonderful place where Draftees decorate their private rooms with peace posters and Enlisted Men chat about politics with their Commanding Generals. It is called . . .

THE NEW ARMY

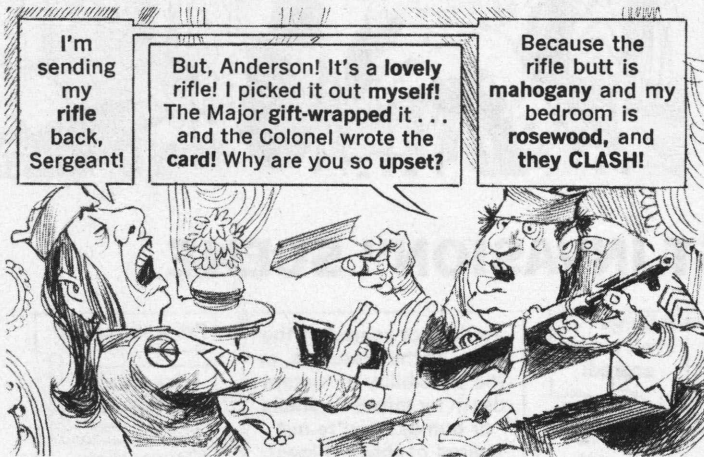
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The New Army believes that Enlisted Men are sensitive human beings



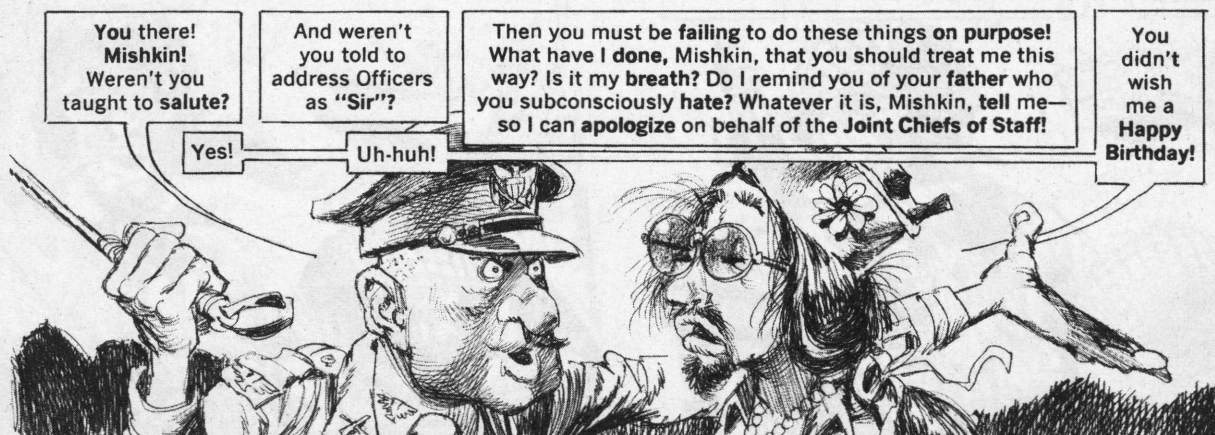
The New Army wants its Enlisted Men to feel at home in their new quarters . . .



The New Army appeals to the culture and vocabulary of the "Now" Generation . . .



In short, the New Army wants its troops to feel that they're understood . . .



Yessir, the Army has changed a lot in the past few years. To show

THE WAR MOVIE OF THE PAST &

...AS FOUGHT BY THE OLD ARMY

THE "FIRST DAY OF TRAINING" SCENE

O.K., knock it off! I'm Grulnik! Call me either "Sergeant"—or by my nickname... "Psycho"!

For the next four months, I'm gonna drill you cruds till you drop! Yeah, you'll wind up hatin' my guts! But one of these days, you'll be sittin' in a stinkin' foxhole with Japs all around you... and you're gonna think back to these 18-hour days of back-breakin' sadistic torture...

An' ya know somethin'? You're gonna hate me even MORE!!

Good day, Gentlemen! I'm Sergeant Grulnik! You can call me "Waldo"!

True, I have a higher ranking than you, but this does not mean that we are not equal in the sight of God! Naturally, you may have different ideas than mine on how to run this platoon! Therefore, each evening, we will have a discussion session to encourage debate and self-expression!

We'll chat more about it tonight... at the General's reception for new recruits!



THE "PLATOON'S FIRST INVASION" SCENE

S-Sarge... I'm... I'm s-s-scared!

YOU, S-Sarge... SCARED!!

Y'know somethin', Sarge? I'm not scared any more! I'm BORED!!

Listen, kid! This is my ninety-fifth invasion, an' let me tell you—I'm ALWAYS scared!

Sure, I'm scared! Listen, I'd be scared if I wasn't scared! 'Cause if I wasn't scared, I'd be scared that I was scared to be scared! So... sure, I'm scared!!

S-Sarge... I'm... I'm scared!

You're not scared of the guns, or the grenades, or the possibility of instant death by mines or shells or bombs? You're not scared of those things?

I'm not scared!

Why aren't you scared?

'Cause, man... I'm STONED!!

I'm not scared!



you how big a change there's been, let's look at some scenes from

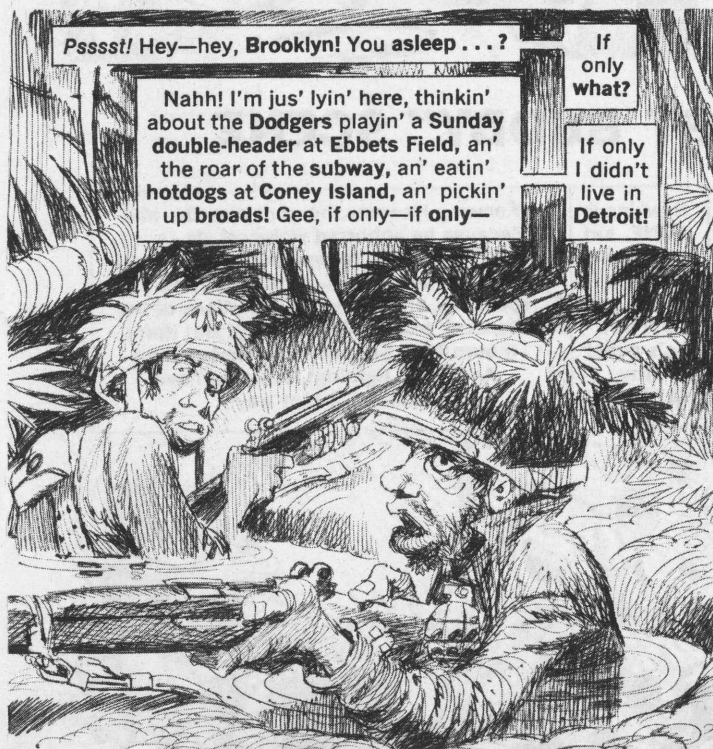
THE WAR MOVIE OF THE FUTURE

...AS FOUGHT BY THE NEW ARMY

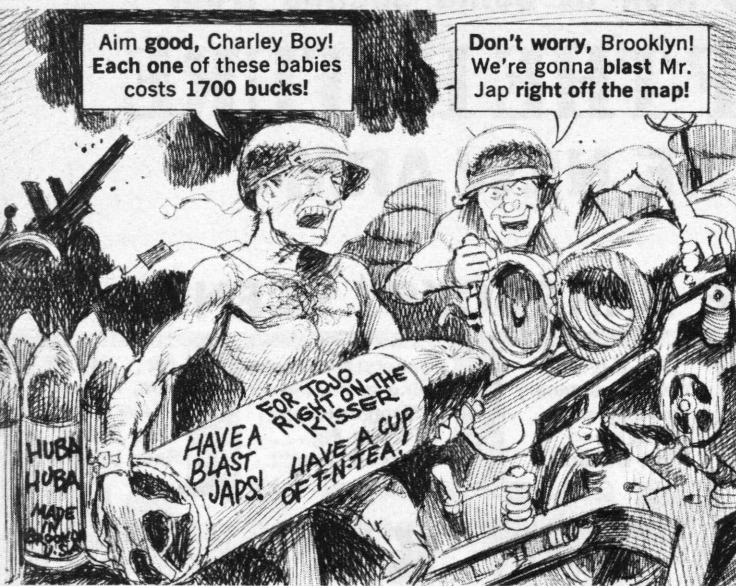
THE "ODDBALL IN THE BARRACKS" SCENE



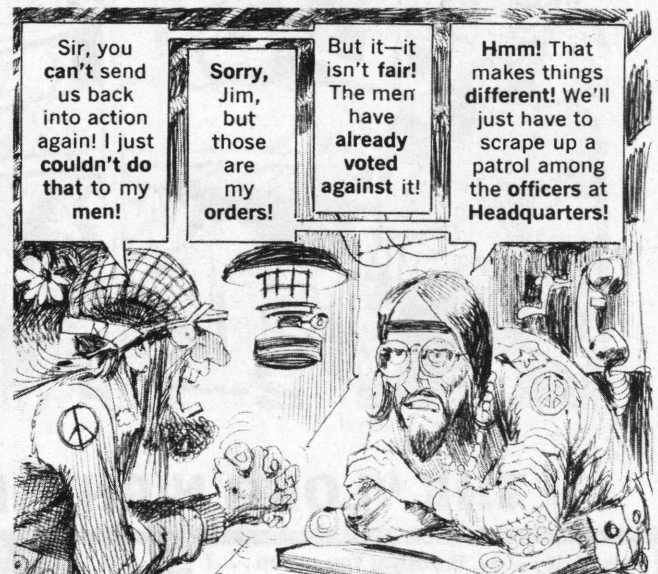
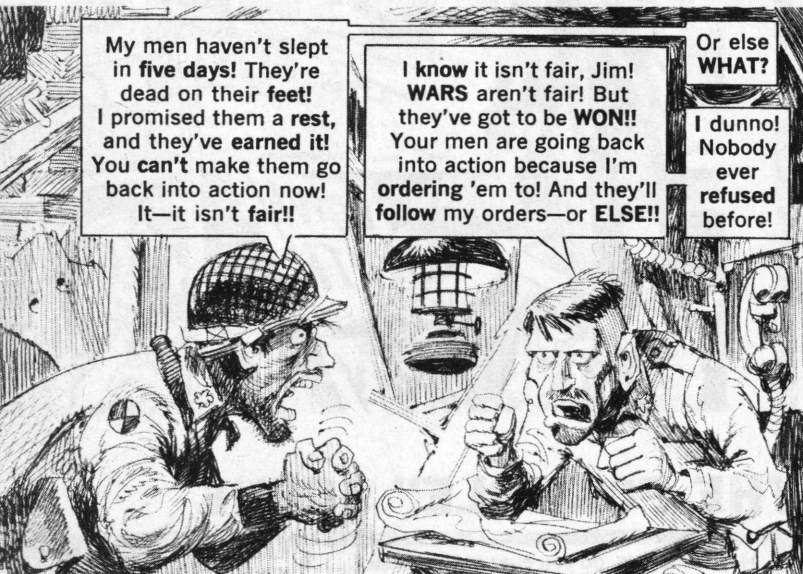
THE "LONG NIGHT IN THE FOXHOLE" SCENE



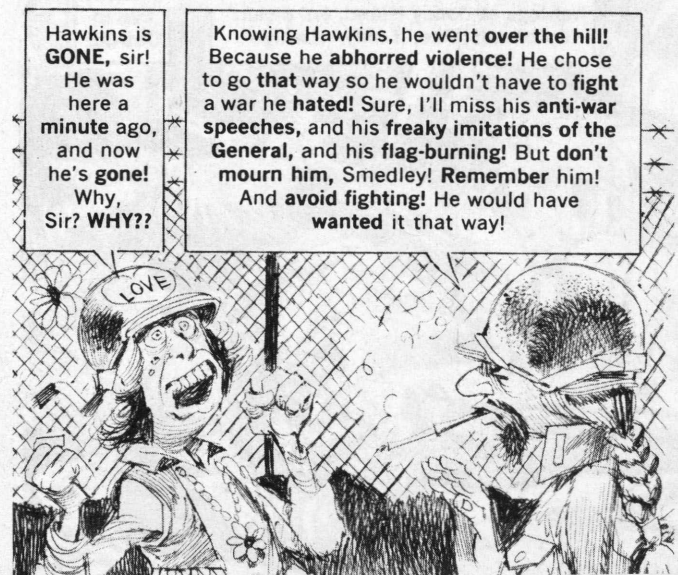
THE "BIG ARTILLERY BARRAGE" SCENE



THE "ALL LEAVES ARE CANCELLED" SCENE



THE HEART-RENDING "LOST BUDDY" SCENE





Congressional Record

PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE 91st CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION

Vol. 116

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1970

No. 183

Senate

THE JOURNAL

The Senate met at 10 a.m. and was called to order by Sen. James B. Allen, a Senator from the State of Alabama. The Chaplain, the Reverend Edward L. R. Elson, D.D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, Father of all who art above all and through all and in all.

Mr. MANFIELD Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal of the proceedings of Monday, November 16, 1970, be dispensed with.

The ACTING PRESIDENT pro tempore Without objection, it is so ordered.

This vote has already produced results. Shortly after the vote on October 13, Japan changed its position and suddenly indicated a willingness to negotiate voluntary restraints on textile imports. As everyone knows, Secretary of Commerce Blanton Oats spent several unprofitable months trying to negotiate voluntary restraints on Japanese textile imports and was turned down cold.

SENATE AND HOUSE ORGAN DEPT.

Contrary to popular belief, things do go on in Washington, D.C. The only problem is that the "voice" of these proceedings, the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, is such a boring-looking publication, few people ever brave reading it. Perhaps if the RECORD employed the techniques of other, more popular publications, it might inspire a much larger readership. Like, for example...

OUR PRICE:
FREE

(You've already paid for it in taxes!!)

THE DAILY CONGRESSIONAL OFF-THE-RECORD

WEATHER

A blast of Hot Air blowing in from Capitol Hill

REP. MUDD CLEARED!

The committee investigating corrupt Congressional practices today dismissed all charges against Rep. Steepin Mudd, charged earlier by the committee with payroll padding, misappropriation of funds, involvement in a stock swindle, and using campaign donations to build a personal sauna bath.

Rep. Mudd conducted his own defense. In his typically nasal drone, he told the committee, "If you guys hang me, I'll blow the whistle on the whole damned lot of ya! I've got enough on you birds to make my charges look like the 'Code of Ethics.' The verdict to drop the charges was unanimous.



Optimistic about the outcome of the committee's investigation, Congressman Steepin Mudd states: "I believe it was my 'Judge not, that ye be not judged' speech, or perhaps my 'Cast the first stone' speech that made the difference. Then again, it could well have been my collection of bugged telephone tapes!"

President Appoints New Commission to Investigate Campus Disorder

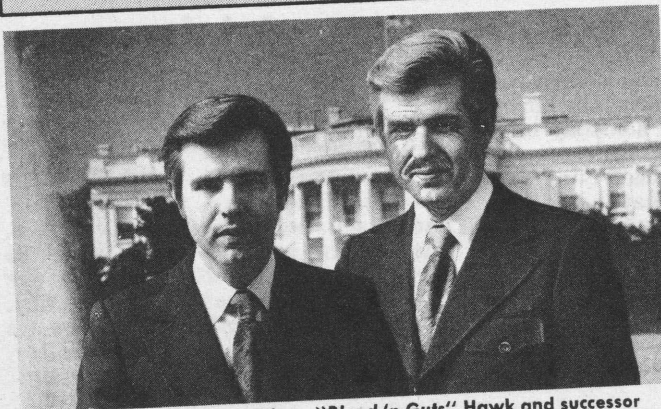
Obviously unhappy with the first commission's findings, the President has announced the appointment of a new panel to study the problem of campus disorder, naming Senator Buckley Southland as its head.



Senator Buckley Southland

When questioned about his appointment, Senator Southland said, "It didn't surprise me none. I been leading the attack on the first report all along. I'd like to investigate them left-winger professors and bleeding heart liberals who prepared that 800 page pack of garbage while I'm at it. I had to read 800 pages—with no pictures even—that puts the blame on the police and the National Guard and not just the students! Besides, how can you get to the truth of the matter by asking students anything? You gonna take their word over a cop? You gonna take their word over a Guardsman? Why, them boys are beyond question—giving up a weekend every month to keep this country safe from students with long hair and marijuana who deserve to be shot anyway."

Congressman Hawk to Retire



Representative Wilmer "Blood 'n Guts" Hawk and successor

In a surprise announcement, Rep. Wilmer "Blood 'n Guts" Hawk has stepped down from the Congressional seat he has occupied for 31 years to "give a younger man a chance at it." The younger man" Rep. Hawk has in mind is Douglas Patton Hawk, his son.

"My boy supports the military as much as I do," stated Rep. Hawk, "so the country won't be suffering any from my retirement. Besides, some fink in the local draft board screwed things up and Douglas got a 1-A classification. Once he's in Congress, they can't draft 'im in the Army!"

CLASSIFIED ADS

BUSINESS AND SERVICES

HECKLERS TO RENT

Get sympathy votes from silent majority by being heckled by selected types from our wide assortment. Hippies, Panthers, Young Lords, Students, Hell's Angels, Groupies, Professors—you name it, we got it!

HECKLERS INCORPORATED
Washington, D.C.

Expecting a close election? We can supply the names of thousands of voters who are now deceased. Don't let these election-swinging votes get buried along with their former owners. Lists available according to party specified.

LAST HURRAH BALLOT CO.

Stuffed Box #22
Leverpull, Nebraska

PUBLIC NOTICE

I am no longer responsible for debts incurred by Flame O'Hara, Fifi LaPlante, Jo Jo McDonnel, Lucille Maquan or any other former member of my office staff.

Ex-Congressman Lowell Brook

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CAPITAL TO INVEST!

Ex-Senator has loads of money to invest in sure-thing prospects.

Write Now To:
CAPITOL CAPITAL
Box #433—Switzerland

PUBLIC NOTICE

ATTENTION!

All Members of Congress Recently Elected! Sure, you're sitting pretty NOW! But what would it be like if you had lost?! And what happens if you lose next time around?! Bye-bye to free insurance, hospitalization, and the rest of the goodies! So use your vote while you've got it! Let's all get behind the legislation now pending that allows Members of Congress to maintain ALL their privileges for life. We deserve at least that, sacrificing two or more of the best years of our lives! Join us in our common cause!

The Lame Duck Committee For
A Free Lifetime Ride

THE INQUISITIVE PHOTOGRAPHER

Today's question was submitted by Sid Ascher, Paramus, N.J.

QUESTION: Should a Congressman or Senator who is a major stockholder or on the payroll of an oil company or other large industry vote on legislation concerning that industry?

PLACE: Capitol Hill Restaurant

REP. HAROLD SCHNORRER, DEMOCRAT, N.Y.

That's a very good question and I'm glad Mr. Ascher asked it. This shows that the American people are aware of and deeply concerned with the issues. There is a crying need for people to ask questions. It's the American way to get the facts before the public. You can quote me on that.



REP. LESTER MAUDLIN, REPUBLICAN, IOWA

While my voting record down the line shows I'm against everything Rep. Schnorrer is for, I have to push party politics aside and declare myself definitely and absolutely in Rep. Schnorrer's camp. That's what it's all about today—concern. And that's what the American public is—concerned.



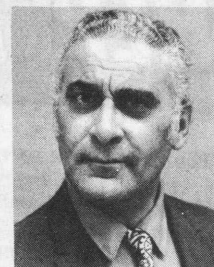
SEN. WILLIAM COMATOSE, REPUBLICAN, CAL.

Where else but in America can two diametrically opposed Congressmen join together and rally behind a principle, a concept, a belief, an idea...no, better—a dream! The dream of our forefathers come to life! I too stand wholly and fully behind Mr. Ascher's right as an American to ask questions.



SEN. LAMED DUCK, DEMOCRAT, MAINE

What more can I say? In all honesty, what can be added to that which has already been said? Why must we gild the lily? Let it suffice to say that many questions must be asked. Pertinent questions. Soul searching questions. Relevant questions. You owe it to your country to ask them. So be it.



THE CONGRESSIONAL ADVISOR

Questions are answered and answers are questioned by Phil E. Buster

Dear Phil,
Last month I visited Washington, D.C. and was run over by a Congressman who had gone through a red light. The police arrested me for obstructing traffic. I didn't think this sort of thing could happen in the States.

Bruised and Bewildered

Dear B.B.,
It couldn't happen in the States, but D.C. is something altogether different. The next time you visit our little playground, make sure you get run over by an average slob like yourself and not someone with Congressional Immunity!

* * *

Dear Phil,
Frustrated in my boyhood dreams of becoming a politician, I naturally hoped my son, Norman, would someday be a Congressman or Senator. But recently I've learned that he has been lying and cheating and stealing. What should I do to set him on the right course?

N.L.

Dear N.L.,
Stop interfering and let well enough alone! The kid knows what he's doing! He can't miss!

Dear Phil,
I keep writing letters to my Congressman on all the important issues. He never answers, except at election time when he sends me pamphlets on crop rotation and farm pest control, which is odd considering I live in downtown Chicago. Could it be he doesn't read my letters?

Skeptical

Dear Skeptical,
Please direct all requests for pamphlets on crop rotation and farm pest control to the Government Printing Office, not to me! I'm here to answer questions, not fill your mailbox with freebies!

* * *

Dear Phil,
I've been trying to call my Senator for the past 3 months but all I ever get is a busy signal. Is there something wrong with the phones in the Senate building?

Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz

Dear Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz,
There's nothing wrong with the phones. The problem is basic—each Senator is allowed 2,400 long distance calls per year in office, plus unlimited local calls. It takes a heap of calling to use up his allotment, but, like any good Senator, your man is obviously in there trying!

KNOW YOUR REPRESENTATIVES

An intimate look into the average day of your elected spokesmen

TODAY'S PROFILE: Jerry Mander, Democrat, Connecticut

Congressman Mander and family at play



Reading from left to right: Representative Mander; wife June; son Basil (age 17); son Joel (age 15); daughter Gail (age 12); daughter Amanda (age 9).

Congressman Mander and personal staff



Reading from left to right: Representative Mander, Personal Secretary, Special Assistant, Researcher, Special Assistant Researcher, Chief Filing Clerk.

Mander addressing constituents in ghetto area



Rep. Mander tells voters in downtown ghetto area he is in favor of more civil rights legislation.

Mander attends "hard hat" rally



Rep. Mander assures members of local Locals that he is against any further civil rights legislation.

Mander's name appears on important legislation

CIVIL RIGHTS ACT OF 1971

Name:	Vote:
Rep. Kvetch, Dem., Pa.	For
Rep. Lint, Rep., N.Y.	Against
Rep. Mander, Dem., Conn.	Absent
Rep. Milhous, Rep., Calif.	Against

Mander on the go

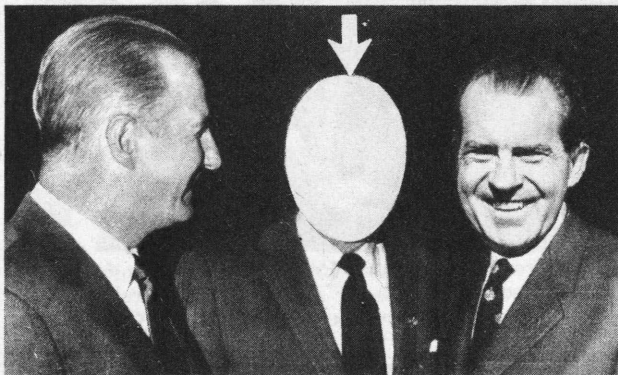
Congressman Mander and special investigator Miss Lily LaRose, board Air Force plane for Paris. Top priority assignment: to investigate communist infiltration in the Place Pigalle and Moulin Rouge.



SURE-FIRE VOTE GETTER

Improve your image by having your picture taken with one of the BIG BOYS! A shot of you and Muskie, Spiro, Ted Kennedy, Humphrey, Lowenstein, Rockefeller, or Mister Big himself—Mayor Daley! Or even Dick Nixon, if you prefer. It's up to you who you "want to be seen with" in your campaign literature. Do what the smart cookies are doing, order one representing each opposing view and mail them out to the appropriate neighborhoods! Just send your photo—we do the rest!

YOUR PICTURE HERE



Doctored-Photo Offer
Shill Studios Washington, D. C.

THE LATEST FROM **BOREMASTERS** THE POLITICIANS PAL

Long-winded speeches getting to you? *Tune in* to BoreMasters' latest import from Japan and *tune out* everything else around you! These ear plugs are tiny transistor radios—and they're practically *invisible*! Music, ball games—you name it—can be yours while your colleagues drone on and on and on and on.



SOUND-OFF TRANSISTOR EAR PLUGS \$49.95



**Looks convincing,
 even under glasses!**

Trouble sleeping at night, but *not during the day* while your colleagues drone on and on and on? Then BoreMasters' latest import from West Germany is for you! These eye caps with *open eyes* fit right over your closed lids, giving the impression that you're wide-eyed and alert while you grab the badly-needed sleep you missed by going to a wild party the night before!!

EYE-OPENERS \$14.95

THE BACK ROOM

A Keyhole View of Washington

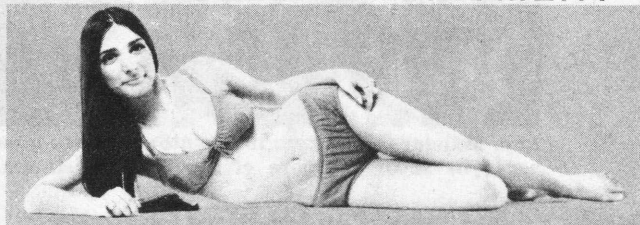
by LEONARD LYINGS

Congressman Harvey "Pork" Barrell did *not*—repeat—did *not* break his 15-year record of never having introduced a Bill. The Bill he is rumored to have introduced was none other than his new son-in-law, Bill Shleppe, at a cocktail party, hopefully looking to get the lad started in business. At the top, of course . . . Travel notes—Space doesn't permit us to list all the travelling members of Congress who are off and running on some Government-sponsored-and-paid-for pretense or other, so we'll list the ones who were present at roll call this morning: Reps. Marcus, Slothman, Mulch, Mendacious, Kugel, and Bialymaster. Shame, shame, fellas. Surely there's *someplace* out there that needs your personal inspection!

* * * * *

WISH I'D SAID THAT DEPT. Senator Orville "Red" Neck, in a stirring speech said, "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn." Movie fans will recognize the line from "Gone With The Wind" which Senator Neck delivered on the floor of the Senate in his filibuster against civil rights legislation. He also read the Jersey City, New Jersey classified phone book (which was understood by all) and "Catch 22" (which wasn't) in his record-breaking 36-hour effort . . . The whole town is buzzing about the performance of rookie Congressman Huey Short who recently held his first press conference and didn't answer one question directly. Reminds Congress watchers of a young Dick Nixon. They're forecasting a great career for Huey!

WILD GUESS DEPARTMENT



What caused Representative Ralph Stepaniak to change his vote on the Firearms Control Bill? Could it have been a certain lobbyist whose measurements are 42-26-36? That ole son-of-a-gun!

Congrats are in order for Senator Eric Chipneil (Ariz) who continued his drive to cut government spending. Senator Chipneil spent only \$125.79 of his yearly \$3000.00 office supply expense allotment. Joy Chipneil, the Senator's lovely young wife of 5 months said the unused balance would be "put to use in a local depressed area—like my wardrobe." Way to go, Eric! . . . **PLOY OF THE MONTH DEPT.** Representative Arnie Bile limits his "inspection and research" junkets to places permitting unlimited liquor gift sending, ordering all the booze he needs (and ole Arn needs plenty!) in the names of friends, neighbors, and relatives, thus building up a good supply for the huge liquor cabinet he had built in his new sub-*bourbon* home!

OFF-THE-RECORD INTERVIEW:

A candid conversation with one of the senior ranking members of the Senate

Senator Lester J. Mildew

Born in 1891, Senator Lester J. Mildew has held numerous posts and was chairman of many committees in his long reign in Washington. His effectiveness and his performance have, of course, noth-

ing to do with becoming a chairman, as that honor is bestowed according to seniority and not on merit. With this in mind OTR (Off-The-Record) began its questioning...

OTR: Do you think the seniority system should be changed to offer younger men the chance at a chairmanship?

SEN.: You can't trust important jobs to them young 50-year-olds. They got wild ideas. If the senility system... I mean seniority system was good enough for my pappy, then it's good enough for me!

OTR: As chairman of the Economic Affairs Committee, do you think we're heading for a depression!

SEN.: No sir! It's just like President Hoover's been telling the people, "Prosperity's just around the corner!"

OTR: What does it mean to a Senator to be appointed the chairman of a committee?

SEN.: A Lincoln Continental instead of a Chrysler

Imperial.

OTR: I'm afraid we don't understand.

SEN.: It's simple. For \$750 a Senator can use a Chrysler for a year, but if he's a committee chairman, he can have a Lincoln Continental at the same price, compliments of the Detroit Automobile Manufacturers Association. Heh, heh! Why do you think we always vote against all those expensive safety and anti-pollution features for cars?

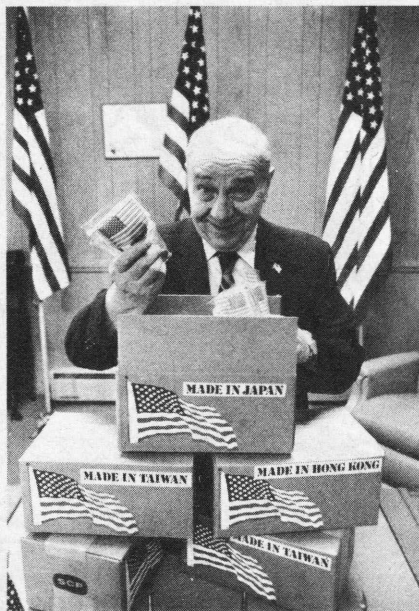
OTR: What do you think is the single most important problem facing a Senator or Congressman today?

SEN.: Getting re-elected. A man in office can't get bogged down by issues and wars and economics, 'specially in an election year, 'cause if he does

(Continued on page 52)



"I think every real American should be proud to display his country's flag. I'm introducing a bill to give flag manufacturers special tax write-offs."



"Now that you mention it, I do happen to be a majority stockholder in the Gung-Ho Flag Company. Our plants are in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Tokyo, Japan."



"Forget about conflicting interests, wise guy! Better you should do some explaining yourself, like how come you ain't wearing a flag in your lapel? You some kind of commie peacenik...?"

Okay, gang, here we go again with another visit behind the scenes of an American institution

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

Why are they destroying their instruments?

They're finishing up a recording session, and it's much easier than carrying them home!

I don't get it! Why are they all facing the wall while they play?

They forgot their arrangements, so they're playing the wallpaper!

Boy, those guys play loud!

I know! The people next door complain all the time!

What's next door?

The Cemetery!

Like, I gotta do my number! Dig? Like, I gotta get onto it 'cause that's where it's at! Dig? Like, it's a down, but I gotta make it! You dig?

I dig! It's the third door! The one marked "MEN"!

The "Orange Peels" are rehearsing in Studio "C", and I think they blew the fuses! All of their amplifiers and speakers, and all the lights just went out in there!

Well, don't tell them! They'll never notice!

Now, this carton of tapes goes into the garbage! And that carton of tapes goes to the plant to be pressed into records!

What if he makes a mistake and throws THAT carton into the garbage and sends THIS carton to the plant?

Nobody'll ever know!!

Hey, which one of you guys ordered the cream cheese, peanut butter, salami, sardine, yogurt and pickled pigs feet with Russian dressing sandwich on a hard roll?

I did! Are you gonna eat that?

Man, you crazy?! I'm gonna PLAY it!



to discover what new and inventive ways we the people are being shafted. Won't you join us for

THE SCENES

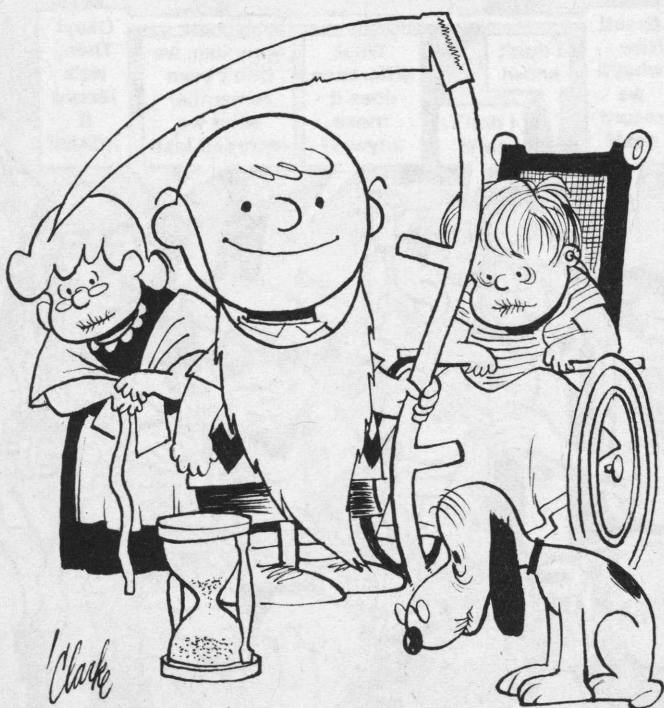
WRITER: EARLE DOUD



ADDING A NEW WRINKLE DEPT.

Charles Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts", is headed for disaster! He's making the same mistake the creators of "Little Orphan Annie" and "Dondi" and a hundred other cartoonists have made! He's not letting his characters grow up! So, wise up, Charlie Schulz! If you want to stay up there on top, study these samples of future daily strips you could be doing—

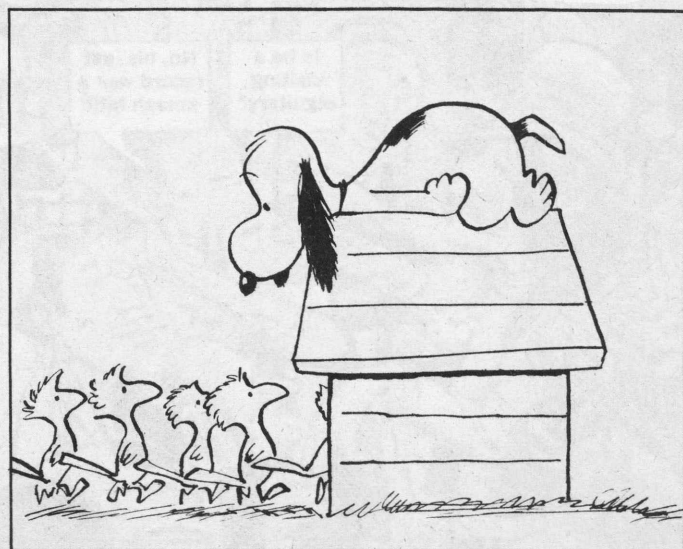
IF THE CHARACTERS IN "PEANUTS" AGED LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

PEANUTS...



at the age of 19



PEANUTS...at the age of 35



PEANUTS...at the age of 65

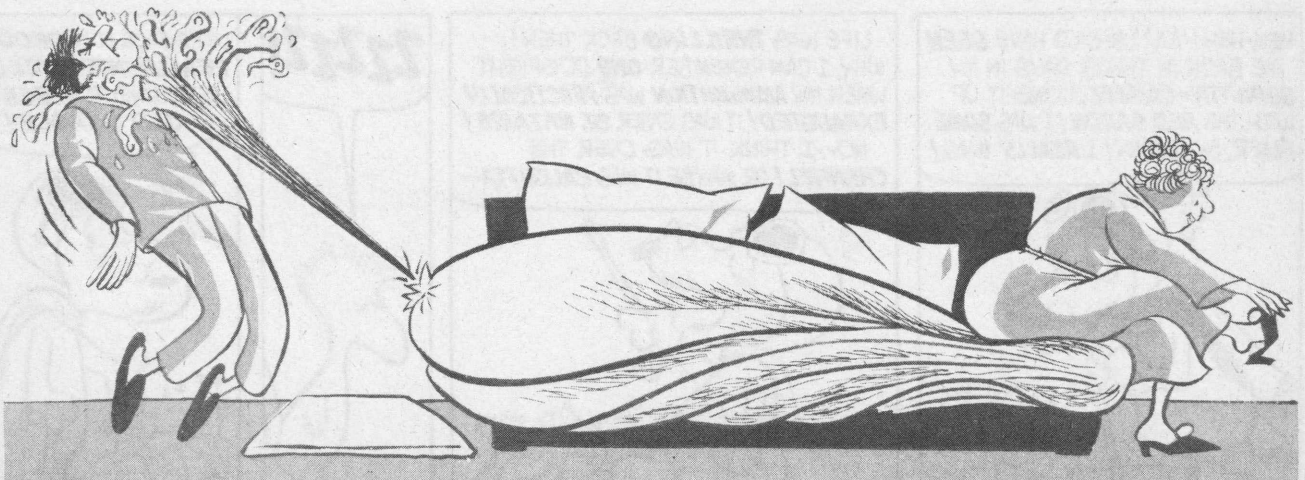
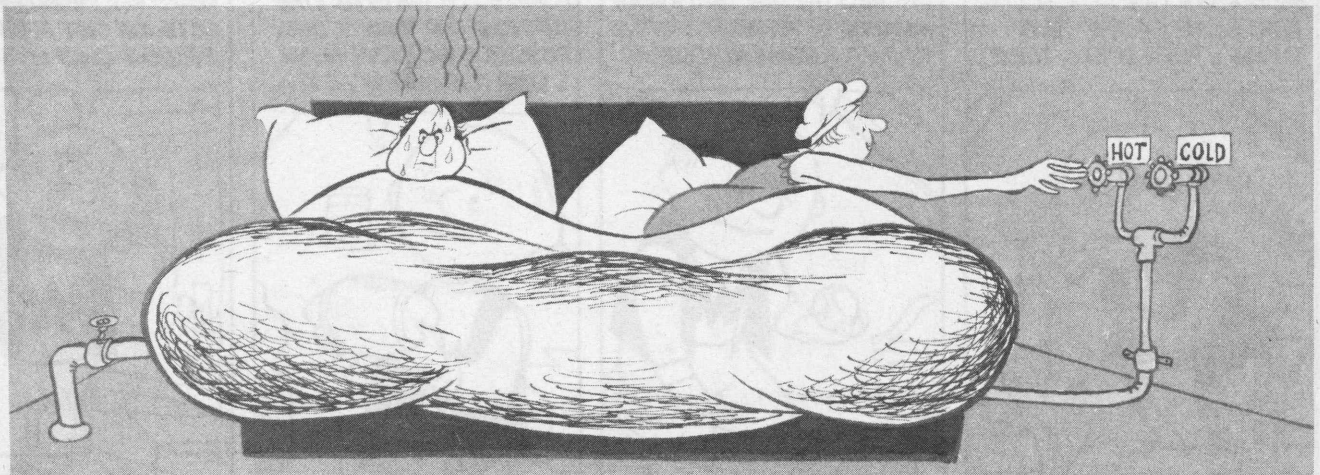
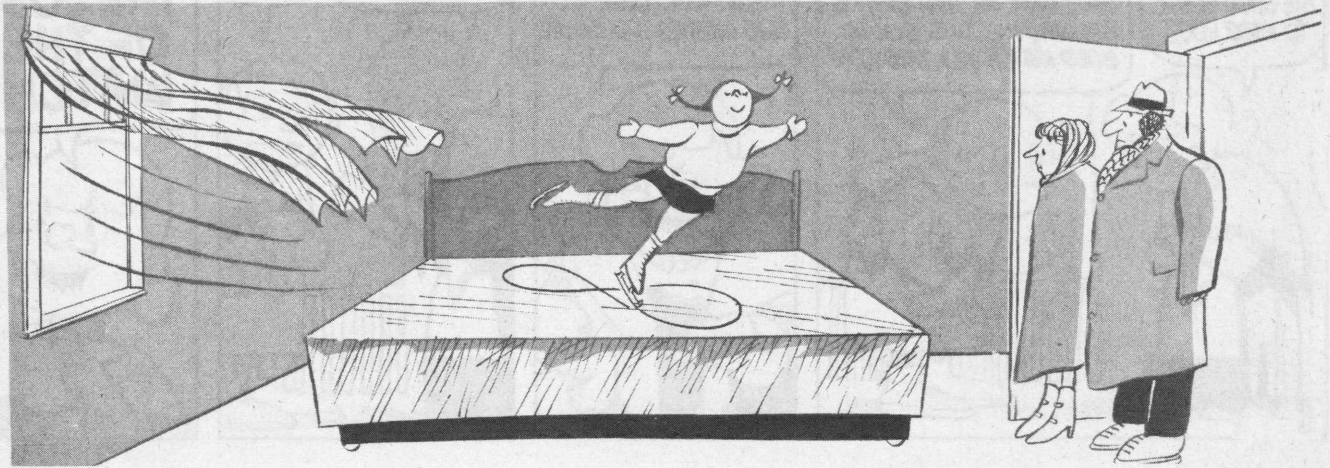


ASLEEP ON THE DEEP DEPT.



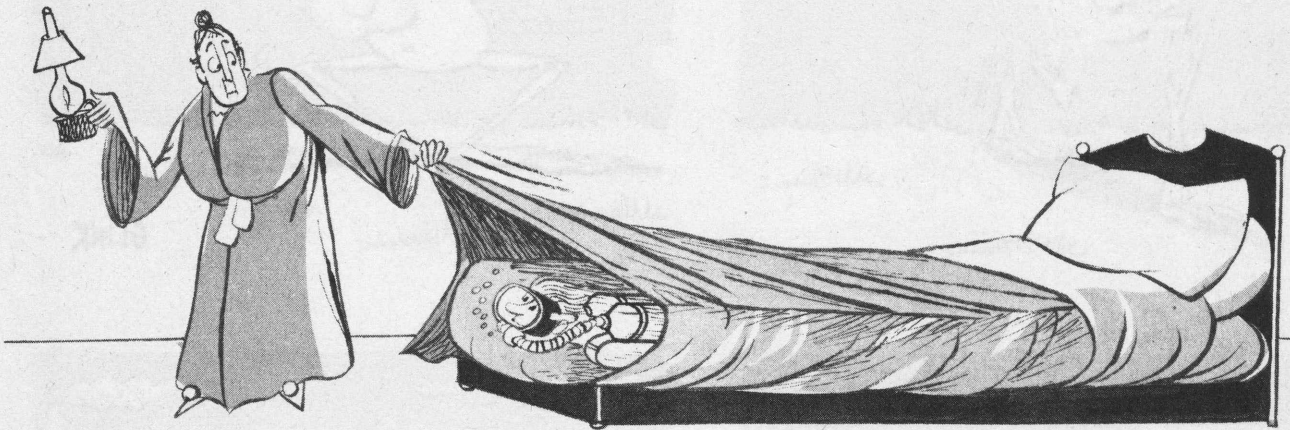
A MAD LOOK A

ARTIST & WRITER:

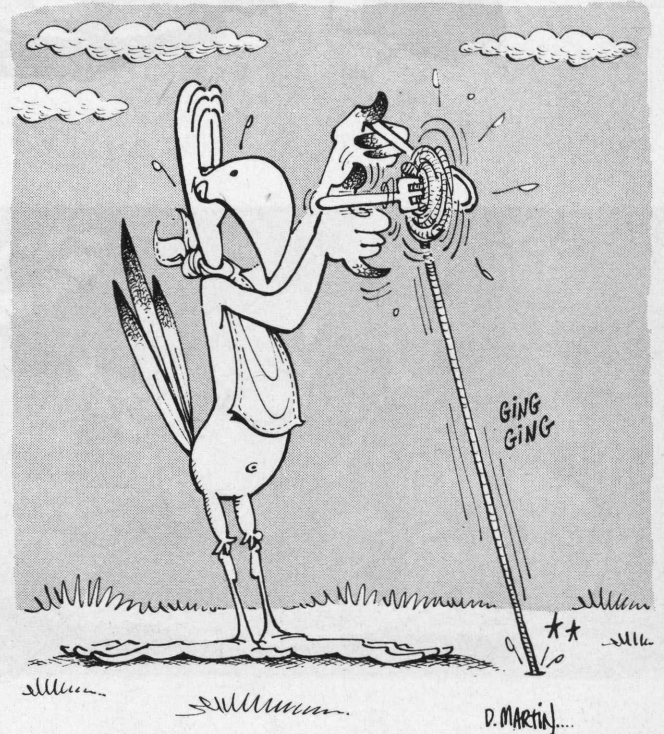
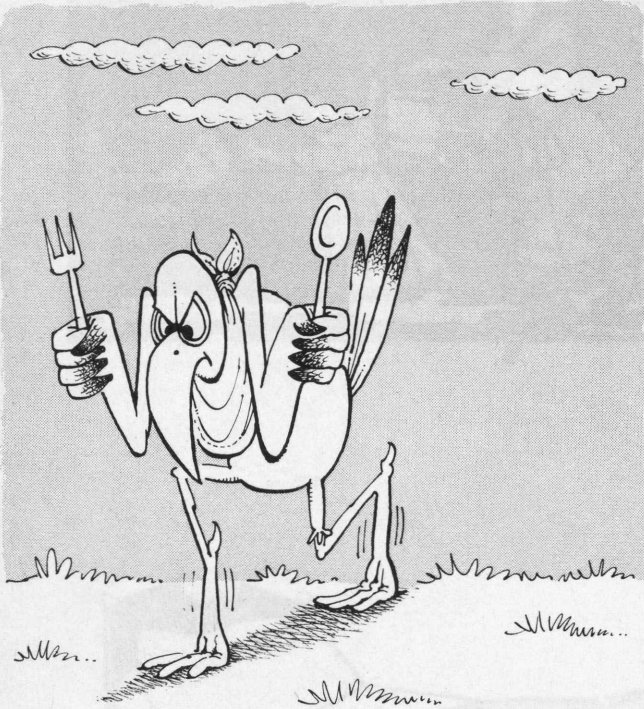


T WATER BEDS

PAUL PETER PORGES



AN ITALIAN ROBIN CATCHING A WORM



D. MARTIN...

THREE TO GET READY DEPT.

Hey, Gang! If you think your parents are uptight and inhibited now, you should have seen them when they were young. You wouldn't believe it! So the next time your old man says, "When I was your age . . ." and starts telling you about the days when he was so square, he could have slept in a Kleenex box, tell him you can now understand why he has all those hang-ups—because you read this MAD version of the movie that shows how he got that way . . . mainly by suffering . . .

THE TRAUMA OF '42

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

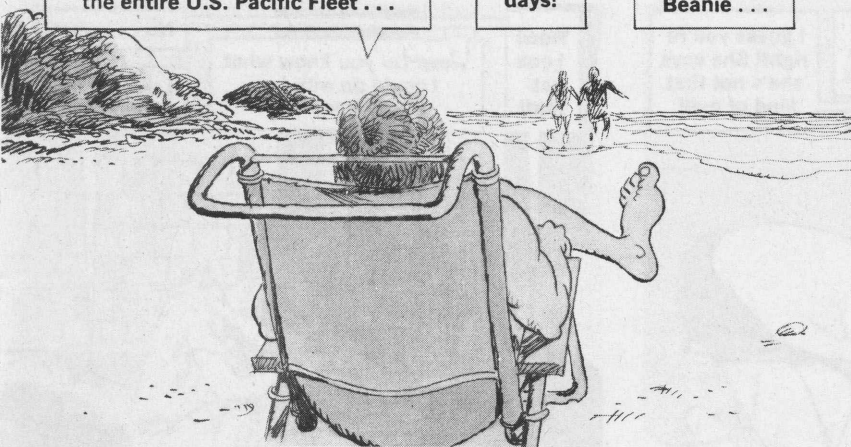
WRITER: STAN HART

Ah, yes . . . I remember it so well! It was 1942, and I was 15! World War II had just started, and we'd already lost Bataan, Corregidor and the entire U.S. Pacific Fleet . . .

Yep . . . those were the good ol' days!

I remember the two crazy pals I had—Husky . . . and Beanie . . .

. . . and I also remember the crazy way things always get all watery and wavy and out-of-focus every time I think back to that miserable Summer I spent with those two idiots—trapped on this God-forsaken, boring island . . .



What do you want to do today?

Let's go down to the gas station and watch them change tires!

But the War's on! There ain't no tires to change!

Just as well! I don't think I could stand all that excitement!

What do you say we stand around and talk dirty?

Armpit!

Belly button!

Crotch!

Lipstick!

Rouge!

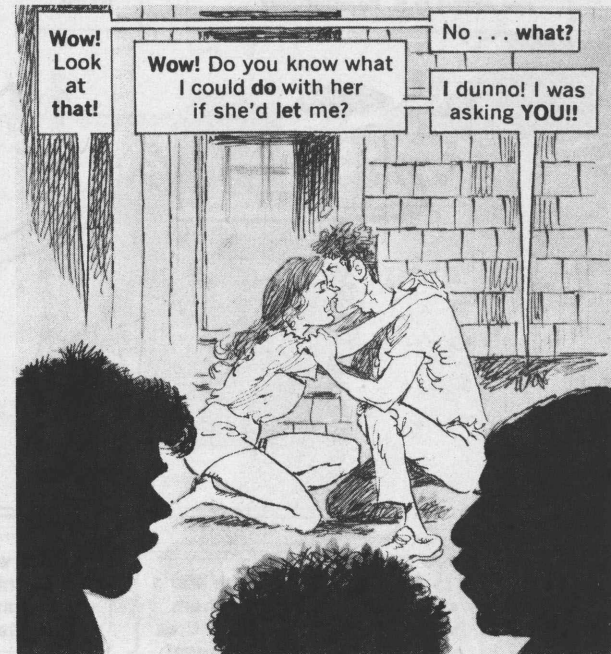
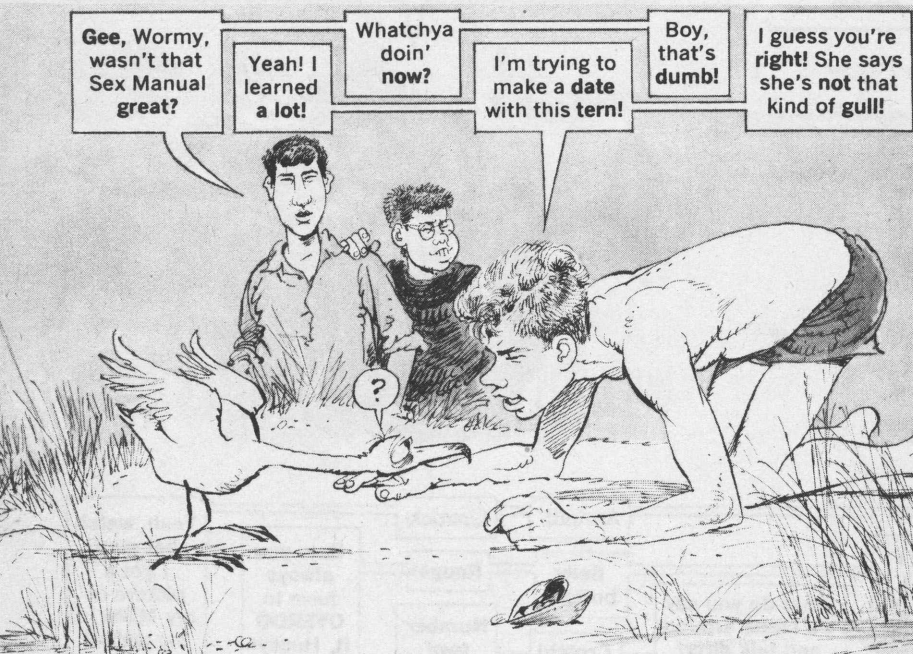
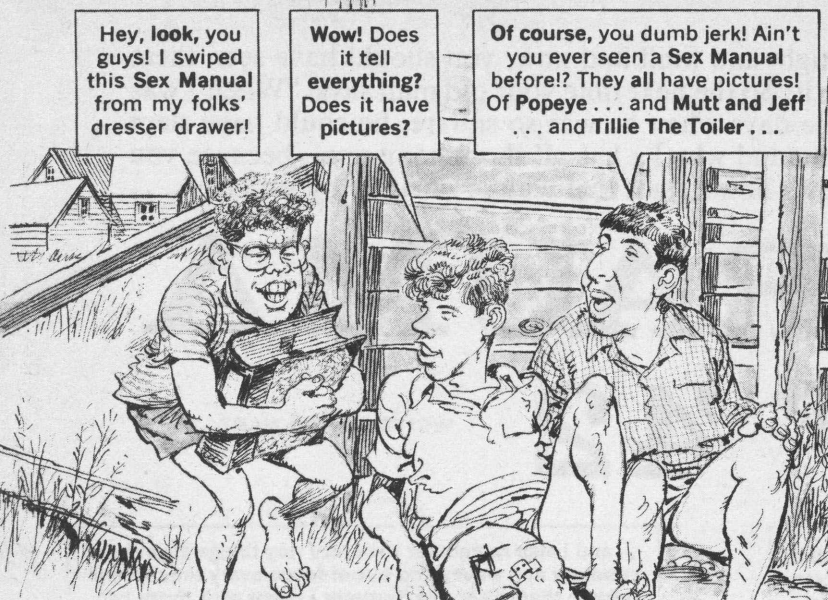
Number two!

Gee, you always have to OVERDO it, Husky!

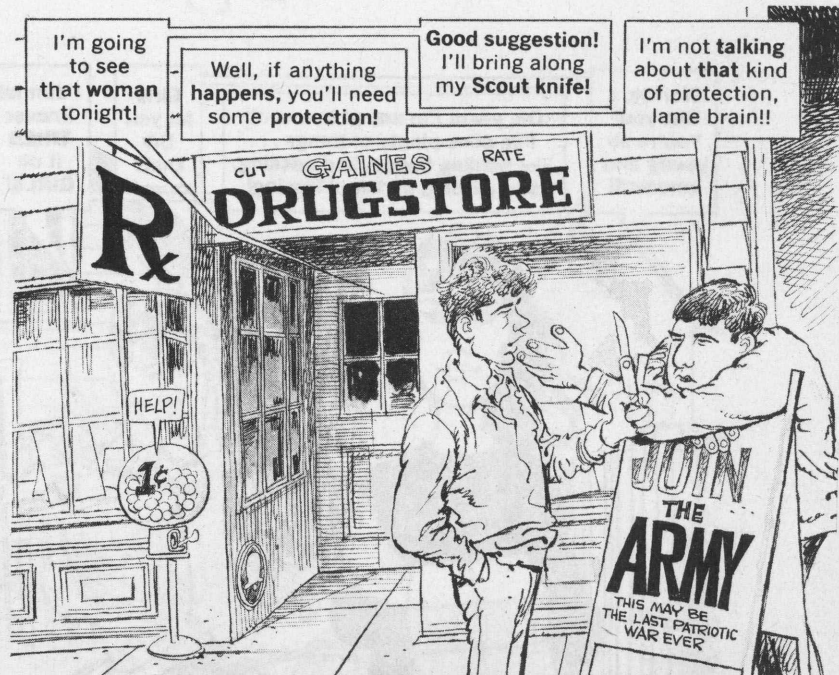
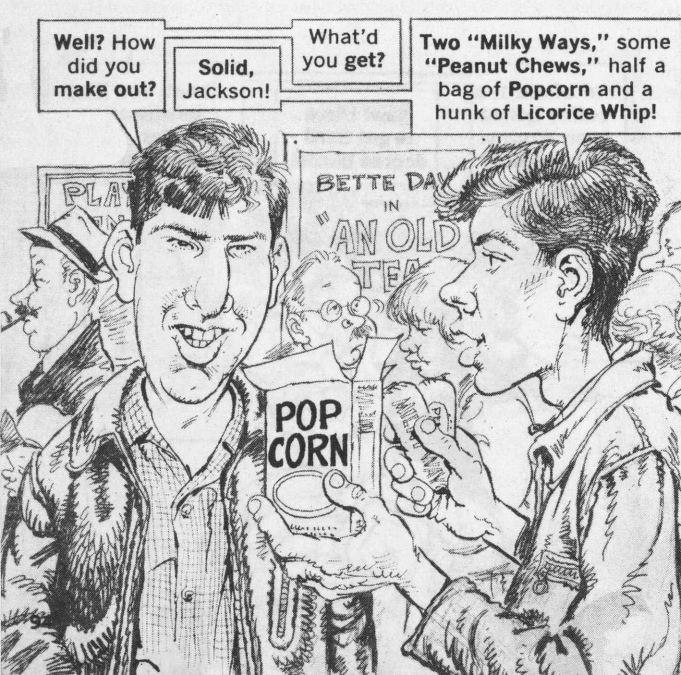
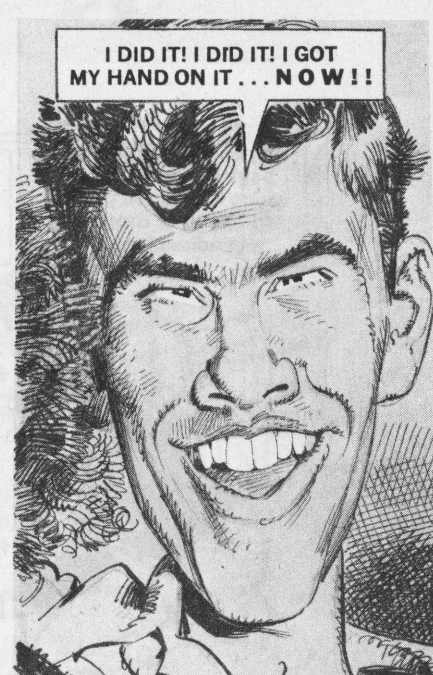
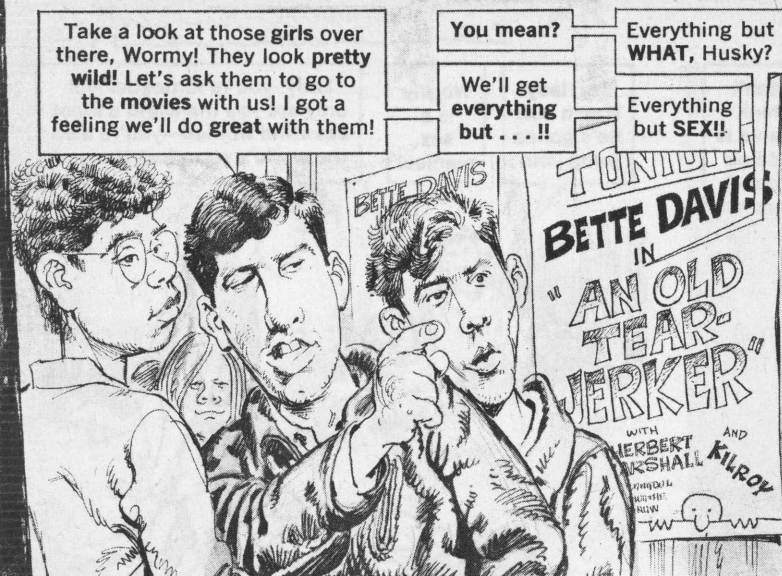
Yeah, watch that stuff! I got a picture of my MOM in my wallet!

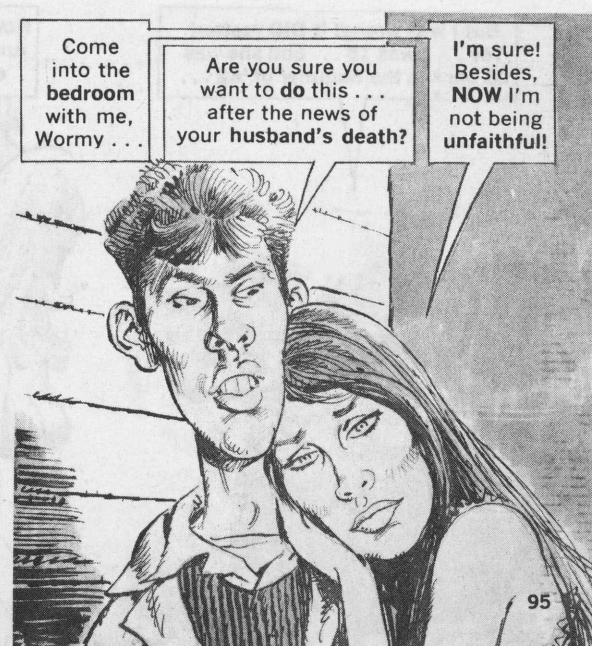
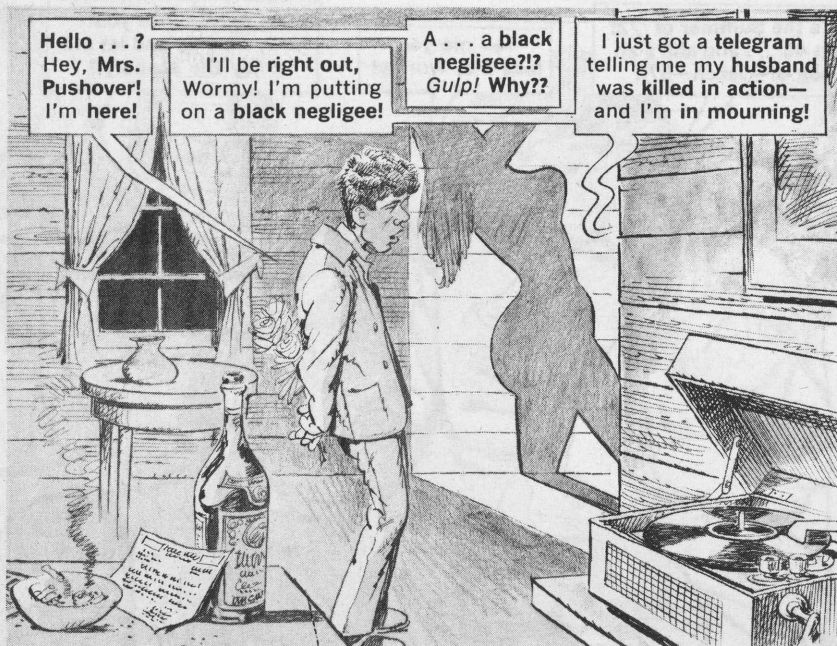
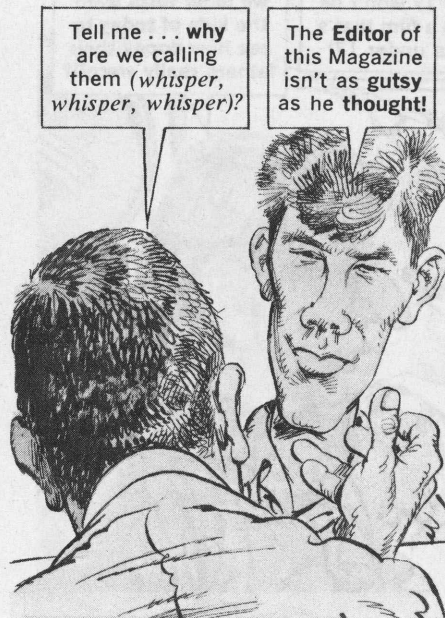
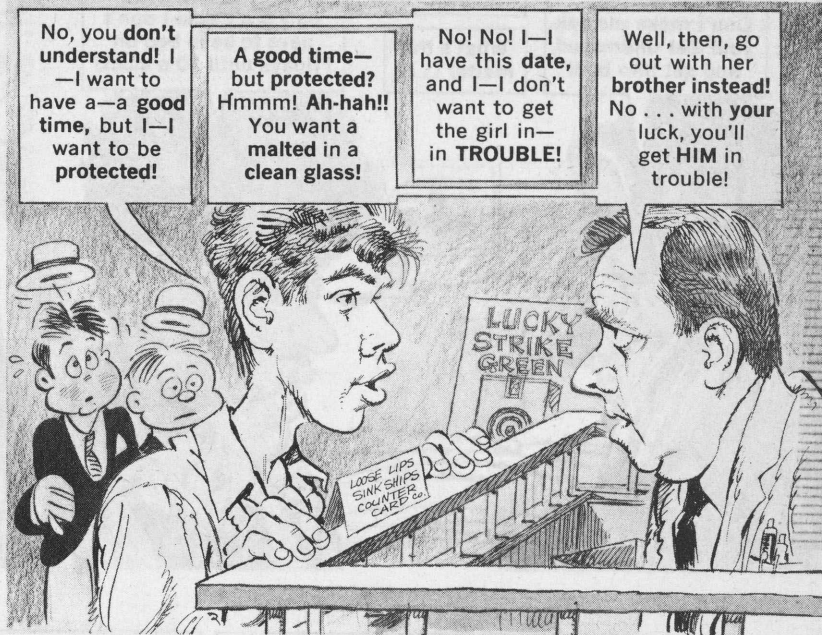


MORT DRUCKER











Please, Wormy ...
Don't make me ask
you! Get undressed
and get into bed!

Aw, gee, whiz!

What's the
matter ... ?

It's Friday, and it's
only 8 o'clock! I don't
have to be in bed on
Fridays until 10 o'clock!



Wowwee! This sure is fun!!



It'll be even more fun when
I get in there WITH you!



Gee, Mr. Mulligan! Won't
this kind of a scene get
us an "R" rating???

I certainly hope so!

But that will mean
kids under 17 won't be
able to see a film that's
about kids under 17!

Precisely! You think
we older folks want
to see how dopey their
fathers really were???



I love you, lady!
Please wait for me
to grow up, and we
can get married???

But, Wormy! I'm
at least 10 years
OLDER than you!

It won't
matter!
Honest
it won't!



But I was wrong! It DID matter!
Yes ... I was 15 ... and she was
26 back in the Summer of '42 ...

Now, it's the Summer of '72!
And I'm 45 ... and she's an
old bag-of-yeecch—57!!

Tell me you
love me, Wormy!

All right! I love you!
Now, shut up and let me
enjoy the scenery!!

**WHAT IS FAST
BECOMING THE
ONLY PLACE
TO SEE RARE
VANISHING
ANIMAL
SPECIES?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING **MAD FOLD-IN**

Many species of animals are rapidly becoming scarcer and harder to find. However, there is one place where these disappearing species can be seen easily. To find out where this place is, fold in the page as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ONCE, WILD ANIMALS WERE EASY TO FIND AND OBSERVE. A
WORLD TRAVELER COULD SEE A GREAT VARIETY. TODAY, MAN'S
BOLD INCURSIONS HAVE MADE MANY SPECIES HARD TO TRACK

A▶

◀B

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE METROPOLIS



IDEA BY FRANK JACOBS

ARTIST: JACK THURSTON

THE NOSTALGIC

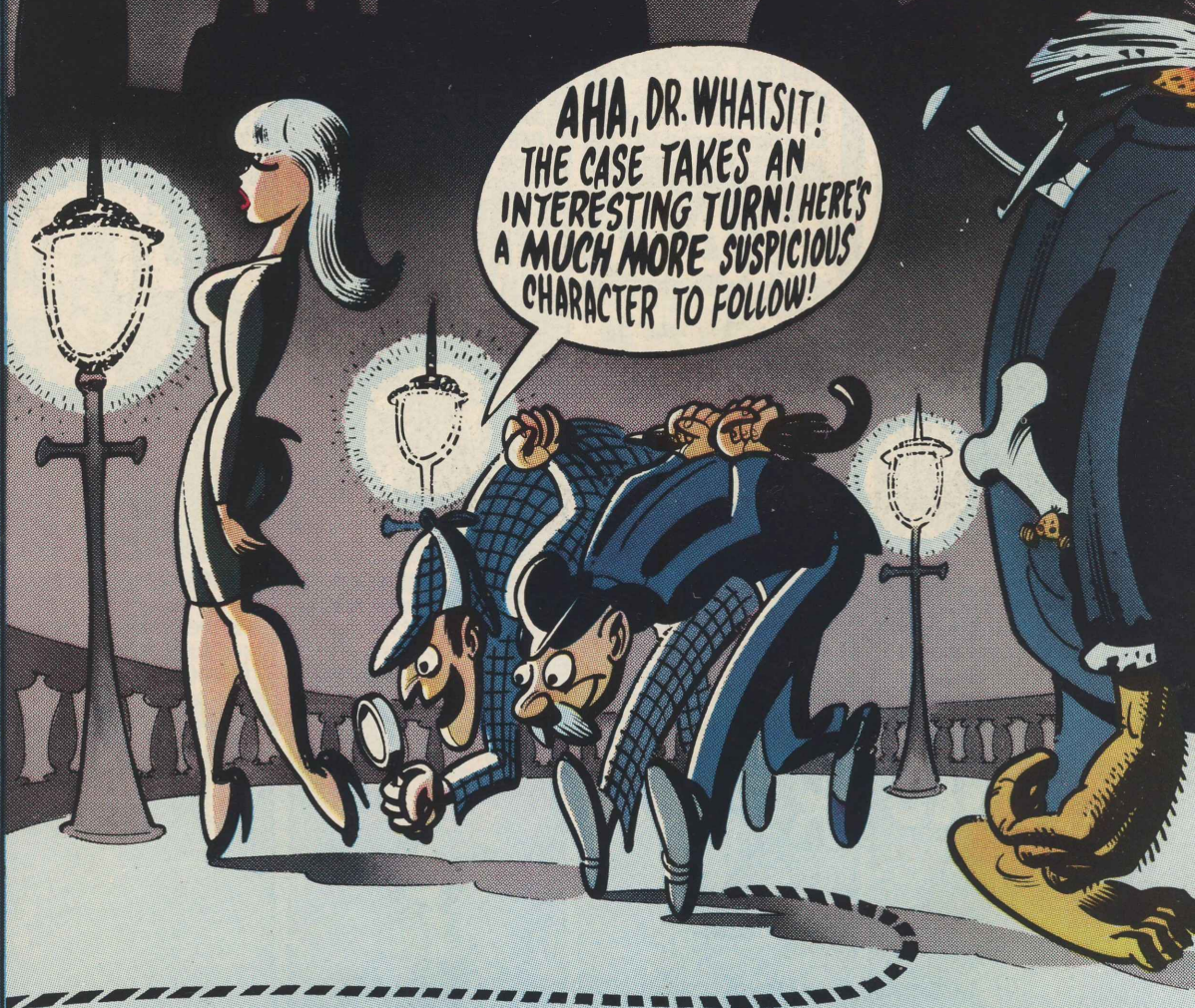


NO. 4



~~10¢~~
FREE

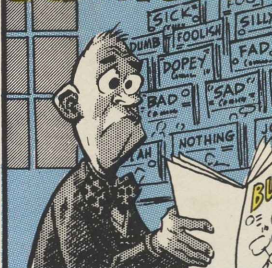
MAD



H. Kurtz

Dear readers!... We interrupt this next story for a special announcement! I, your MAD writer am going to the

BUGHOUSE



Today... there are so many lampoon type comic books on the newsstands, the competition is driving me...

CRAZY



But competition is the American way and although we are inclined to shrug off our competitors with a mere...

EH!



...the fact is, twelve comics books during the calendar month grind thirty-two lampoon stories at a...

FLIP



Now, lampoon material is very limited, and when lampoon writers cannot get any more of this material, they will...

GET LOST



...And so, I... your MAD writer hereby announce that there is no more material left... and that's why I'm going...

MAD



...Here I am, with no more material to finish this book!... However... there's one idea left that might save me from the...

MADHOUSE



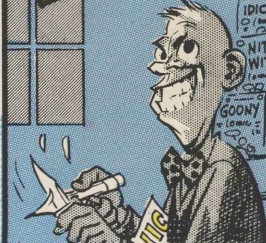
...One idea that hasn't been attacked by the lampoon comics, although lord knows they've done everything from soup to...

NUTS!



And what the lampoon comics have not lampooned are the lampoon comics! Ha! You think I clutch this wretched idea from sheer...

PANIC



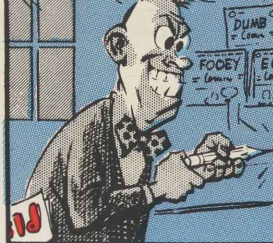
Not so! To watch the standard gag situations and routines appearing in our different books at the same time is truly a...

RIOT



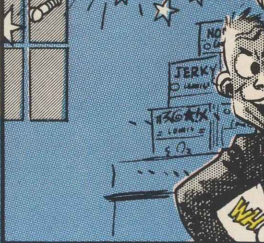
With the following story we propose to take our brush and our ink... we propose to enter our own back yard and run...

WILD



So as we adjust our neck on the chopping block, our final word is... there is nothing at which we're not willing to take a...

WHACK

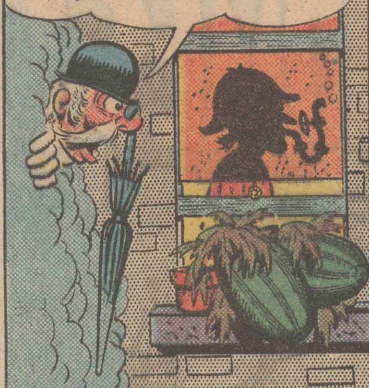


CRIME DEPT.: A FOG LIES THICK ON LONDON, GIVING A LONELY, EERIE QUALITY TO THE NIGHT SOUNDS!... THE OMINOUS CHIMING OF BIG BEN... THE FOOTSTEPS OF SOMETHING SCUTTling BY... THE HOLLOW CLACK OF DR. WHATSIT'S HEAD COMING IN CONTACT WITH A LAMPOST AS HE RUSHES THROUGH THE FOG TO SEE HIS OLD FRIEND...

SHERMLOCK SHOMES!



AHA! THERE'S THE OLD RASCAL'S SHADOW ON THE WINDOW SHADE NOW, SMOKING HIS SHAG TOBACCO ... A PERFECT TARGET FOR ARTY-MORTY, SHOMES'S ARCH-ENEMY!



BY JOVE! THERE'S ARTY-MORTY NOW!

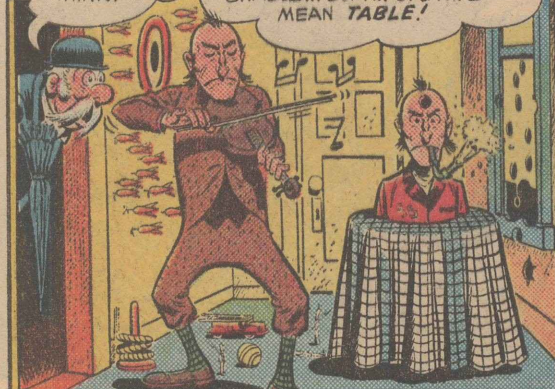


...LITTLE DOES ARTY-MORTY KNOW THAT THAT SHADOW IS MERELY CAST ON THE WINDOW SHADE BY A LIFELESS STATUE... A REPLICA OF SHERMLOCK SHOMES!



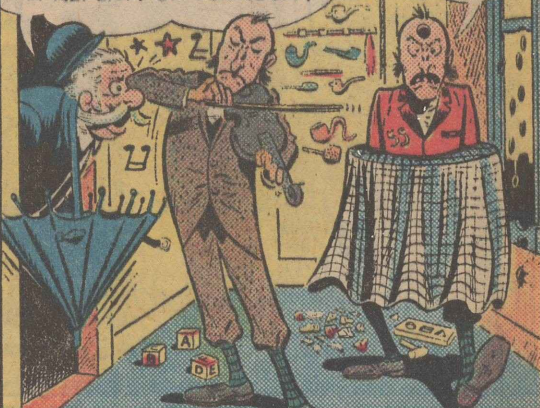
AH, SHOMES! PLAYING THE VIOLIN AS USUAL TO HELP YOU THINK!

CLEVER TRICK THAT... CASTING A SHADE SHADOW OF SHERMLOCK SHOMES WITH A SHATSHUE SHTANDING ON A SHABLE... BLFT... SPUT... I MEAN TABLE!

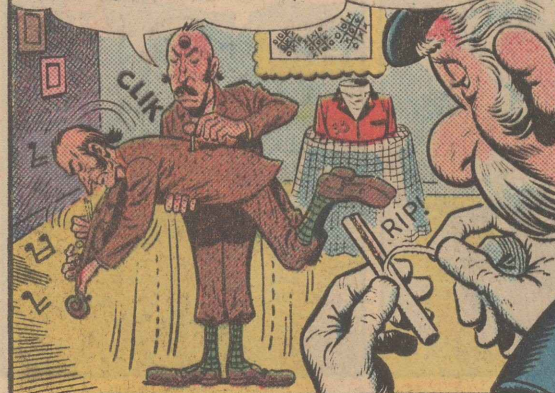


...LITTLE DID ARTY-MORTY KNOW THAT THAT SHADOW IS MERELY CAST BY A LIFELESS STATUE... A REPLICA OF YOURSELF!

...WRONG AGAIN, WHATSIT!

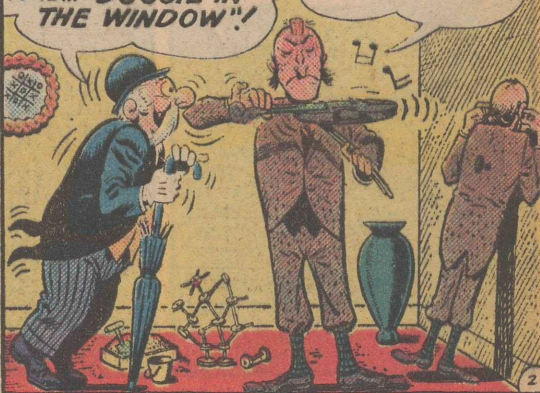


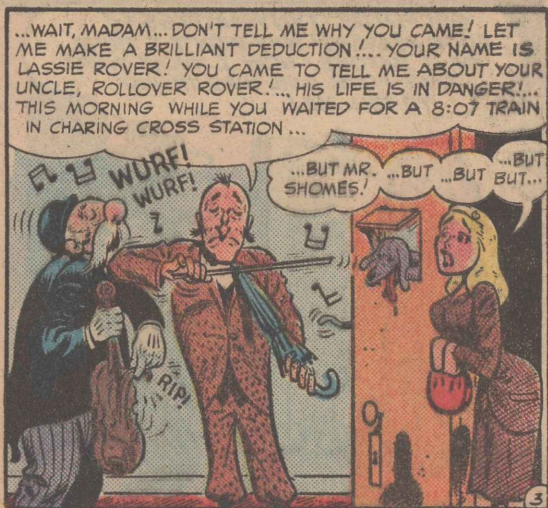
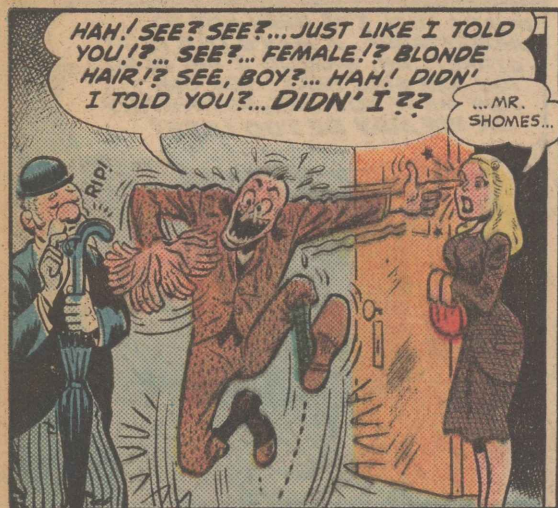
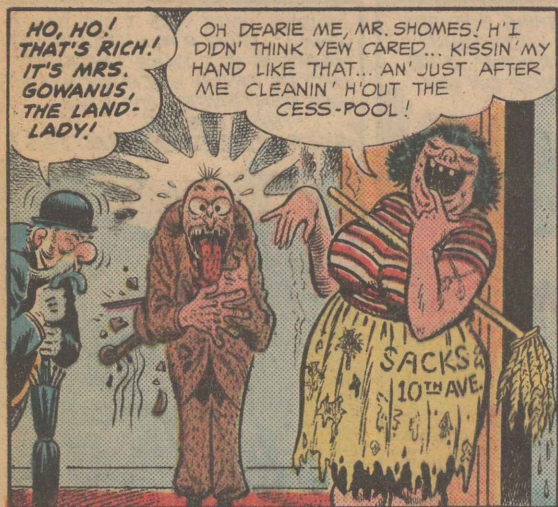
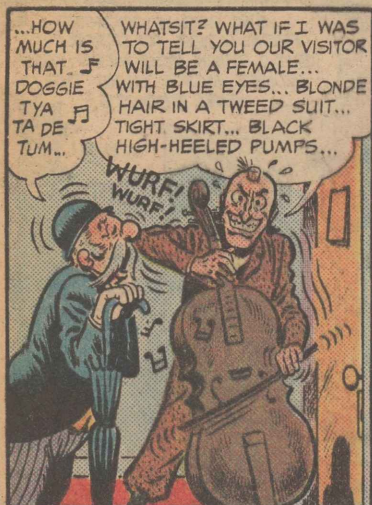
THE STATUE IS REAL!... THE VIOLIN PLAYER IS A LIFELESS STATUE... A REPLICA OF MYSELF, CLEVERLY MANIPULATED BY WATCH-WORKS TO MOVE ABOUT AND TO PLAY THE VIOLIN!... ARTY-MORTY HAS FOILED ME AGAIN!

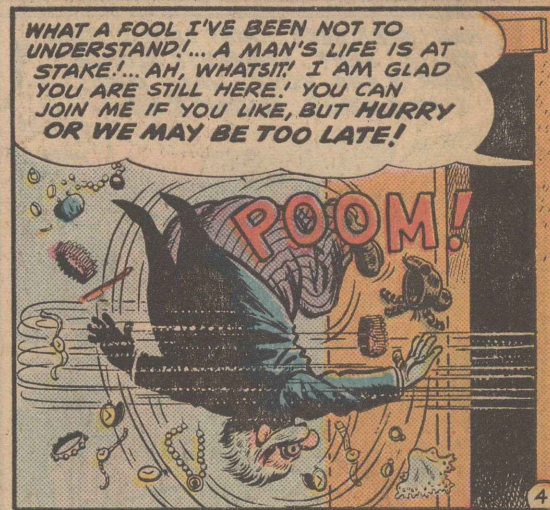
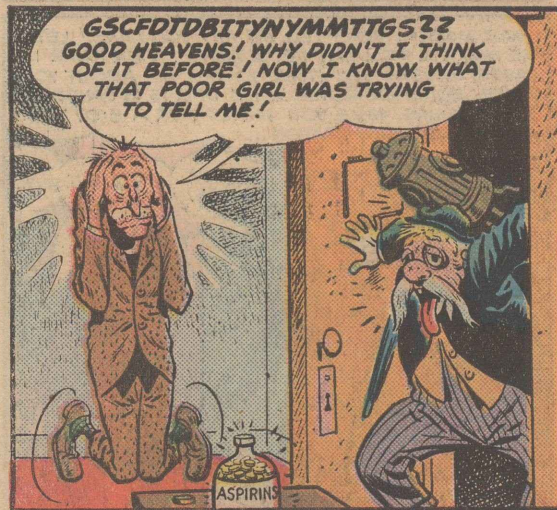
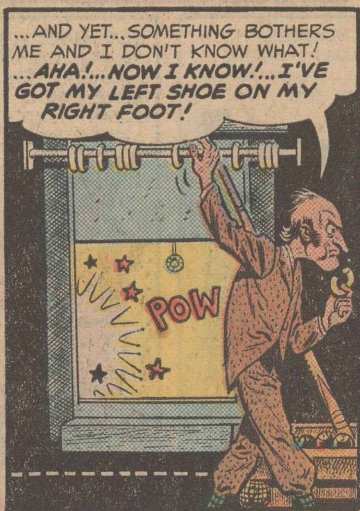
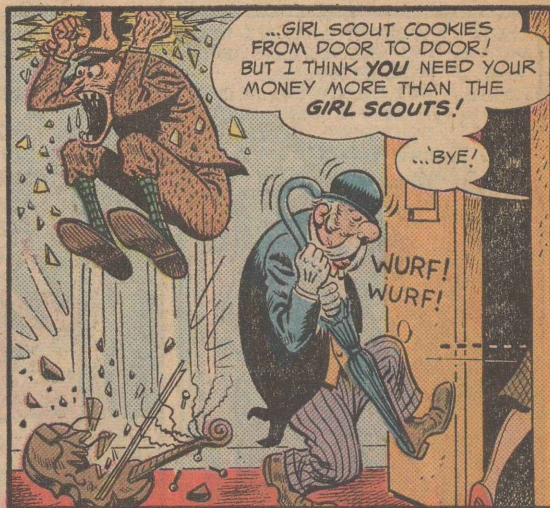


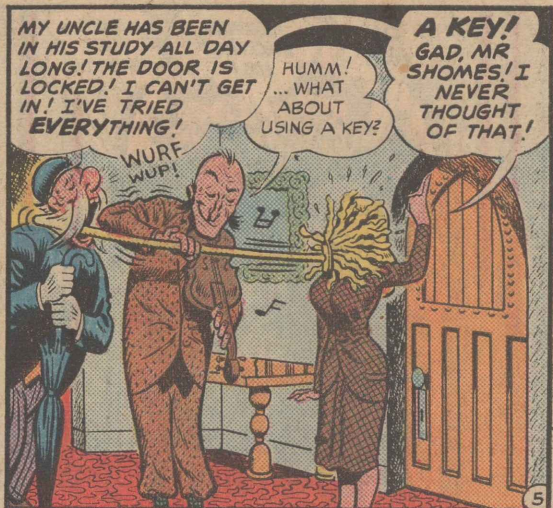
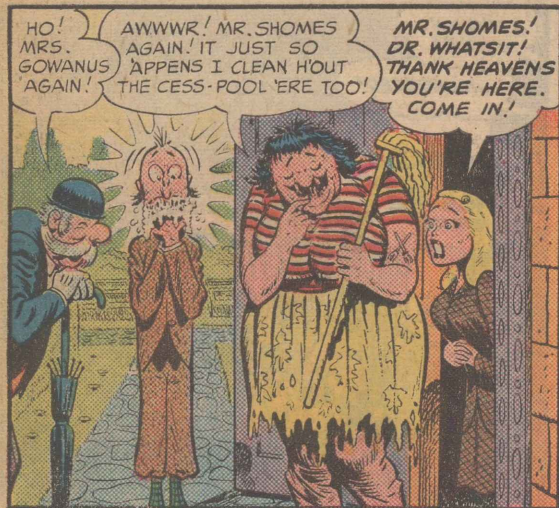
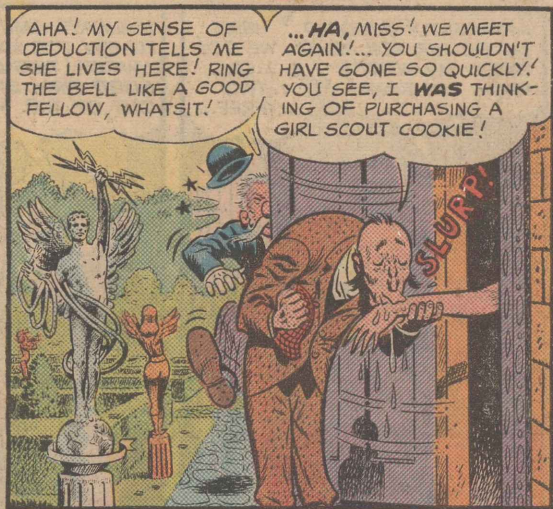
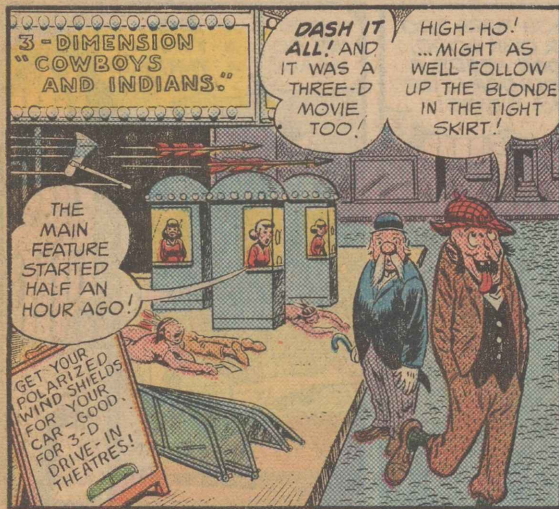
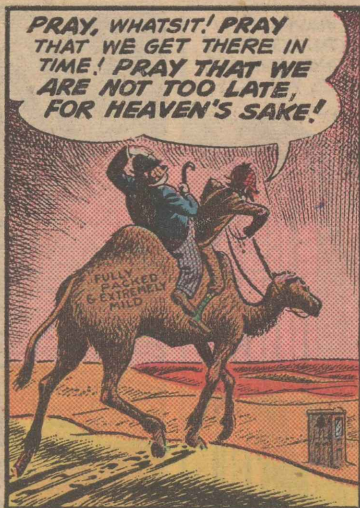
AHA, SHOMES! YOU'RE PUTTING VIOLIN TO CHIN! YOU'RE GOING TO THINK!... BY JOVE! MY FAVORITE CLASSICAL TUNE... "DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW"!

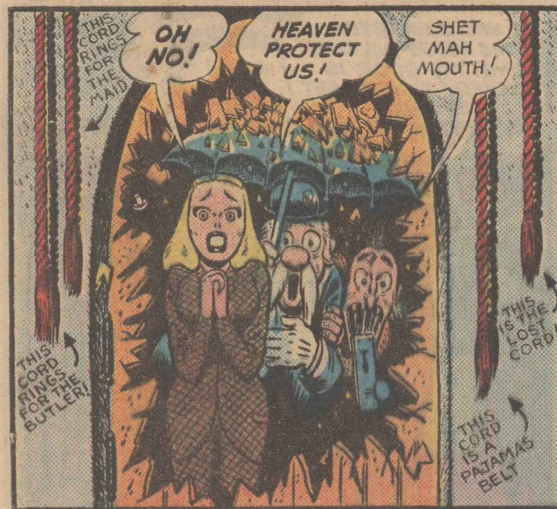
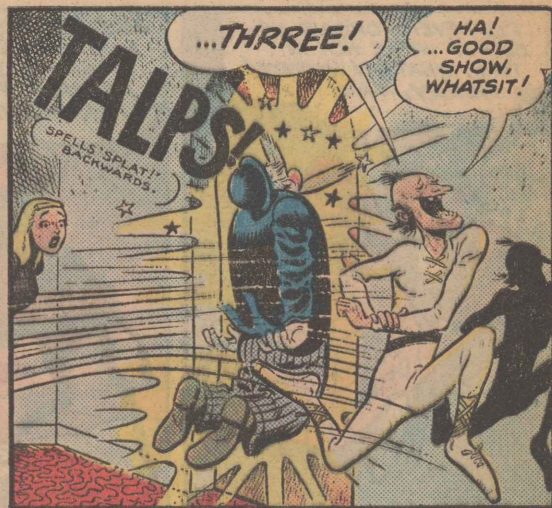
WHATSIT? WHAT IF I WAS TO TELL YOU THAT IN A FEW MINUTES WE SHALL HAVE A VISITOR...











TERMITES IN THIS HOUSE!

CASE, BUT YOU SHOULD CATCH TERMITES BEFORE THEY BEGIN TO SWARM!

TERMITES IN THIS HOUSE!

CASE, BUT YOU SHOULD CATCH TERMITES BEFORE THEY BEGIN TO SWARM!

TERMITES IN THIS HOUSE!

CASE, BUT YOU SHOULD CATCH TERMITES BEFORE THEY BEGIN TO SWARM!

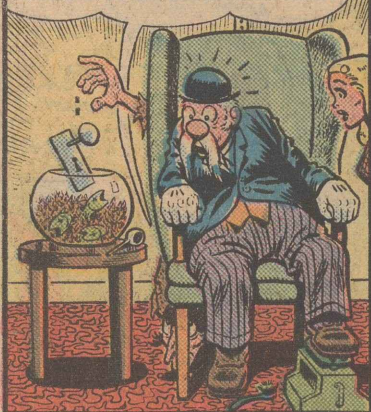
TERMITES IN THIS HOUSE!

CASE, BUT YOU SHOULD CATCH TERMITES BEFORE THEY BEGIN TO SWARM!

A cartoon illustration of a man in a patterned robe pointing a broom at a fireplace. A cat is on the mantel, and a skull is on the floor.

A cartoon illustration of a man in a patterned robe pointing a broom at a fireplace. A cat is on the mantel, and a skull is on the floor.

THE MURDERER THEN VERY CLEVERLY SLIPPED A DUPLICATE DOOR-KNOB MECHANISM INTO THE MURDERED MAN'S JAR OF SHAG-TOBACCO!



IMAGINE THE MURDERED MAN'S SURPRISE WHEN HE TRIED TO STUFF THE DOOR KNOB INTO HIS PIPE! THIS WAS THE MOMENT THE MURDERER HAD BEEN WAITING FOR!



IF YOU NOTICE, THE MANTLEPIECE COMES LOOSE! AS THE MURDERED MAN STUDIED THE DOOR KNOB, GETTING HIS FINGERPRINTS ALL OVER IT, THE MURDERER STEPPED OUT...



...AND DEFTLY BASHED THE VICTIM ON THE HEAD WITH THE MANTLEPIECE!



...THEN WITH GLOVED HANDS, HE SUBSTITUTED HIS DOOR-KNOB MECHANISM FOR THE REAL ONE!

THE MURDERER THEN LOCKED THE DOOR, REPLACED THE BURNING LOGS, AND STOLE QUIETLY UP THE CHIMNEY AND INTO THE NIGHT, MAKING IT LOOK AS IF THE MURDERED MAN, AFTER LOCKING HIMSELF IN HIS STUDY, TRIPPED AND FELL AGAINST THE MANTLEPIECE... SMASHING HIS HEAD IN!



...AND THAT MURDERER IS YOU, MADAM... ARTY-MORTY IN DISGUISE!... CAH-MON, ARTY... TAKE OFF THAT WIG! SCOTLAND YARD IS ON THE WAY! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS!

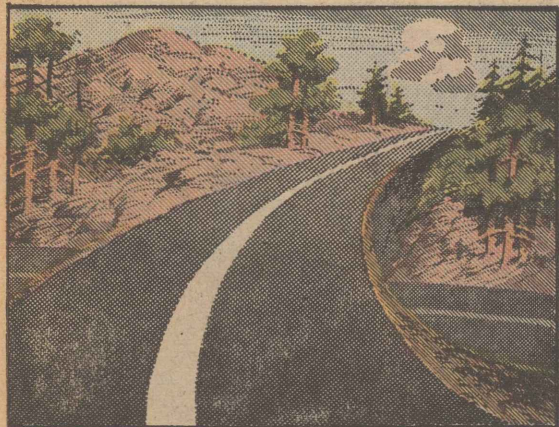


THE WAY I WAS KILLED... AFTER LOCKING MYSELF IN MY STUDY, I TRIPPED AND FELL AGAINST THE MANTLEPIECE... SMASHING MY HEAD IN! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

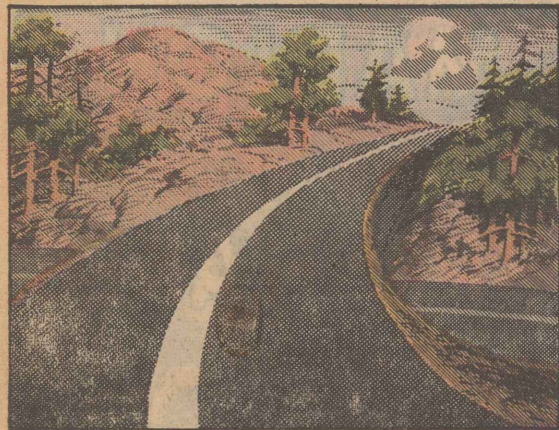
SHOMES! SCOTLAND YARD ARRESTS YOU FOR THE MURDER OF DR. WHATSIT! WE WARN YOU... ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU!



HOLLYWOOD DEPT.:...NOTICE THE WAY THEY START SOME MOVIES NOWADAYS?...NO TITLE AT THE BEGINNING...THE MOVIE STARTS RIGHT IN WITH A SCENE...



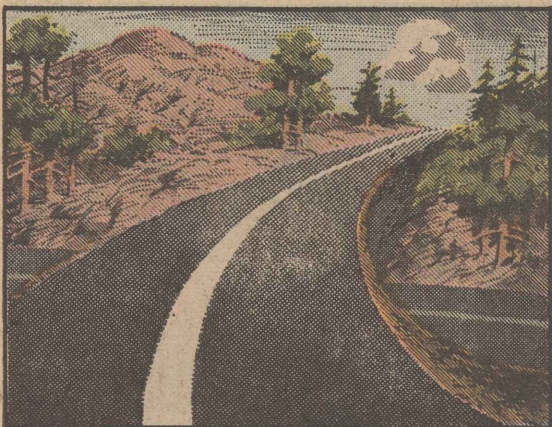
...NOTHING ELSE!...JUST A HIGHWAY!...THAT'S HOW THE PICTURE STARTS!...FOR A HALF AN HOUR, JUST A HIGHWAY!...BUT YOU KNOW, BY THE WAY THAT HIGHWAY GOES, SOMETHING'S COMING!



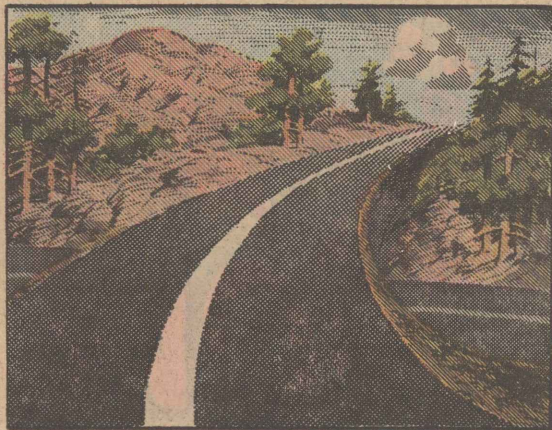
...A FAINT ROAR COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! YOU LOOK TO SEE WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! LOUDER AND LOUDER...COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY!...STILL...NOTHING ON THE HIGHWAY...HEY!



...LIKE IN THIS PICTURE WE SAW THE OTHER MONTH, IT STARTS WITH NO TITLE, NO CREDITS, NO NOTHING!...JUST A SCENE OF A HIGHWAY STRETCHING WAY OUT...



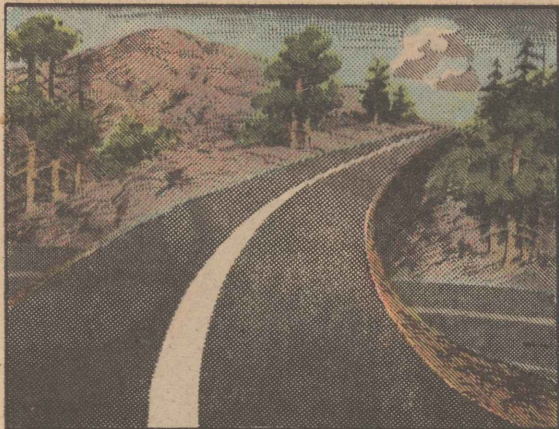
...YOU KNOW, BY THE WAY THAT HIGHWAY STRETCHES TO THE HORIZON, SOMETHING'S GOING TO COME DOWN THAT HIGHWAY!...AND SURE ENOUGH...SOON YOU HEAR A NOISE!



...WAIT A MINUTE!...YOU GUYS GOT THE WRONG HIGHWAY!...TAKE THEM MOTORCYCLES AND GO BACK AND COME UP THE RIGHT HIGHWAY!



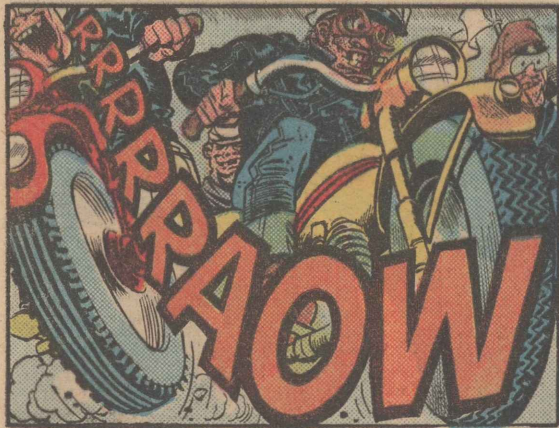
O.K.!... SO HERE WE GO AGAIN! TRYING TO EXPLAIN HOW THIS MOVIE STARTS!... SO HERE'S THIS HIGHWAY AGAIN... NOTHING ON IT!... NOUGHT... ZERO... NONE... NOTHING!



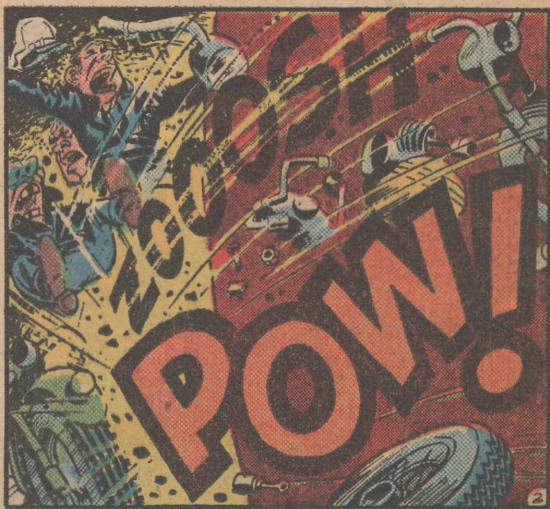
...ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU HEAR A NOISE... AH, HERE THEY COME... A GROUP OF MOTORCYCLE RIDERS SPEEDING ALONG IN THE DISTANCE... **CLOSER... LOUDER... FASTER...**

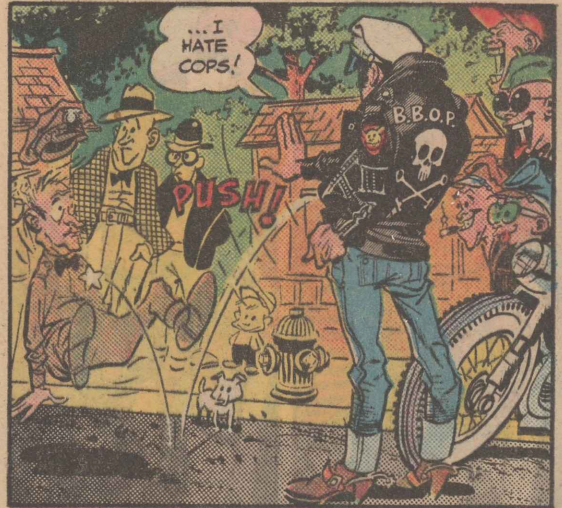
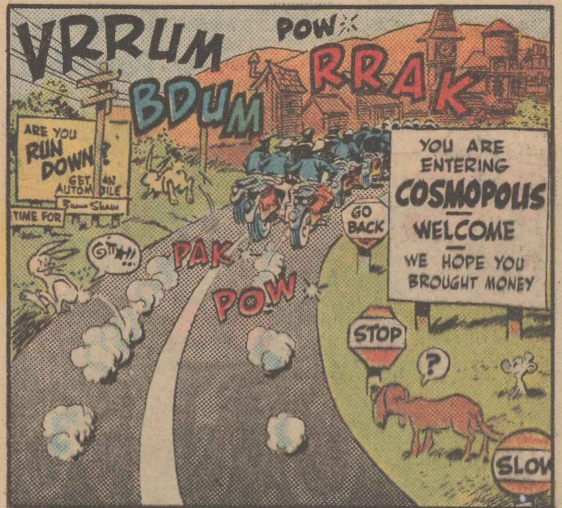


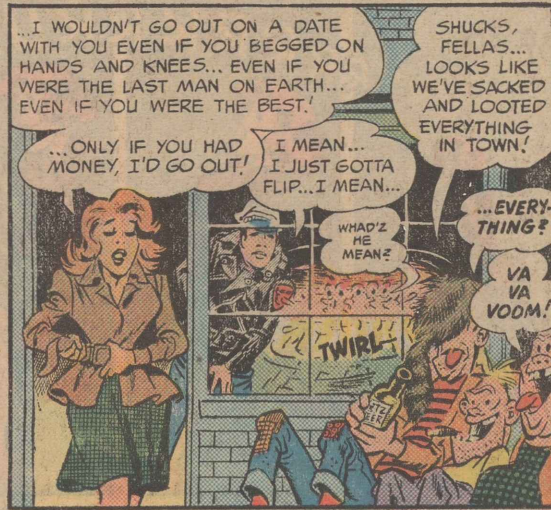
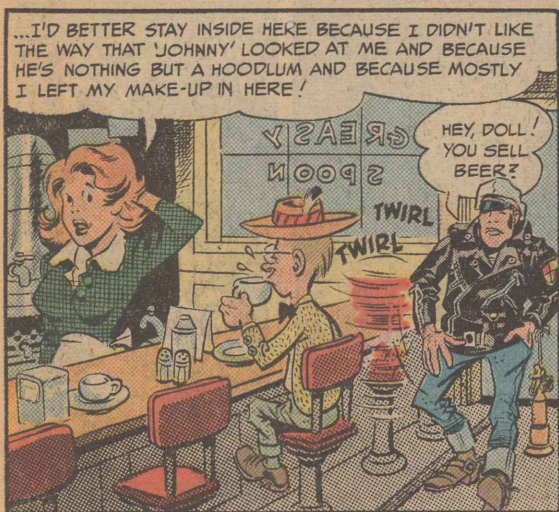
...THE SPEED BUILDS UP!... SOUND BUILDS UP!... THESE MOTORCYCLES ROAR RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF YOU... SCARE YOU TO DEATH!... **WHAT A SCENE!**



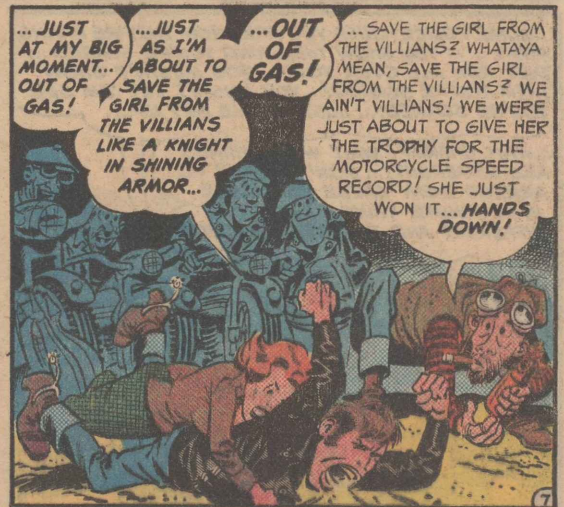
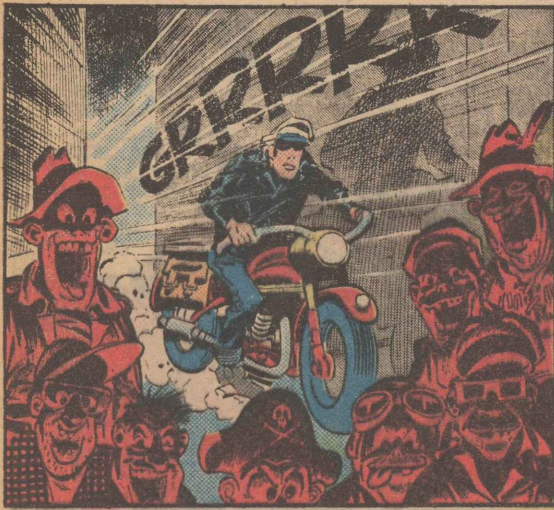
... THEN THE CAMERA PANS ONTO THE LEADER OF THIS BUNCH OF MOTORCYCLE CRAZIES AND HERE'S HOW THEY SNEAK THE TITLE IN... SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

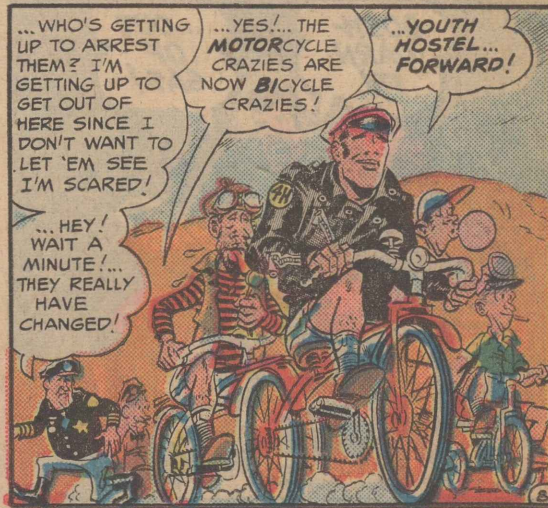
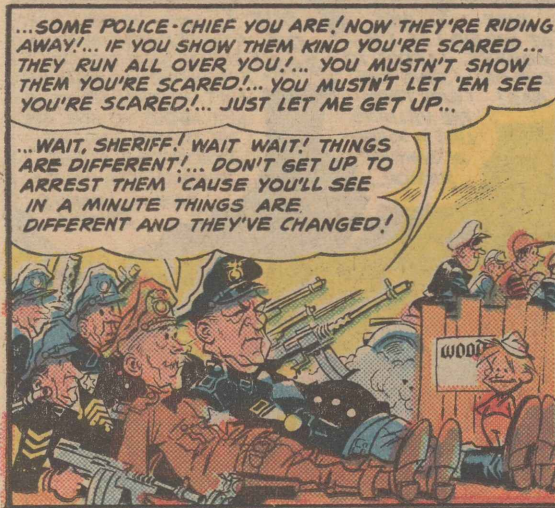
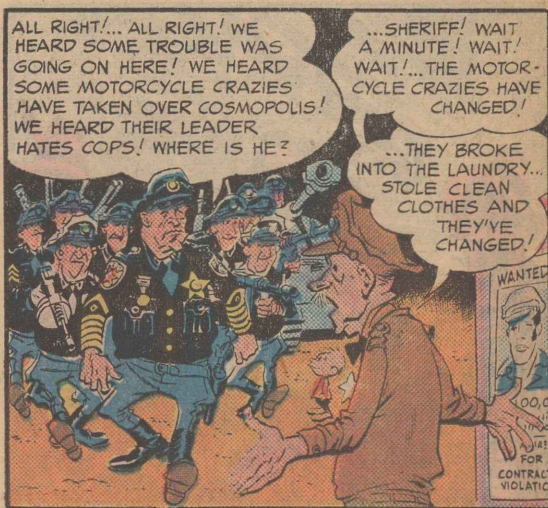
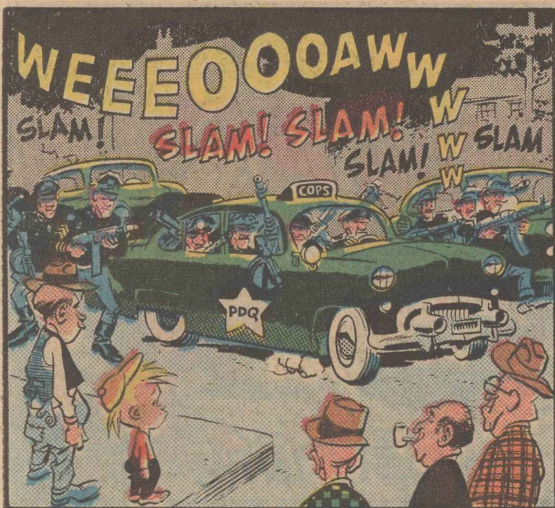








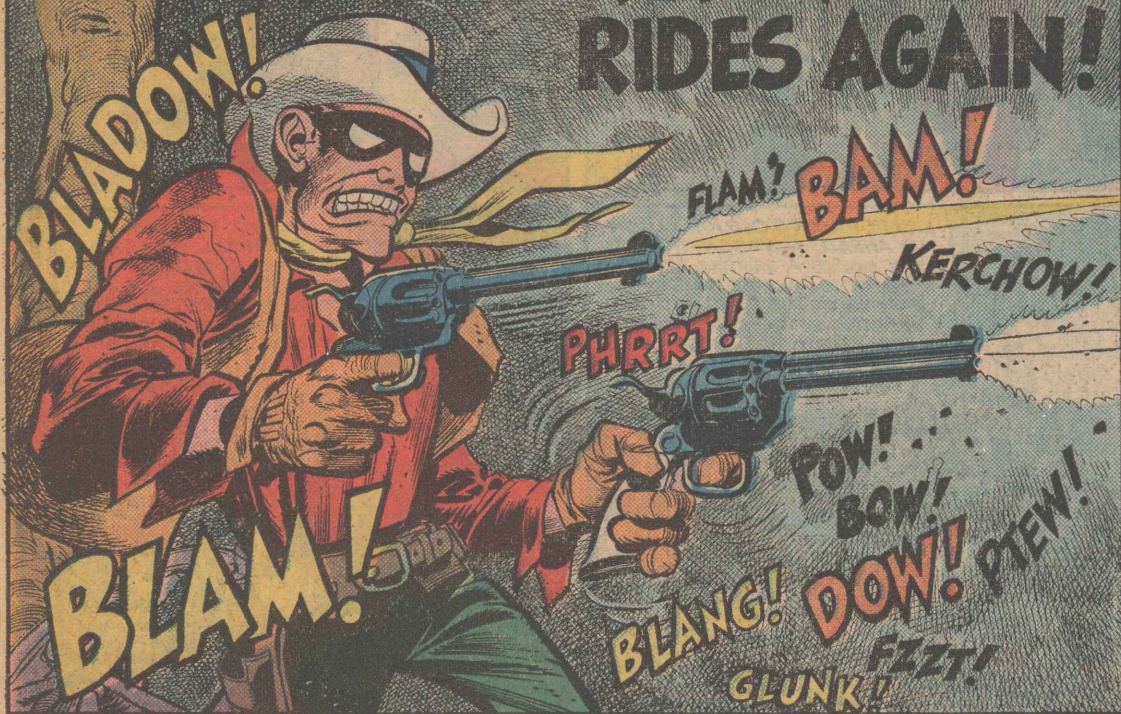




WESTERN DEPT.: THE SCENE OPENS UP TO THE SOUND OF TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS...TO THE SOUND OF GOLDEN BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE AIR...TO THE SOUND OF THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACK-GROUND! OUT OF THE PAST COME THE HOOFEATS OF THE GREAT HORSE GOLDEN! THE...

LONE STRANGER

RIDES AGAIN!



...MY SIX THUNDERING TWO-GUNS... I MEAN MY TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS..ARE SILENT... OUT OF BULLETS! I AM **DEFENSELESS!**



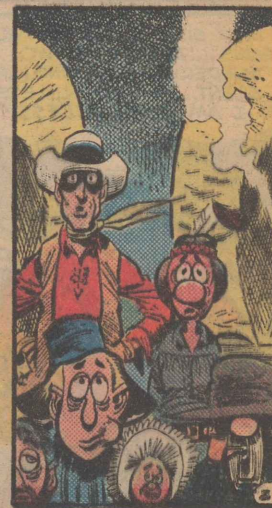
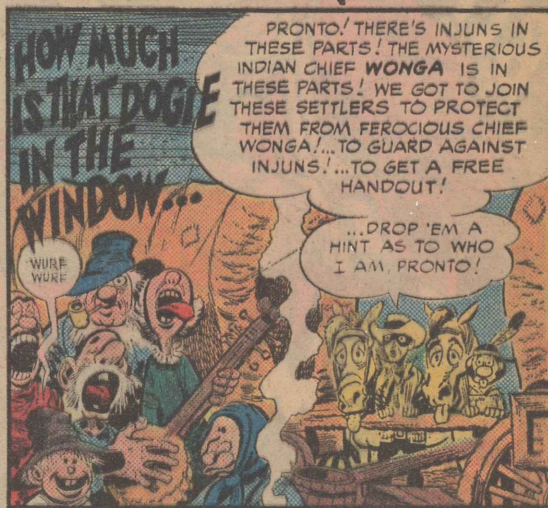
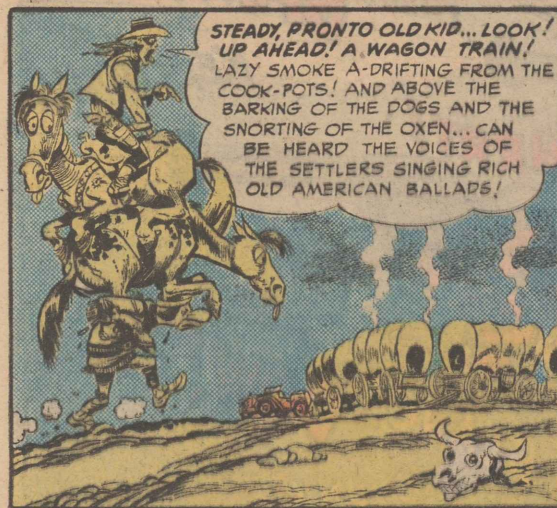
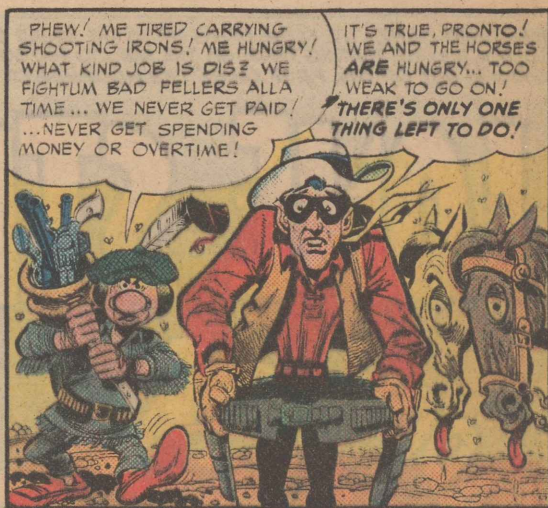
... BUT I DON'T NEED ANY MORE BULLETS! MY GUNS HAVE DONE THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK! MY BULLETS HAVE FOUND THEIR TARGET!

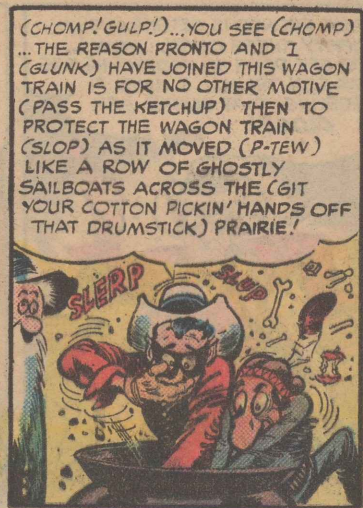


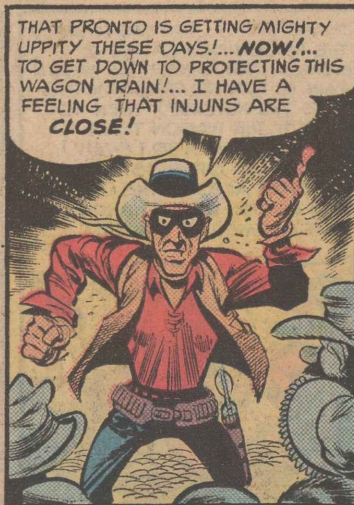
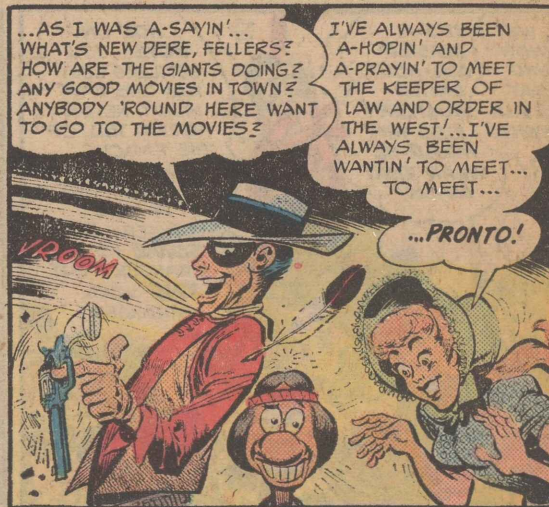
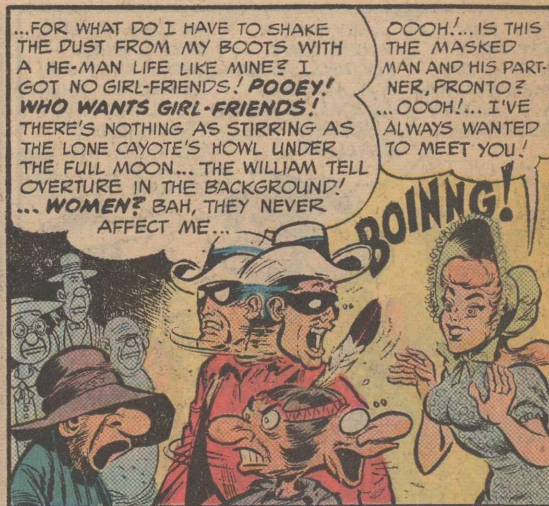
WELL... ANYHOW... **ONE** OF MY BULLETS FOUND THE TARGET!

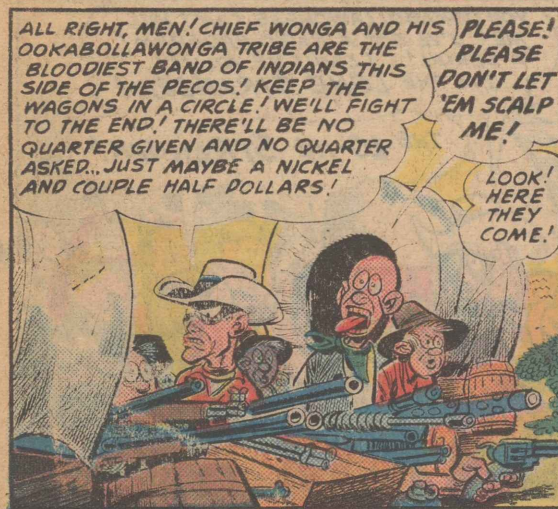
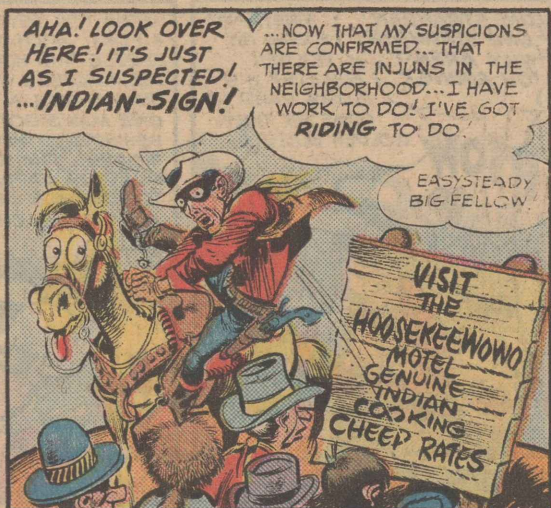
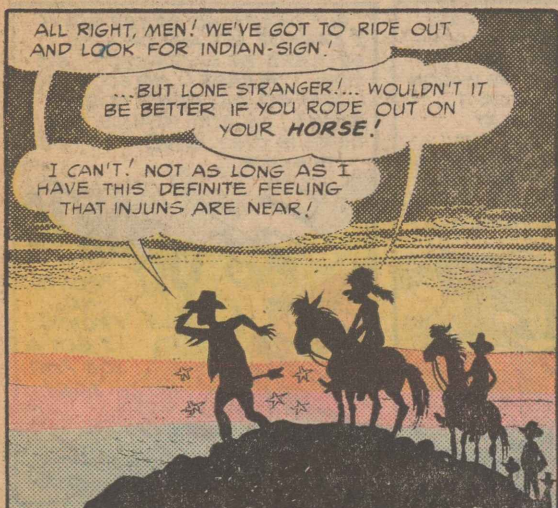


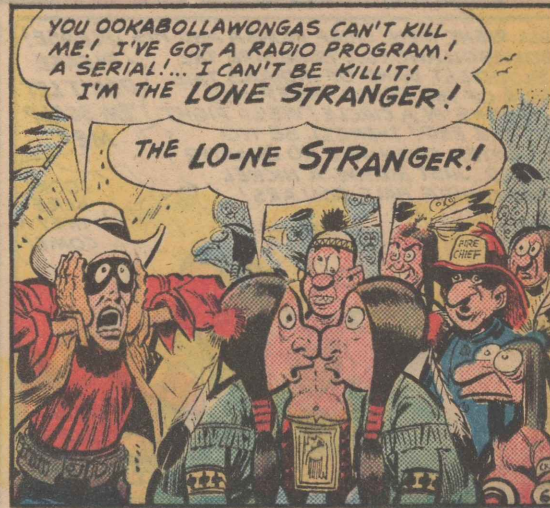
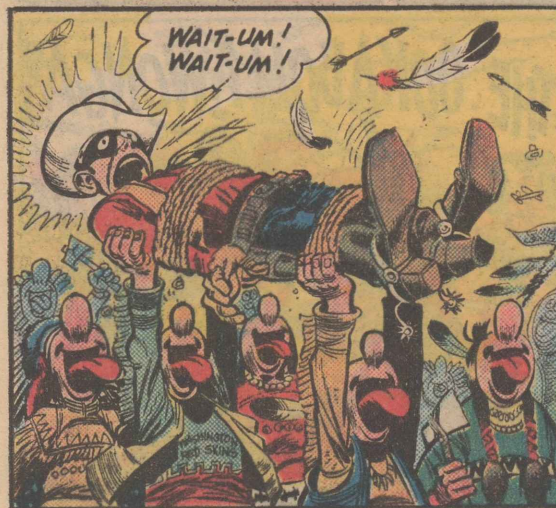
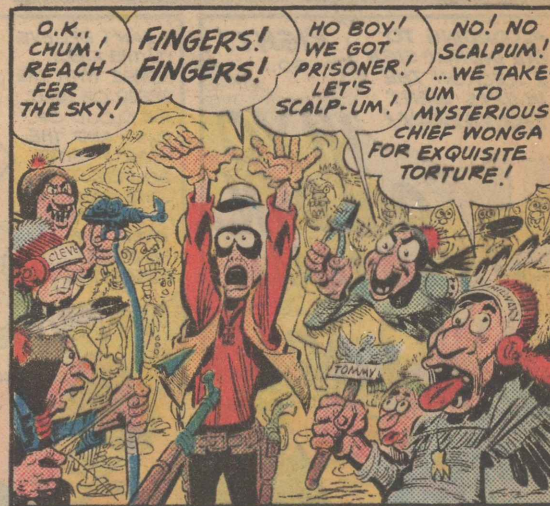
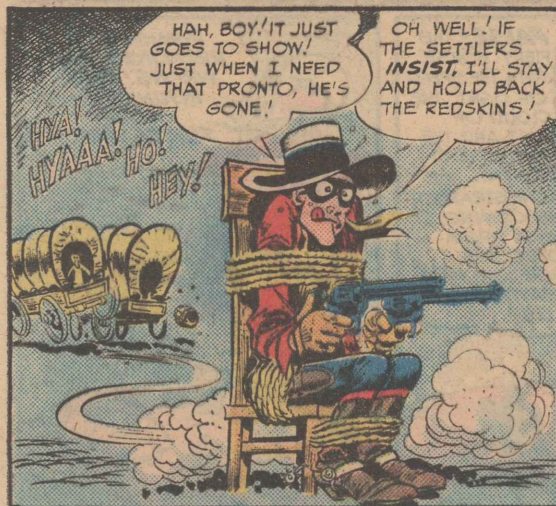
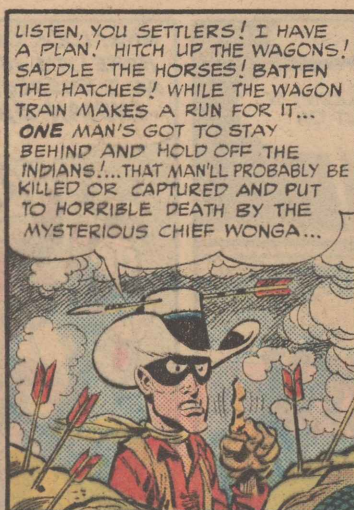
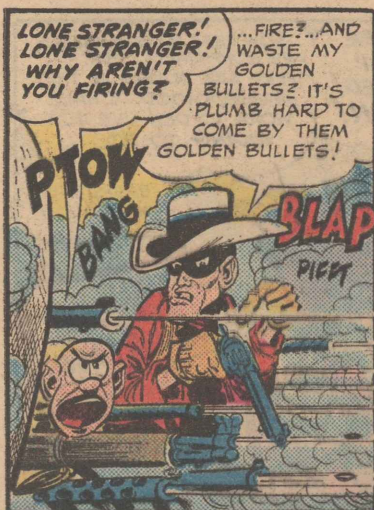
... WHERE'S PRONTO! ...**PRONTO!** YOU OLD RAP-SCALLION!













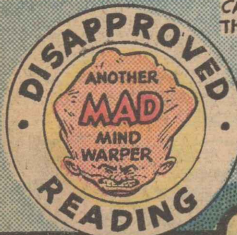
MAD?
...WHY...
WHY THIS
NEWS JUST
BURNS
ME UP!

THE
EC
"PUBLISHER
OF THE
ISSUE"
WILLIAM M.
GAINES
ALIAS MELVIN

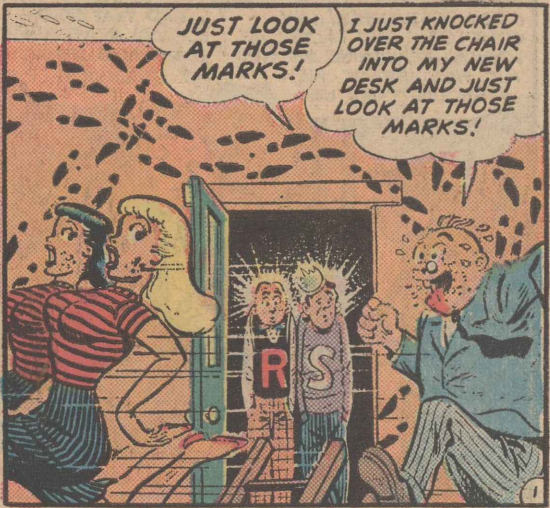
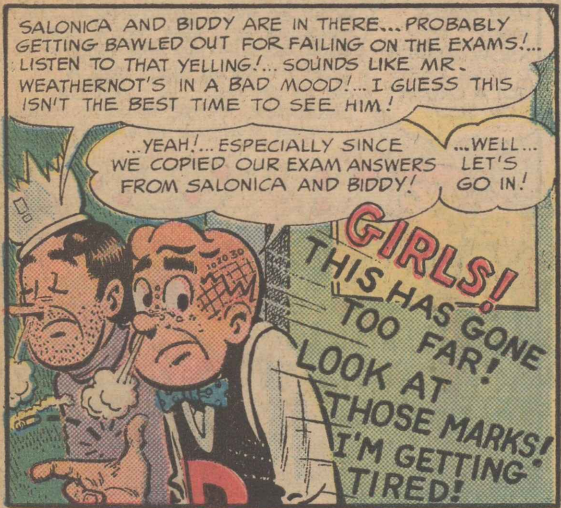


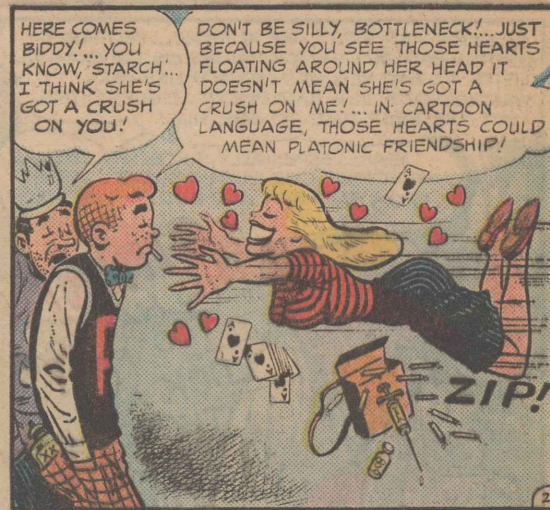
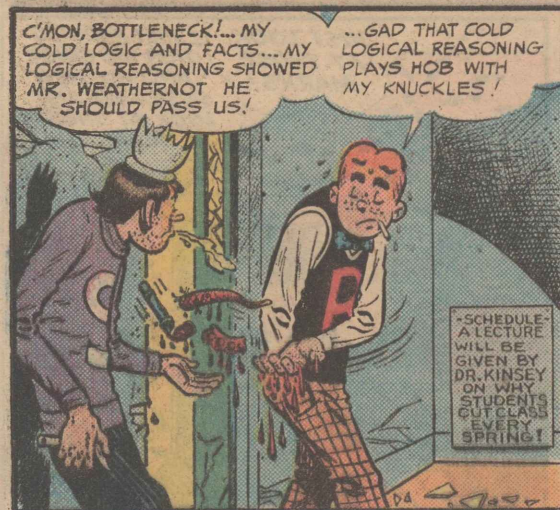
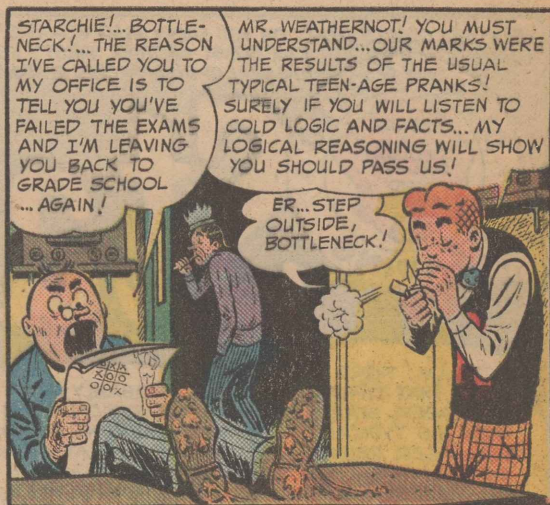
William M. (for "Mad") Gaines, twisted publisher of the perverted E.C. line, was born on Feb. 30, 1922, in an abandoned cattle-car on a siding outside the Chicago stock-yards. His father was an International Communist Banker of Persian, Iranian, Egyptian and Danish stock, and his mother came from the Bronx. His early childhood was relatively uneventful, having been spent in picking pockets, stealing government checks from mail-boxes, running errands for bookies, counterfeiting lead nickels, and playing with Teddy-bears. Bill's formal education consisted of four years in first grade, followed by nine years in reform school. Upon breaking out, he took the alias of "Melvin" Gaines and began selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!) on dark street corners outside burlesque houses. When he had read them all, he turned to peddling dope near nursery schools . . . took the cure . . . opened an establishment in a district of scarlet illumination . . . took the cure . . . and finally, seeking the ultimate in depravity and debasement, quite naturally turned to the comic magazine industry. Here he found a home! Utilizing his vast background of worldly and literary experiences, coupled with the tidy fortune he had accumulated from same, Bill introduced to the American public the notorious E.C. line . . . E.C. standing for Evil Comics. His editorial policy is a reflection of his highly developed sense of immoral obligation. As he was heard to remark at his last bi-annual editorial conference: "I don't care if it don't gotta plot! I don't care if it don't got grammar! I don't care if the pitchers ain't from talent! All I care is get inta every story sadism, snakes, masochism, pyromania, snakes, fetishes, snakes, necrophilia, phallic symbols, snakes, and all the rest of that esoterica what I can't think of this minute." Today, Bill lives in a sixty-nine room mansion in wholesome Westchester Couty, N.Y. He owns a grey Cadillac for grey days, a blue Cadillac for blue days, a green Cadillac for bilious days, and a pogo-stick for hopped-up days. Bill's hobbies include selling "cartoon books" (you know the kind!), peddling dope, running his scarlet-illuminated establishment, and collecting snakes. At this writing, he is single . . . having been married and divorced 69 times. Don't send fan-mail . . . he can't read!

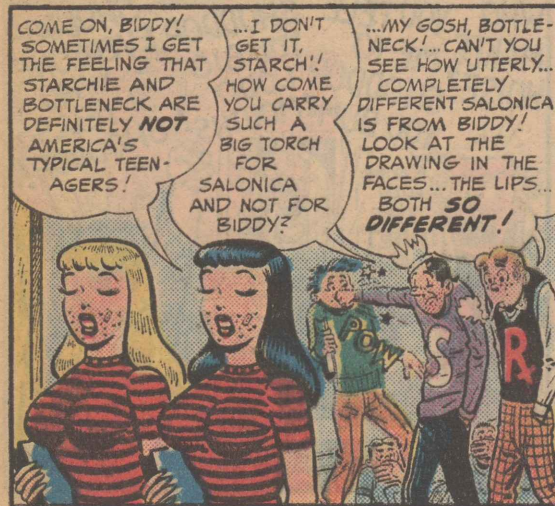
TEEN-AGE COMICS DEPT.: OH YOU LUCKY MAD READERS!... MAD HAS DONE IT AGAIN!... NOW MAD COMIC BOOK CAN BOAST ANOTHER 'FIRST'! FOR MAD IS THE ONLY COMIC BOOK THAT NOW CARRIES THE SEAL OF DISAPPROVED READING!... BUT FIRST, A STORY ABOUT PULASKI STREET'S TYPICAL TEEN-AGER...

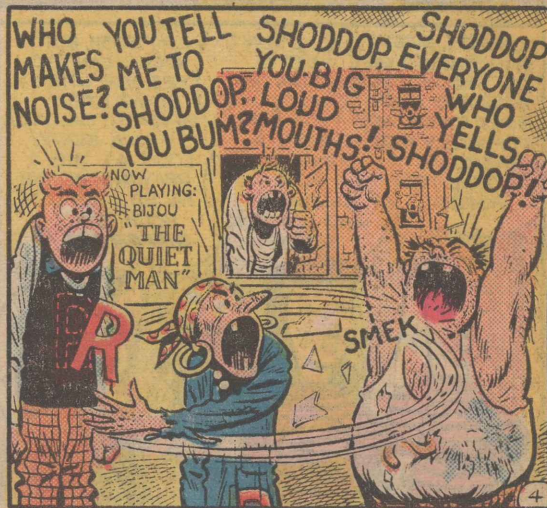
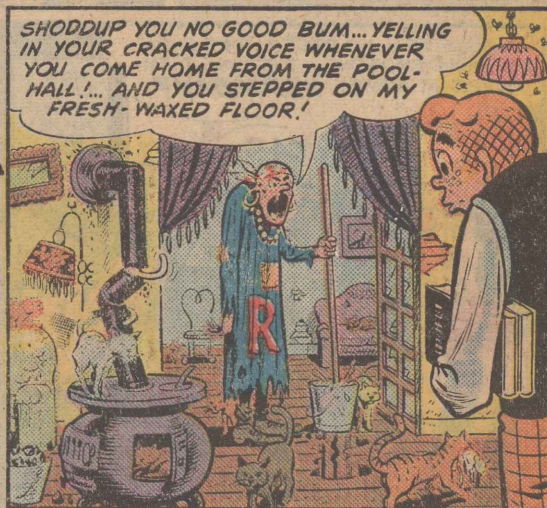
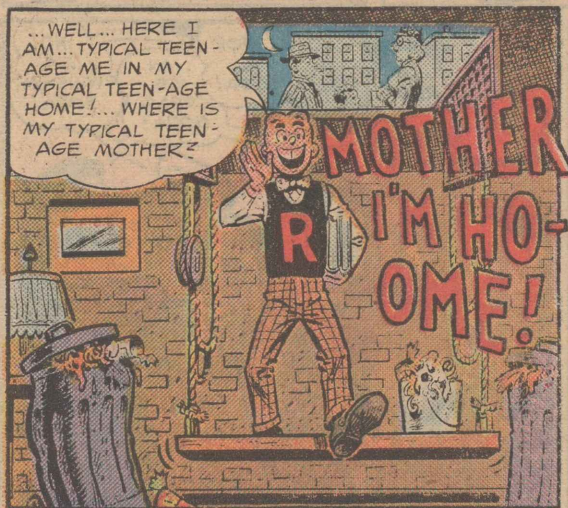
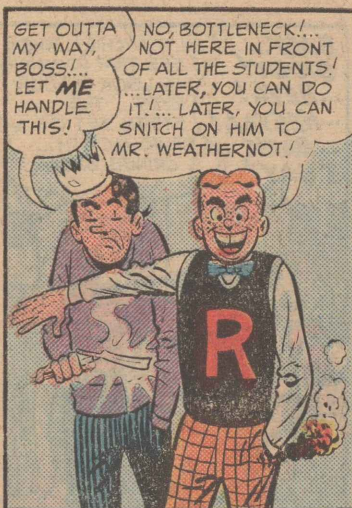


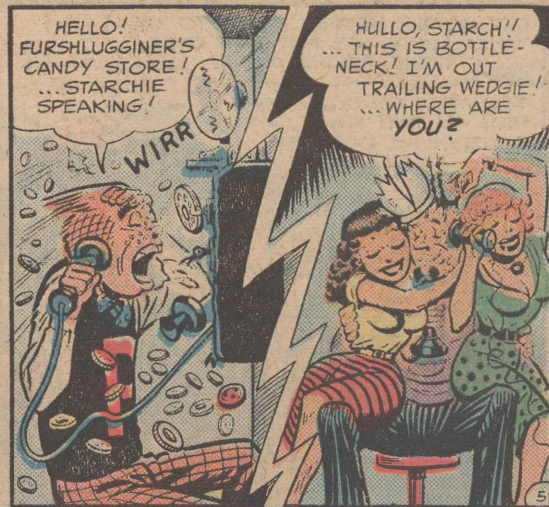
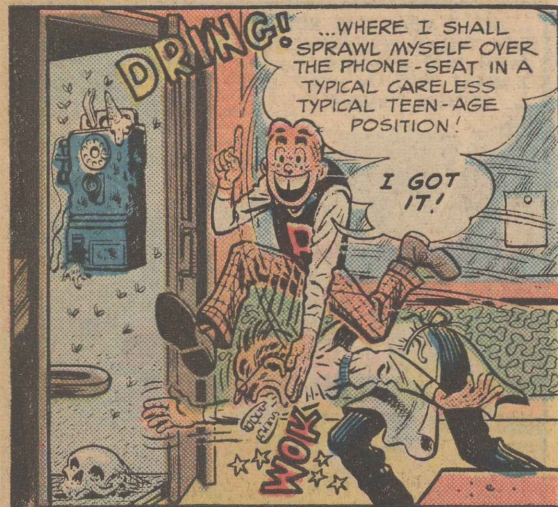
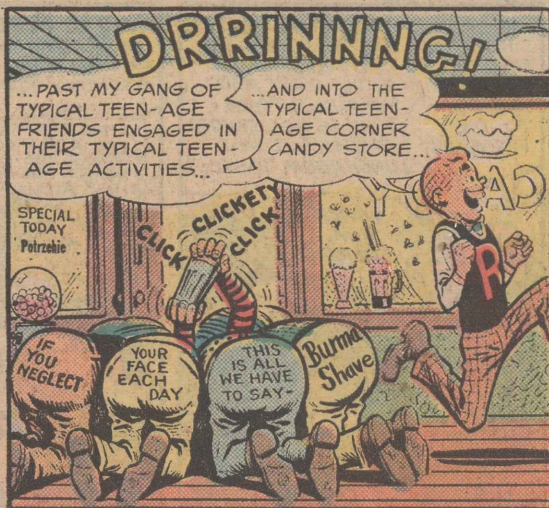
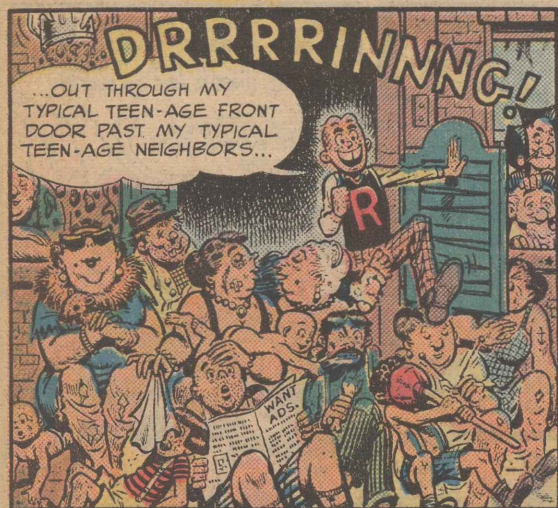
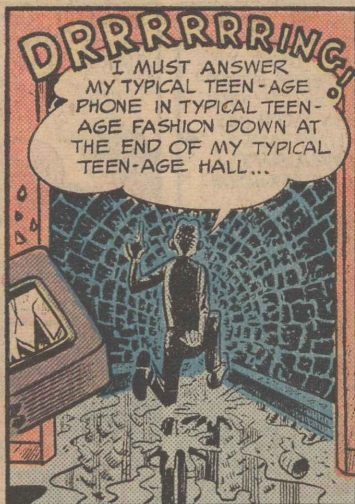
Starchie

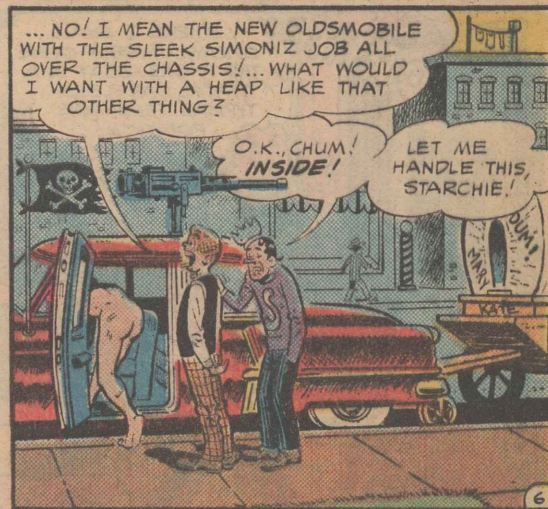
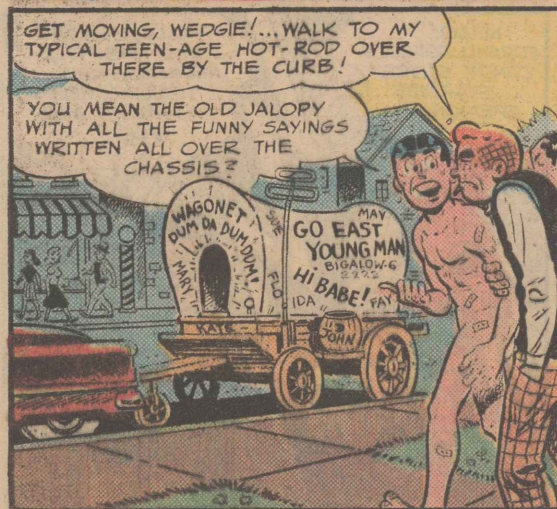
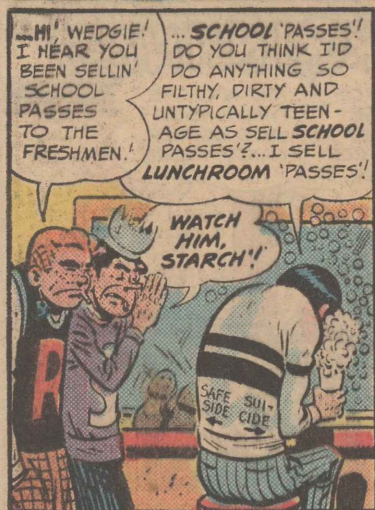
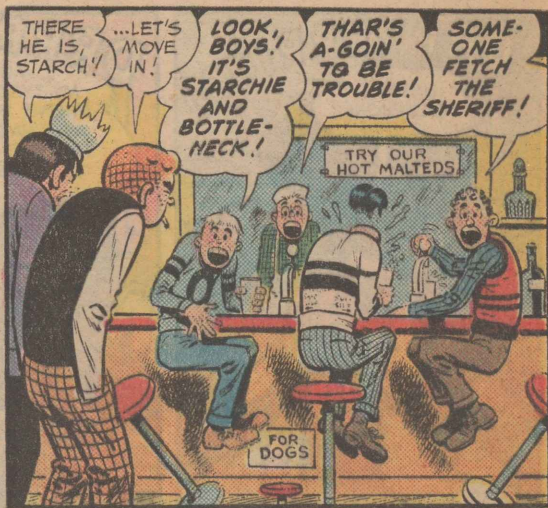
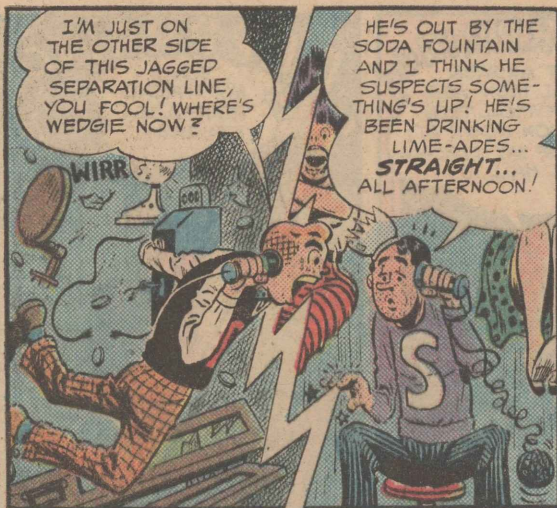


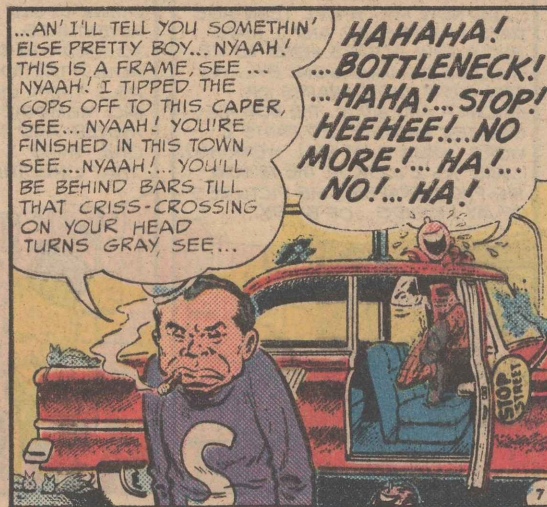
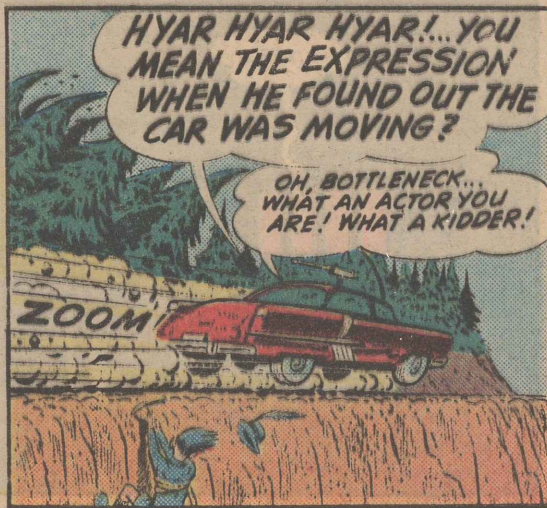
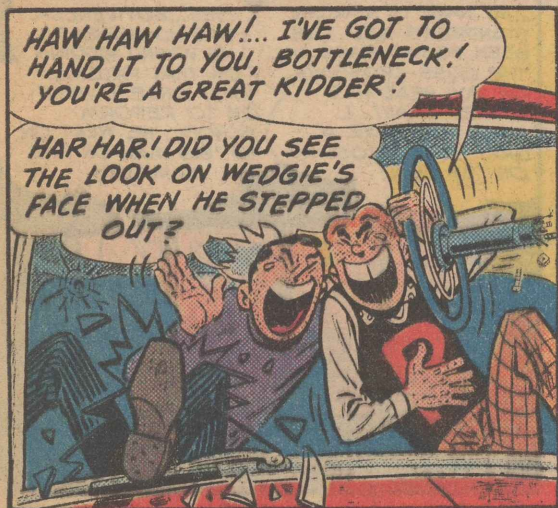
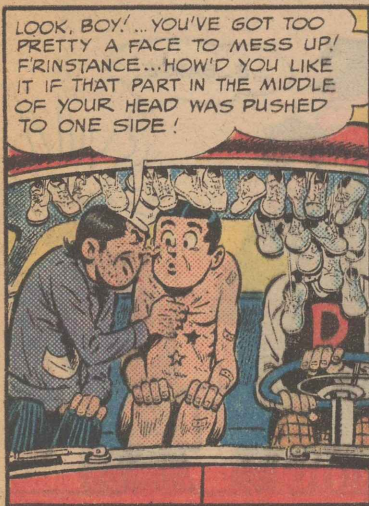












...MY NAME IS STARCHIE STANDREWS AND I'VE BEEN BEHIND BARS TILL THE CRISS-CROSSING ON MY HEAD HAS TURNED GRAY!...I ALSO NOW HAVE A GRAY CRISS-CROSSING ON MY CHIN!

...YES...BOTTLENECK WAS NO JUGHEAD!... HE WASN'T KIDDING ON THAT FATEFUL DAY! WHILE I WENT ON TO REFORM SCHOOL, HE WENT ON TO 'BIG MAN ON THE CAMPUS!'

THIS WINDOW BUILT AND DESIGNED BY CINEMASCOPE INC.

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GET PRIZES... MAKE MONEY

Look at the wonderful prizes shown below. They are just a few of the prizes I offer you without a cent of cost. Look at them! You want them, don't you! Admit it! By the way your beady little eyes are glistening and your tongue is hanging out, you know you want them! Heh heh heh... they're yours, you hear... all yours! All you have to do is sell packs of my beautiful Christmas Cards at 25¢ a pack and get your father to sign a paper I will send you marked "contract".

"Uncle" I'm good old friendly "Uncle" Louie, heh heh and I've been helping boys and girls earn MONEY for 36 years. I've been helping boys and girls earn plenty money mainly for me."

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Sell my pretty little packs to your family, friends and neighbors. It's easy. Even if they don't need the cards, they'll feel obligated to buy them. By gosh, you can embarrass every one of your relatives into buying a couple dozen packs. When sold — send ME the MONEY. Remember — ME, the MONEY send — MONEY — ME.

Thousands of smart boys and girls have been earning prizes this way. You can too — mainly because thousands of dumb boys and girls have also been earning prizes this way.

SEND NO MONEY, HEH HEH - I TRUST YOU... YOU FOOL YOU
"Uncle" Louie Inc., Dept. Parks
Boobyville, U.S.A.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 500 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25¢ each or else!... send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Bank Account Number _____

Address _____

LET'S SEND A COUPON TODAY, LOUIE. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT RANGER AXE 'N KNIFE KIT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED.



YES NEPHEW WILLIE, YOUR CARDS ARE BEAUTIFUL. THEY'RE A BARGAIN. I'LL TAKE 99B PACKS. NOW DON'T FORGET TO HINT TO YOUR FATHER TO MAKE SURE IN HIS WILL LIKE YOU PROMISED.



IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SELL OUR CARDS AND HERE'S THE MAIL-MAN WITH OUR PRIZES.



THIS IS A NEAT RANGER AXE 'N KNIFE KIT. WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS SEND THE COUPON 70-DAY - YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM A LOT OF SWEET PRIZES!



I Will Send You Prizes Like These Without ONE CENT OF COST

Maybe with blood but without one cent of cost. MAIL Coupon for ... heh heh ... FREE Prize Book

YOUR OWN DRINKING CUP

Your prize for selling a mere 25 packs. Made especially for hiking and camping out. Your name on it (if your name happens to be Dixie). Very useful in all sorts of emergencies.



BEAUTIFUL WRIST WATCH for Boys and Girls

An Attractive Showpiece with Chromium case, Unbreakable Crystal, and Genuine Leather Straps. No messy old working parts inside, but an attractive showpiece. This watch is given without cost for selling just 500 packs of cards.



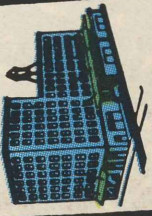
CADILLAC DELUXE CAR

This swell outfit is not a toy but the real thing. Be first in your neighborhood to have one... for selling only 20,000 packs of cards.



REAL FACTORY

This swell outfit, complete with railroad siding and water tank will give you hours of fun. Yours without cost for selling 500,000 packs.



RAILROAD TRAIN AND CARS

A genuine railroad train with pullman cars and engine, fully equipped. Plus five miles of track to run on. Don't miss this outfit for 1,000,000 packs.



COLONIAL STYLE MANSION, COMPLETE

This swell outfit includes a fully landscaped ground and a Southern exposure. Can be made for 100,000 packs.



GENUINE DISHWASHING MACHINE

Ideal for washing dirty dishes. Great fun, especially if you climb inside while in operation. This prize, at a mere cost for selling 5,000 packs of cards.



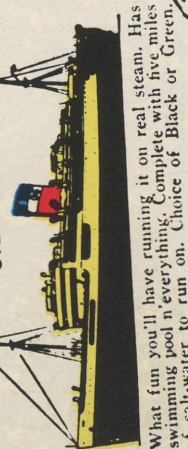
CHEMISTRY SET

Perform feats of Chemical Magic. Make dynamite, gunpowder and other things. This set for selling 100 packs.



REAL FULL LENGTH STEAMSHIP

What fun you'll have running it on real steam. Has swimming pool n everything. Complete with five miles of salt-water to run on. Choice of Black or Green. 100,000,000 packs.



SPECIAL ISSUE

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

MAD

DESIGNED TO
SNEAK INTO CLASS

LN



COMPOSITION

Name Mad Number 20, Feb. 1964

Subject Humor in a Jugular Vein

WHAT IS FAST
BECOMING THE
ONLY PLACE
TO SEE RARE
VANISHING
ANIMAL
SPECIES?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A◀▶B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

ON A
WOMAN'S
BACK

A▶◀B